Sheldon Casey
Madison, '47

R.C. Harrier

THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE

EDITED FOR THE SYNDICS OF THE
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS
BY
SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH
AND JOHN DOVER WILSON

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

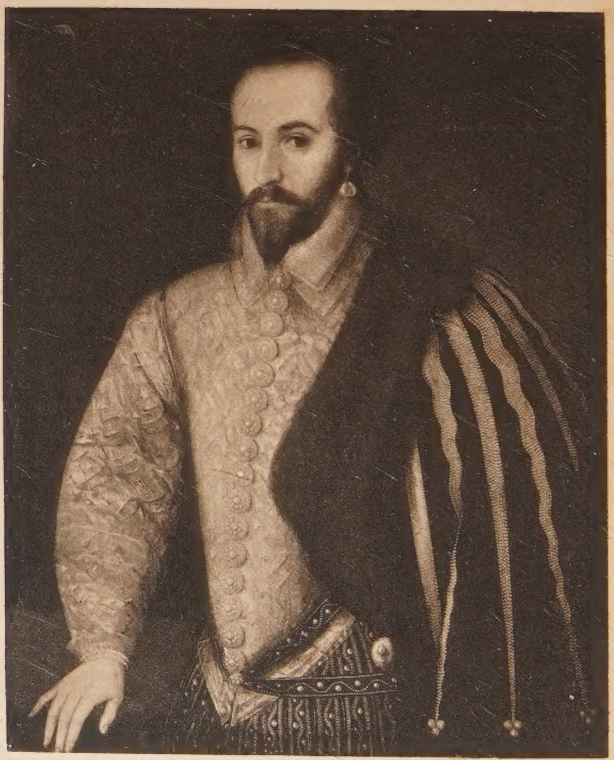
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS
C. F. CLAY, MANAGER
LONDON : FETTER LANE, E.C. 4

NEW YORK : THE MACMILLAN CO.
BOMBAY
CALCUTTA } MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD.
MADRAS
TORONTO : THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
TOKYO : MARUZEN-KABUSHIKI-KAISHA

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/loveslabourslost0000walt



Emery Walker ph. sc.

Sir Walter Raleigh

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

CAMBRIDGE
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
1923

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

CONTENTS

SIR WALTER RALEIGH	FRONTISPIECE
INTRODUCTION	PAGE vii
TO THE READER	xl
TITLE-PAGE OF THE QUARTO OF 1598 (Reduced Facsimile)	1
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST	2
THE COPY FOR THE TEXT OF 1598	97
NOTES	131
A NOTE ON THE FOLIO TEXT	186
THE STAGE-HISTORY	193
GLOSSARY	197

THE FRONTISPIECE IS REPRODUCED FROM THE PORTRAIT BY FEDERIGO ZUCCARO IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

I

Critics have dealt harshly with *Love's Labour's Lost*, and commentators—it may be for that reason—neglectfully. 'In this play,' says Johnson, 'which all the editors have concurred to censure, and some have rejected as unworthy of our Poet, it must be confessed that there are many passages mean, childish and vulgar; and some which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden queen.' He adds, however, a saving clause—'But there are scattered, through the whole, many sparks of genius; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of Shakespeare.' Dryden had classed it, in his *Defence of the Epilogue*, among the plays 'which were either grounded on impossibilities, or at least so meanly written that the comedy neither caused you mirth nor the serious part your concernment'—relegating, we assume, *Love's Labour's Lost* to the second of these categories. Hazlitt, the avowed impressionist, confesses, 'If we were to part with any of the author's comedies it would be this.' To the good Gervinus it 'gives the idea of an excessively jocular play': and even to Brandes Shakespeare seems here to bury himself in the follies he attacks and 'is still too inexperienced to realise how he thereby inflicts upon the spectator and the reader the full burden of their tediousness.' All this bewilders us who would, if only for its poetry, rank *Love's Labour's Lost* well above *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* or *The Comedy of Errors*, its nearest competitors among Shakespeare's juvenile efforts. But, though bewildered, we dissent point-blank, and specially from the epithet 'mean.' The combined

weight even of two such giants as Dryden and Johnson cannot stamp that censure upon this pretty fable, lyrically told, always polite while most audacious.

II

We shall return to the critics; but leave them awhile, to deal with the learned editors and the theorists. Well enough we can distinguish between these—their methods and mental processes—as soon as they get to work upon any given play. But in handling this one their methods and processes, still separable in kind, scarcely differ in degree of inutility.

For the learned editors, confronted with one of the most puzzling texts in the whole canon, have commonly scamped it; dismissing it as immature stuff, 'Euphuistic' or a parody of Lyly's manner, a thing thrown off in effervescence by a lad of genius who had yet to find himself. By verse-countings they prove that it is immature work indeed, worth their inattention: and on proving it immature, and its meaning consequently not worth attention, they bestow great pains, as we may exemplify by quoting from Furnivall's Introduction (or 'Forewords') to Griggs' facsimile of the Devonshire Quarto. Says he:

> *The Comedy of Errors* is the only play which can be earlier (original) work. Now as to metre, *L.L.L.* has 1028 ryme-lines to 597 blank-verse ones, nearly twice as many, 1 to ·58; the *Errors* 380 rymes to 1150 blank, or 1 in 3·02. *L.L.L.* has only 4 per cent. of eleven-syllable lines, while the *Errors* has 12·3 per cent. (Hertzberg). *L.L.L.* has as many as 236 alternate rymes or fours, that is, 1 in 4·78; while the *Errors* has only 64, or one in every 18 lines. *L.L.L.* has 194 lines of doggerel, or one in 5·3 lines, while the *Errors* has 109, or 1 in every 10·55; *L.L.L.* has only one run-on line in 18·14, while the *Errors* has 1 in every 10·7. Further, *L.L.L.* has more Sonnets, and more eight- and six-line stanzas in the dialogue than the *Errors*.

We neither dare nor care to dispute the arithmetic of all this; and in our General Introduction we paid full tribute of respect to those minute investigators who in the last century, by verse-counting and similar tests, did so much *towards* determining the chronological order of the Plays. If we follow their processes, however, without extreme wariness in accepting their conclusions, we shall find ourselves trapped in a double fallacy. In the first place all this helpful arithmetic rests on the assumption—demonstrably absurd—that each play was originally written in the form in which it has come down to us: and secondly it proceeds on an assumption that a poet grows by mathematical rule, whereas we all know that he does nothing of the kind. Shakespeare, as he developed, might—nay, certainly did—tend to discard rhyme for blank verse, 'closed' lines for 'run-on' lines, and so on. But a poet is not only not an india-rubber plant, to be counted upon to throw out a certain proportion of leaves (or of 'strong-endings') next year. He is an artist, and therefore incalculable; a man, and therefore a doubtful master of warring members: he and his art together are pent in 'the body of this death,' and break prison on no scheduled permit but by fits and starts, just how and when they can. The artist essays, hits or misses, retreats to try afresh:

> Or as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
> Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
> And there all smother'd up in shade doth sit,
> Long after fearing to creep forth again.

Moreover, being an artist in words, he unconsciously shapes his language to his theme. Romeo speaks verse, Falstaff prose, not because so many years separate them, but simply because Romeo is Romeo, Falstaff Falstaff, and Shakespeare all the while Shakespeare. To argue therefore that *Love's Labour's Lost*, a lyrical fantasy, must be earlier than *The Comedy of Errors*, a farce of domestic intrigue copied out of Plautus, because it con-

tains more lyrical lines, were as wise as to date *Romeo* against *Hamlet* by counting the corpses in the last Act. If pressed, indeed, on this point, we should cite Berowne's great speech (4. 3.) beginning

'Tis more than need.
Have at you then affection's men at arms!...

or the King's sonnet (4. 3.):

Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light:
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep,
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee:
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe....

and ask any reader to say if either *The Comedy of Errors* or *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* have anywhere a comparable resonance. *Venus and Adonis* has it—*Venus and Adonis*, published in 1593, to the close of which year we shall by-and-by assign, with reasons given, the first performance of *Love's Labour's Lost*: and the *Sonnets* have it—even that inferior 'dark lady' series (CXXVII–CLII) which, with the group XXXIII–XLII, we shall give reasons for assigning to 1593 or thereabouts and tying up pretty closely with our play. But this is to anticipate.

III

For the while we may content ourselves with knowing *Love's Labour's Lost* to be early work; and for this knowledge we have no need either to tax our own judgment between immaturity and maturity or to invoke arithmetic to our help: for we have direct evidence.

We have only one Quarto of the play before the appearance of the 1623 Folio. But that Quarto bears the date 1598. Its title runs:

A | Pleasant | Conceited Comedie | called, | Loues labors lost. | As it was presented before her Highnes | this last Christmas. | Newly corrected and augmented | By W. Shakespere. | Imprinted at London by W. W. | for Cutbert Burby. | 1598

—and this Quarto, whether or not set up from Shakespeare's actual manuscript, gives us our basic text, recognised as most authoritative by the Cambridge editors of 1863. 'The Folio edition,' they pronounce, 'is a reprint of this Quarto, differing only in its being divided into Acts.' The reader at pains to study our Note on the Copy will, we believe, discount this assertion somewhat and find that even with the Quarto we are by no means at the end of our troubles. Still the 1598 Quarto remains our text. The Folio corrects several obvious misprints, while omitting to correct others; and once at least (I. i. 109) it massacres a good line, converting

Clymbe ore the house to unlocke the little gate

into

That were to clymbe ore the house to unlocke the gate.

But the prepollency of the Quarto over the Folio version may wait. For our present purpose we are back to the year 1598 and a version in that year published as 'newly corrected and augmented.' In that same year Meres mentions it along with the 'Sugred Sonnets,' in his famous list in *Palladis Tamia*; and in that same year also Robert Tofte undoubtedly alludes to it in his *Alba, or the Months Mind of a Melancholy Lover*:

Loues Labour Lost, I once did see a Play
  Yclepéd so, so calléd to my paine,
Which I to heare to my small Ioy did stay,
  Giving attendance on my froward Dame,
    My misgiving minde presaging to me Ill,
    Yet was I drawne to see it gainst my Will.

* * * * *

Each Actor plaid in cunning wise his part,
  But chiefly Those entrapt in Cupids snare:
Yet all was fainéd, 'twas not from the hart,
  They seemde to grieue, but yet they felt no care:
    'Twas I that Griefe (indeed) did beare in brest.
    The others did but make a show in Iest.

Editors have puzzled themselves over Tofte's first line:

Loues Labour Lost, I *once* did see...

disputing whether by 'once' he meant 'on one occasion' or 'once upon a time' (i.e. 'some while ago'). But the question is idle, or at least not to be resolved upon this dispute. We are back upon 1598 anyhow and at the latest: and here for the moment let us set up our rest: anticipating our Note on the Copy—where questions of text and date are discussed *in extenso*—no further than to affirm (1) that the Quarto is indubitably a revision of an earlier draft—'newly corrected and augmented' as the title-page asserts[1]; that (2) the original *Love's Labour's Lost* was written several years earlier; and that (3) in our opinion its first performance had Christmas 1593 for date and for place some great private house, possibly the Earl of Southampton's.

IV

Nor need we spend much time here in hunting for the source or occasion of the plot itself; which is Shakespeare's very simplest, and may be by that virtue has walked past all ambushes of the researcher. The whole action passes before the park of a young King of Navarre, who would bind himself and three young lords—Berowne, Longaville and Dumaine—to fast for a space and study and, above all, to shut the gates against all womankind. The oath is taken, Berowne protesting that the whole of it will presently be forsworn. Straight upon it comes a Princess of France with three ladies and a male attendant, on an embassy to demand payment of

[1] Of this the reader may, even at this point, satisfy himself within ten minutes by turning to Berowne's famous speech (4. 3. 285 *seq.*) and to 5. 2. 813–18, and noting the passages we have bracketed. The first is instantly, the second after a short interval, repeated in more poetic language and with better effect. But see our Note on the Copy, pp. 105–109.

some 200,000 crowns, alleged to be due from Navarre to her decrepit old father. The debt is denied, and indeed the play—or the text as we have it—leaves us in complete doubt as to the right of the claim. What immediately and for the rest of the story matters is, that this feminine embassy cannot gain admittance to Navarre's palace and its hospitality, but, on the terms of his oath, has to be lodged in a pavilion outside the park boundary. The ladies stoop to conquer. Actually the whole monastic academe crumbles in two days, each of the besieged lords finding himself already in love. For their vow's sake, and for shame, each must hide his plight from the others; and the ladies, masking themselves, tease their separate plights by puzzling them. Yet the academe, while keeping up its show of austerity, must be courtly. A simple, country pageant is arranged for the guests; at the close of which the Princess receives news that her father is dead. Thereupon ensue gracious partings, injunctions, exchanges not without tenderness, yet austere. Love's labour has been lost for the while, since mourning in this world often interrupts it, perhaps for its good: but it shall be redeemed anon, we hope.

It was Joseph Hunter who first discovered that this visit paid by a Princess of France to Navarre *may* have some warrant in actual history. He quotes from the *Chronique* of Monstrelet (translated by Thomas Johnes, 1810) the following passage:

> Charles king of Navarre came to Paris to wait on the King. He negotiated so successfully with the King and Privy Council that he obtained a gift of the castle of Nemours, with some of its dependent castle-wicks, which territory was made a duchy. He instantly did homage for it, and at the same time surrendered to the King the castle of Cherburgh, the county of Evereux, and all other lordships he possessed within the kingdom of France, renouncing all claims and profits in them to the King and his successors, on condition that with the duchy of Nemours *the King of France engaged to pay him two hundred thousand gold crowns of the coin of the King our Lord.*

Here we have, to connect our play with an actual historical transaction, a debt by Charles VI, the crazy King of France, to Charles III, sovereign of Navarre, and the sum 200,000 crowns—and, beyond that, just nothing at all. Dates and names can in no wise be made to fit. Charles of France died in 1422, and there was no 'Princess of France' to be sent from his death-bed to dispute the debt: Charles of Aragon died three years later, and there was no 'Ferdinand, King of Navarre' to succeed him; his rule passing to a daughter, Blanche, who wedded with Aragon. So the whole, or almost the whole, of Hunter's 'discovery' passes away in smoke.

So it might be allowed to pass and to fade. But according to Sir Sidney Lee (whose own speculations, started in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Oct. 1880, have since been newly enlarged and corrected in his *Life of Shakespeare*) the smoke of this 'discovery' has obscured subsequent investigation. Sir Sidney would date the affair of *Love's Labour's Lost* about a hundred-and-fifty years later than Hunter did:

> At the end of the year 1586 a very decided attempt had been made to settle the disputes between Navarre and the reigning King. The mediator was a Princess of France—Catherine de' Medici—who had virtually ruled France for nearly thirty years, and who now acted in behalf of her son, decrepit in mind and body, in much the same way as the Princess in *Love's Labour's Lost* represents her decrepit, sick and bed-rid father. The historical meeting was a very brilliant one. The most beautiful ladies of the court accompanied their mistress. '*La reine*,' we are told, '*qui connoissoit les dispositions de Henri à la galanterie, avoit compté sur elles pour le séduire....*' This bevy of ladies was known as *l'escadron volant....*

Upon this we might urge (1) that a father is not, whether decrepit or not, a son, and still less the son of a maiden Princess, and (2) that to present any action of Catherine de' Medici within contemporary memory of 1586 as the action of the maiden princess of our play

were about as sensible as to base *Cranford* upon the domestic life of Catherine of Russia. But Sir Sidney does undoubtedly hit, or get near, a mark, when he points out that Henry of Navarre had, for two of his chief generals, the Maréchal Biron and the Duc de Longaville. The third of the Lords attendant in *Love's Labour's Lost*—if by Dumaine we are to understand the Duc de Maine (or de Mayenne)—was by no means one of Navarre's supporters. Still the coincidence of these four names—Navarre, Biron, Longaville, Dumaine—cannot be accidental. What, then, to a reader of the play does it imply? In our opinion it probably implies nothing at all that need historically bother any reader; and, to confirm this, we may merely leave Hunter, who started the trouble, to restore us to sanity. Says he:

> Whether such disputes [between France and Navarre] did really occur, and whether there was ever any embassy either by a Princess (which is not likely to have been the case) or by any other person for the purpose of composing them, is wholly immaterial; for suppose that the embassy was a part of genuine history, we soon drop all that is historical, and enter on what is only agreeable fiction

—and what a blessing it were, could we simply 'leave it at that'!

V

But the reader can only reach this enjoyment to-day by deliberately skipping every passage that puzzles him; or if, on turning to the commentators and finding no help, he deliberately renounces further enquiry of his own. For a first or second reading this policy may be recommended. But—and we speak as two readers who delight in this play and its poetry—in proportion as he attains to that enjoyment he will be teased by after-thoughts of meanings missed, and will long to go back and solve them. For in *Love's Labour's Lost*, although the hopelessly corrupt passages number but some half-a-dozen (or about the average in any single play), those

in which we feel that some undiscovered allusion *may* lurk beneath the words are frequent, those beneath which the like *must* lurk are not few; while the very characters—Armado, Moth, Holofernes, Costard—even Berowne and Boyet—haunt us as ghosts crying out to be embodied back into the actual men out of whom Shakespeare drew simulacra for his and his audience' sport.

This makes an editor's task over *Love's Labour's Lost* extremely difficult, and even dangerous. He has plenty of warnings to bid him be prudent; since this play, neglected by serious scholars, has become like the *Sonnets* a happy hunting-ground for the unbridled theorist and the crank. Yet having a due sense of obligation to the reader he has to tell himself that the old give-it-up method leads fatally nowhere and 'nothing venture' remains 'nothing have.'

We propose, then, to seek and indicate some patches of firm ground amid the puzzles of this Elizabethan extravaganza, and to establish these, from which other adventurers may, if they will, make essay.

VI

Now the first and dominant conviction at which we arrive on a rapid reading of the text is that *Love's Labour's Lost* was written as a *topical* play; that it bristles throughout with topical allusions; and that most, if not all, of its characters were meant by Shakespeare to be portraits or caricatures of living persons.

This may seem to be a bold opinion, since the peering inquisitiveness of many who would rifle the *Sonnets* for details of Shakespeare's private life provoked some great men of the last century—Browning, for example, and Matthew Arnold—to rear the grand counter-tradition of an impersonal artist who never unlocked his heart.

> We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,
> Out-topping knowledge.

Well, this conception of a gigantic impersonal artist set aloft on a pedestal and smiling down with bland gaze upon our fret and fuss is mighty imposing. But Dr Samuel Johnson did not believe in that effigy. For example, in the early eighteenth century, while Shakespeare was still regarded as a human being, commentators freely speculated on the original of Holofernes, who of all the *dramatis personae* most obviously suggests a satirical portrait. Warburton attempted to identify him with John Florio, and Johnson will have none of this guess. He is 'inclined to doubt the plausibility of Dr Warburton's conjecture.' So much for the particular guess: but, when Warburton would smother it up with the remark that in his opinion, however, there was in general 'very little personal reflection in Shakespeare,' Johnson comes down on him boldly with 'I am not of the learned commentator's opinion that the satire of Shakespeare is so seldom personal'; and he adds:

> It is of the nature of personal invectives to be soon unintelligible: and the author that gratifies private malice *animam in vulnere ponit*, destroys the future efficacy of his own writings, and sacrifices the esteem of succeeding time to the laughter of a day.

That sacrifice to time has, of course, long since been made, and (if we mistake not) was largely made between 1593 and 1597 when Shakespeare 'newly corrected and augmented' the piece. That which everlastingly survives for us is its poetry.

That which survives along with its poetry, as persistent flies in its amber, is a crowd of ephemeral references and allusion which, undissolved, irritate as specks of grit irritate the eye. Could we dissolve them all (be it granted) we should get by that process no nearer to understanding the genius that wrote,

> Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep,
> No drop but as a coach doth carry thee:
> So ridest thou triumphing in my woe...

—or anticipated the oak-riving language of *Antony and Cleopatra* in

> The sweet war-man (Hector of Troy) is dead and rotten—sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man...

—or bubbled up in the final bird-like note of

> When daisies pied, and violets blue,
> And lady-smocks all silver-white:
> And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
> Do paint the meadows with delight...

and the reader, tiring of our hermeneutics, would soon bid us begone. 'The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You that way; we this way.'

VII

We content ourselves then with handing him some likely clues and indicating some discoveries to which they *may* lead, if he care to follow. For we have no doubt whatever that Shakespeare wrote *Love's Labour's Lost* as a topical play, and may cite here two passages to illustrate this.

(*a*) At 5. 1. 77–83 Armado suddenly draws Holofernes aside and this conversation ensues:

> *Armado.* Arts-man, preambulate. We will be singled from the barbarous....Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?
> *Holofernes.* Or mons, the hill.
> *Armado.* At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.
> *Holofernes.* I do, sans question.

What was this charge-house? and where was this mountain? We are not told. The words refer to nothing that goes before or that follows, or indeed to anything else in the play. Yet they are pointed enough. The skirmish of the two fantastics over 'mountain' and 'mons' clearly underscores some point that the audience would take. It is lost to us: but can there be any doubt

that Armado and Holofernes have stepped out of the fable for a moment to exchange a sentence or two of topical 'back-chat'?

(*b*) Or let us take the 'Moral and L'Envoy' in 3. 1., where Armado and Moth together recite the curious nonsensical rhymes which the commentators discreetly pass over in silence:

> The Fox, the Ape, and the Humble-bee,
> Were still at odds, being but three:
> Until the Goose came out of door,
> And stayed the odds by adding four.

The first two lines, which Armado calls 'the moral,' are spoken thrice; and the other two, 'the l'envoy,' twice. Can there have been any point in so underscoring again this doggerel, so silly to us? We are much mistaken if the 'l'envoy' did not 'cap' a cant couplet popular in its day, of the sort that ran current in Richard III's time,

> The Rat, the Cat, and Lovell the Dog
> Rule all England under the Hog

—that being our rude forefathers' way of rhyming upon current politics. Further—and without pressing the enquiry here—we are greatly mistaken if the whole business be not humorously allusive to the Gabriel Harvey *v.* Nashe polemic which followed on the Martin Marprelate Controversy.

For if any actual contemporary face can be unmasked from the topicalities of *Love's Labour's Lost* it is that of Tom Nashe under cover of Moth. Warburton, as we have seen, tried to prove that Holofernes caricatures John Florio, translator of Montaigne ('mons,' 'mountain'); and this guess, often derided, has found a recent supporter in the Comtesse (Longworth) Chambrun[1],

[1] *Giovanni Florio*: un Apôtre de la Renaissance en Angleterre à l'Époque de Shakespeare. Paris: Payot et Cie. 1921.

who indeed gets so far as to demonstrate that the puzzle may be resolved into this:

IHOLOFERNES *peut être considéré comme l'anagramme de* IOHNESFLOREO.

This identification, originally Warburton's, has not as yet, however, been substantiated—to our thinking at least.

But it is a different tale when we come to Moth. The late Mr F. G. Fleay—that eccentric genius whom to trust is as dangerous as to ignore—fixing upon 1590 as the date of the play, and remarking that the Martin Marprelate Controversy (1588–89) would be very much in men's minds just then, decided that Shakespeare, as an adherent of the Essex party, would be on the Puritan side, and proceeded to identify the 'butts' and fantastics in this comedy—Armado, Holofernes, Costard and the rest—with the anti-Martinist writers Lyly, Nashe, Kempe, Bishop Cooper and Anthony Munday[1]. He has been well laughed at for his pains: yet, if the Marprelate Controversy be extended over the dispute between Gabriel Harvey and Tom Nashe, which grew out of it, Fleay's general aim was perhaps not wholly wide, and one of his arrows (we are convinced) hits the mark. 'Is not Moth,' he asks, 'Thomas Nashe, "the young Juvenal," the tender boy, the ready pamphleteer, the sarcastic satirist?' To this we answer, 'Yes, and almost beyond a doubt.' Among Elizabethan writers Nashe has, in his polemic particularly, a prose style of his own, as easily recognised by those who relish it as by those who do not. By the curious 'run' of it, amusing at first, but tedious beyond toleration as paragraph keeps echoing paragraph; his trick of the slap-in-the-face with some cant word or tavern-image, at once low and far-fetched, to enliven every successive sentence; the perpetual mixing-up of things that differ; above all, or most evident, his

[1] 'Shakespeare and Puritanism,' *Anglia*, 1884, vii. 225.

incurable habit of defiling serious controversy with allusions to some personal defect in his opponent, of face or gait or costume; by all these Nashe incessantly betrays himself. We, who happen to detest his style, find it excellently parodied in Moth's longest speech (3. 1. 11–24):

No, my complete master—but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat as if you swallowed love with singing love, sometime through the nose as if you snuffed up love with smelling love, with your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes, with your arms crossed on your thin-belly doublet like a rabbit on a spit, or your hands in your pocket like a man after the old painting—and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away....

Most readers will agree that Moth is parodying somebody here: but we do not deny that many stray passages can be collected out of the controversies of the time and set against our conviction that Moth is here speaking as Thomas Nashe—that the total is *aut Nashe aut nullus*. We must bring confirmatory evidence.—

(*a*) Prompt on their first entrance (1. 2.) Armado and Moth hold the following dialogue:

Armado. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender Juvenal?[1]

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough signior.

Armado. Why tough signior? why tough signior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Armado. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent apitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough signior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

[1] Spelt with a capital in Q. and with capital and italics in F. The correspondent word 'signeor' 'signeur' gets no such honour.

Apart from the obvious punning—'Juvenal,' 'juvenile,' 'signior,' 'senior'—here would seem to be a hit and a back-hit underscored for the audience. Now some have disputed that Nashe is the 'young Iuuenall, that byting Satyrist' referred to by Greene in the famous passage of *A Groatsworth of Wit* (1592) wherein he warns his fellow-dramatists against the 'Upstart Crow': but there can be no question that Meres hails him as 'sweet Tom,' and 'gallant young Juvenal' in his *Wit's Treasurie* (1598). 'Young (juvenile) Juvenal' is indeed the sort of nickname no Elizabethan could resist for a youthful-looking satirist who lacked a beard in 1596[1], and was calling himself 'stripling' so late as 1599[2]. The epithet 'tender,' moreover, is not to be overlooked. Neshe was a recognised variant of the surname Nashe[3], and 'nesh' or 'nash' at that time = 'soft, delicate, pitiful, tender[4].'

(*b*) Puns upon 'purse,' 'pen,' 'penny' obtrude themselves throughout the play when Moth is assailed or retorts: all of them meaningless (so far as we can discover) unless referable to Nashe's *Pierce* (*i.q. Purse*) *Penilesse*. When, for example, Costard apostrophises Moth as 'thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion' (5. 1. 70) not only does he suggest a quibble upon *Pierce Penilesse*, as the owner of that purse does in the opening of his own tract[5], but his words suggestively echo an outburst by Gabriel Harvey in his *Pierce's Supererogation* (1593), wherein after dubbing his antagonist 'a young man of the greenest springe, as beardles in judgement as in face, and as Penniles in witt as in purse' he sarcastically suggests that he might next 'publish Nashes *Penniworth of Discretion*[6].'

[1] McKerrow, *Works of Thomas Nashe*, iii. 129, l. 14.
[2] *Ibid.* iii. 213, l. 4.
[3] *Ibid.* v. 3, n. 3.
[4] N.E.D. 'nesh,' 'nash.'
[5] McKerrow, *op. cit.* i. 165, ll. 10–12.
[6] Grosart, *Works of Gabriel Harvey*, ii. 75.

Two more clues may be touched upon here, though others must be left over to another volume.

(*c*) Both the part which Moth plays in the Nine Worthies pageant in the last Act, and Holofernes' apology for him—

> Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
> Whose club killed Cerberus, that three-headed Canis,
> And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
> Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus—

gain point if we attach them upon Nashe's prowess in 1589 against the three-headed Martin—Martin Marprelate, Martin Senior and Martin Junior[1].

(*d*) 'Moth' is 'mote' (v. note 4. 3. 158) a little sparkling, dancing, irritating object, which does well enough as a descriptive name for Nashe. But it does better still after the word has been counted backwards and the discovery made that 'Moth' is, by Elizabethan spelling, just Nashe's familiar Christian name reversed, even as Shakespeare himself abbreviates it in this very play (5. 2. 910):

> When Isacles hang by the wall,
> And Dicke the Sheepheard blowes his naile:
> And *Thom* beares Logges into the hall....

'Probability is the Guide of Life'—Bishop Butler's grand commonplace holds as true of Shakespearian research as of any other of man's million activities—as Mr George Hookham has reminded us[2]. If we have established a probability that Moth represents Thomas Nashe, it may perchance help others to usefuller discoveries concerning this play.

[1] For the Marprelate Controversy see W. Pierce, *Historical Introduction to the Marprelate Tracts*; J. Dover Wilson, *The Marprelate Controversy* (*Camb. Hist. Eng. Lit.* vol. iii) and McKerrow, *op. cit.* v. 34–110 (the handiest account, which embraces the Harvey-Nashe polemic).

[2] In his *Will o' the Wisp, or The Elusive Shakespeare*. Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1922, p. 1.

VIII

We may indicate another probability by bringing together two certainties. For the first—It is certain that *Love's Labour's Lost* bears close relation to the *Sonnets* (or, let us say, to some batches of the *Sonnets*)[1]. It has haunting echoes, too, of *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*: the lines we quoted casually, a while back, from the former:

> Or as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
> Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain...

mix themselves in our memory with Berowne's

> Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
> Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
> [4. 3. 334.]

while the elaborate denunciation of Night in *Lucrece* —a piece of rhetoric merely fantastic in its place and circumstance—reads like a musical variation on a theme (presently to be discussed) most prominent in our play and again in *Romeo and Juliet*. But for the moment we talk of the *Sonnets*: and without raising question here of their date or of their personal significance, we ask the reader to compare Berowne's

> From women's eyes this doctrine I derive...
> [4. 3. 298 *et seq.*]

—the whole passage, indeed, with Sonnet XIV encasing the line

> But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive....

Or let him compare again Berowne [5. 2. 834]:

> Mistress look on me,
> Behold the window of my heart, mine eye...

[1] It contains three Sonnets and a Song in the fourth act. Jaggard printed two of these Sonnets and the Song in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599. The Song appeared also, over Shakespeare's name, in *England's Helicon*, 1600.

with Sonnet XXIV:

> For through the painter must you see his skill,
> To find where your true image pictured lies,
> Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
> That hath his windows glazéd with thine eyes.
> Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
> Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
> Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
> Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee....

Or yet again the opening of the Princess' speech in 2. 1. 13,

> Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
> Needs not the painted flourish of your praise

with the opening of Sonnet LXXXIII,

> I never saw that you did painting need, etc.

But—and for our second point of certainty—these frequent general echoes multiply and press upon a particular meaning when we come to the famous (or infamous) 'dark lady' series of the *Sonnets*, beginning with CXXVII:

> In the old age black was not counted fair,
> Or if it were it bore not beauty's name...

and recall Berowne's iterated and re-iterated *apologia* for loving Rosaline, *his* dark lady:

> And among three to love the worst of all—
> A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
> With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes....
> [3. 1. 194.]

So much for his own deprecation of dark beauty: but when, later on [4. 3.], King and fellow-courtiers rally him on his preference, mark how he turns on them:

> *King.* By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
> *Berowne.* Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
> A wife of such wood were felicity.
> O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
> That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
> If that she learn not of her eye to look:
> No face is fair that is not full so black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons and the *School of Night*;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well!
Berowne. Devils soonest tempt resembling spirits of light.
O, if in black my lady's brows be decked,
It mourns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspéct;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now[1];
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow, etc.

Why, the last two Acts of the play echo and re-echo with Berowne's apologies and Rosaline's excuses for her 'blackness'!

Of course it may be, and has been, argued that all this preference for blonde above brunette, with all this duty of apology for falling in love with a 'duskier' mistress, is mere poetic convention, Renaissance convention, borrowed from the classics, and the excuse as old as Ovid:

Candida me capiet, capiet me flava puella,
Est etiam in fusco grata colore venus.
(*Amores.*)

A pile of quotations can be accumulated for proof. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, for instance, Valentine bids us flatter women and

Extol their graces;
If they be black, say they have angels' faces...

and poor Julia wonders over her rival's portrait,

Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow;
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get for me a coloured periwig.

And yet—who can read *Love's Labour's Lost* and the 'dark lady' Sonnets without *feeling* a something more urgent and passionate than convention, without

[1] 'I never saw that you did painting need' again!

detecting a personal plea—a personal ache, even—in both? And the excuse is ever 'Her *eyes*, those *eyes*!' It is eyes, eyes, eyes all the way—eyes and their 'heavenly rhetoric,' eyes shining 'in every tear that I do weep,' eyes that are ever stars and Wisdom's true Academe. The reader who takes the trouble to go through *Love's Labour's Lost* marking every allusion to women's eyes will be positively confounded by their number until it breaks on him that, however many, however puzzling, its separate topical riddles may be, here—and precisely here—lies the secret of the play.

IX

Can we help to solve it, or towards solving it? Well, just a little, we think, even within the austere limits of conjecture we have set for ourselves in this edition.

The whole action of *Love's Labour's Lost* turns upon the sworn resolve (and quick defeat) of certain young noblemen who, forswearing women's society, would retire within an Academe.

> Our court shall be a little academe,
> Still and contemplative *in living art*,

says Navarre in the very first speech of the play: and almost at once Berowne, the scoffer, is 'turning him down' with talk of night-watches and star-gazing:

> And then to sleep but three hours in the night...
> And make a dark night too of half the day....

Then ensues a protestation arraying eyes, lights, stars in a galaxy against darkness:

> As painfully to pore upon a book,
> To seek the light of truth, while truth the while
> Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
> Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
> So ere you find where light in darkness lies,
> Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
> [I. I. 74–9.]

The Academe is clearly Stoical [1. 1. 24 *seq.*]; and if it be a mere coincidence that Navarre's phrase 'in living art,' which we italicised above, accurately translates the τέχνη τοῦ βίου or *ars vivendi*, the accepted term for the last of three divisions of Philosophy by the Stoics—physical, logical, ethical—and the one on which they laid overwhelming stress, the coincidence is curious[1].

But was Shakespeare scholar enough to know all about this? Very likely not—and, if we choose, almost certainly not. But he was wit enough to detect and expose to laughter any pedantic craze, any pose or affectation borrowed by Renaissance men out of Seneca; even as Molière ridiculed the blue-stockings and (to sing smaller) Gilbert the 'Aesthetic Movement.' Read it how we may, from its first page to its last *Love's Labour's Lost* is a poke-fun at pedantry, a gay rally of our nature against pompous artifice. Its motto is Berowne's

> Why should I joy in an abortive birth?
> At Christmas I no more desire a rose
> Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
> But like of each thing that in season grows...

and its raillery ends by transposing (for fools) the call of Spring into a word of fear and the hoot of owl into a merry note.

X

We have, then, a collocation of (*a*) an austere and fantastic Academe with (*b*) an inordinate number of references to darkness, light, and stars à propos of dark beauty and women's eyes, in (*c*) a polite play, obviously topical and full of burlesque: and we naturally ask, Was

[1] As pointed out by Prof. J. S. Reid of Gonville and Caius College, in a private communication and in *The Philological Quarterly*, 1. iii, July, 1922. 'The correspondence of *ars vivendi* with "living art" is striking, and the whole setting of the context harmonises with the conception, which was to be found more read in the schools of Shakespeare's day than now, *viz.* Seneca, and Cicero's philosophical writings.'

there actually in existence at the time any such School or Society upon which Shakespeare might shoot the arrows of his wit?

The answer is that there pretty certainly was, and that George Chapman was its poet, and that the name of it will be found in the words italicised by us on p. xxvi, and thus printed in the Quarto:

> O paradox, Blacke is the badge of Hell,
> The hue of dungions, and the Schoole of night....

This phrase 'Schoole of night' has nonplussed all the editors. *The Globe Shakespeare* reads 'suit,' *The Oxford Shakespeare* 'scowl,' in place of 'Schoole,' and Professor Charlton still reads 'suit' in his notable edition of the play for *Heath's Shakespeare*, 1917. 'With unwonted unanimity,' says Dr Furness, 'all editors who have taken any note of the word at all agree that "schoole" is incomprehensible and therefore wrong....Rowe and Pope retained it apparently without thought; the Cambridge Editors from a judicious conservatism.' The others find recourse in 'scowl,' 'stole,' 'shade,' 'suit,' 'soil'—all of them rank guesses.

What if, after all, 'Schoole' be right, and not only right but illuminating? It was (so far as we can discover) that modest man, Professor Minto, who first suggested that by following up clues in *The Shadow of Night* by George Chapman (1594) we might get nearer to the secret of the 'dark lady' *Sonnets*. Many, to be sure, have instinctively suspected Chapman to be the 'rival poet' of the Sonnets, and that his name is glanced at derisively no less in *Love's Labour's Lost*, 2. 1. 15,

> Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
> Not uttred by base sale of *chapmen's* tongues

than in Sonnet xxi, beginning

> So is it not with me as with that Muse
> Stirred by a painted beauty to his verse,
> Who heaven itself for ornament doth use

and ending

> And then believe me, my love is as fair
> As any mother's child, *though not so bright*
> *As those gold candles fixed in heaven's air:*
> Let them say more that like of hear-say[1] well;
> I will not praise that purpose *not to sell*[2].

Mr Arthur Acheson, following up Minto's clue in a volume entitled *Shakespeare and the Rival Poet* (1903) —the earliest of a series of monographs laboriously, ingeniously and (we regret to say) to our minds uncritically, discussing the problem of the *Sonnets* in connexion with what we don't know of Shakespeare's private life, which by Heaven's mercy is almost everything—hit on the discovery that a School of Night really existed, that Chapman's *Shadow of Night* (1594) was a product of this School, and that the Academe of Navarre is Shakespeare's satire upon it.

Chapman's *Shadow of Night* consists of a dedicatory Epistle to the poet Matthew Roydon, and two long, obscure, laboured poems, *Hymnus in Noctem* and *Hymnus in Cynthiam*, each followed by a 'gloss,' or number of notes, which show that Chapman owed most of his ideas—apart from those 'lifted' out of Stoic writers—to the Orphic literature of the third and fourth centuries A.D.: and the gist of the *Hymnus in Noctem*, the more important hymn for us, may be found in the following passage, which fortunately happens to be one of the more intelligible:

> Since day, or light, in any quality,
> For earthly uses do but serve the eye;
> And since the eye's most quick and dangerous use
> Enflames the heart, and learns the soul abuse;
> Since mournings are preferred to banquettings,
> And they reach heaven, bred under sorrow's wings;

[1] Query, a pun on 'heresy,' *v. infra.*
[2] *i.q.* not to be a chap-man.

Since Night brings terror to our frailties still,
And shameless Day doth marble us in ill;
All you possessed with indepresséd spirits,
Endued with nimble and aspiring wits,
Come consecrate with me to sacred Night
Your whole endeavours, and detest the light.
Sweet Peace's richest crown is made of stars,
Most certain guides of honoured mariners,
No pen can anything eternal write
That is not steeped in humour of the Night.

If we set alongside the final couplet of this passage Berowne's

Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temp'red with Love's sighs

the retorting challenge of *Love's Labour's Lost* nails itself precisely home.

But one of us hopes to unravel, in another place, the many curious connexions between *Love's Labour's Lost* and Chapman and the 'School of Night.' All we assert here is our conviction that there was such a school or society; that its members affected astronomy and mathematical calculations[1] and that Shakespeare, as we should expect, is having his fling at it as an offence *contra naturam*. To clinch that conviction we shall but refer

[1] None of the fantastics in this play can count, even upon their fingers; and this particular inability is more than once matter of burlesque. Holofernes shares with the other 'worthies' a curious incompetence in arithmetic: they cannot tell their own number when they get together. Armado [1. 2. 39–54] cannot multiply one by three; Costard [5. 2. 488 *et seq.*] cannot multiply three by three. 'I am ill at reck'ning, it fitteth the spirit of a tapster,' explains Armado, and Costard groans, 'O Lord, sir, it were a pity you should get your living by reck'ning, sir.' Again, in 3. 1. 87–97, we can see Armado reckoning up three laboriously on his fingers until Moth 'stays the odds by adding four.' That these passages play insistently on *somebody's* mathematical pretensions (well known to the audience) is surely evident.

here to Berowne's lines [1. 1. 88–93] which have never yet, we think, received adequate attention:

> These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
> That give a name to every fixéd star,
> Have no more profit of their shining nights,
> Than those that walk and wot not what they are....
> Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:
> And every godfather can give a name

—as the old lady in the well-known story was prepared to credit astronomers with weighing the stars and measuring their distances, 'but how they found out their names she could not conceive.'

XI

Supposing that a 'School of Night' actually existed—or a coterie of men who, making a study of astronomy, would be recognised under that nickname—are we to proceed and identify it with the so-called 'School of Atheisme' which certainly existed, and was provoking not only public scandal but the stern censure of 'the authorities' in and about 1593?

We ourselves are convinced of that identity: but since that conviction again rests upon a mass of evidence ranging down from facts to hints, suggestions, even bare possibilities—and since the sorting of this mass would monstrously encumber this volume—we have decided to confine ourselves here to stating a few of the obvious facts and a few of their obvious implications[1]. We glance merely at one of the facts—that ingenious spirits in the generation after Copernicus (*ob.* 1543) were vividly excited over the 'new Astronomy[2]' and at the

[1] The textual editor proposes to sift out the available evidence in a forthcoming volume.

[2] Tycho Brahé was some twenty years older than Shakespeare, Galileo his exact contemporary, and Kepler about seven years his junior.

certainty that men who dabbled with the new Copernican system invited (and got) accusation of heresy. There actually was a coterie, dubbed by its enemies 'The School of Atheism' for its astronomical speculations: and this coterie—headed and patronised by Raleigh—seems to have included, besides Chapman, the 'ingenious' Stanley (fifth Earl of Derby), Henry Percy (ninth Earl of Northumberland), Sir George Carey (afterwards Lord Hunsdon), poor Marlowe, Matthew Roydon (to whom *The Shadow of Night* is dedicated), and one Thomas Harriot, an Oxford man and a mathematician of European renown. Some of these men were not merely suspected of colloquing with the Devil, under Raleigh's wing; they were actually hunted for it. Raleigh, though strongly suspected of holding 'atheistical' meetings in his house, was the Queen's favourite, and the blow did not fall at once. In May, 1592, however, it was discovered that he and one of the Queen's maids-of-honour, Elizabeth Throgmorton, had committed an offence far more deadly to the Queen's favour than any 'atheism' however notorious. He was recalled from sea, where he happened to be at the moment, and in July both he and his mistress were prisoners in the Tower. He was released, to be sure, in September, to see about a rich prize vessel that had just arrived at Dartmouth, and he made over to his royal and avaricious monarch a sufficient share of the plunder to buy him off further imprisonment; but he was forbidden the Court and did not kiss hands there again until June 1st, 1597. He had in 1592 fallen from power like Lucifer.

We cannot tell how it happened that his coterie escaped vengeance for near upon a year. But in April–May, 1593, their unorthodox views were being discussed by the Privy Council. A warrant was issued for the arrest of Marlowe, who escaped it only because 'the fell sergeant Death' overtook him before the officers of the law. Matthew Roydon fled to the Scottish Court:

Marlowe's fellow-dramatist, Thomas Kyd, was seized, put to the torture, and seems to have escaped by pleading that certain incriminating papers were Marlowe's blasphemies and not his[1]. Even Raleigh himself did not escape; for in March, 1594, a special commission was sent down to Dorset to examine him and certain friends of his upon their supposed heresies. The result of this enquiry is unknown. It may have faded out as the results of many commissions do, for reasons not apparent. But we need not pursue it here: for, harking back to 1593 we get the following data:

(*a*) A favourite, Raleigh, suddenly fallen from power, and his friends discredited by rumours of their trafficking with Copernican astronomics and 'atheism.'

(*b*) A rival party—that of Essex—to which Shakespeare was vowed, in suit of his young patron, the Earl of Southampton, Essex's devoted friend.

(*c*) A Christmas of 1593 during which the theatres were shut by reason of the plague.

(*d*) A play obviously topical, designed for a polite audience, abounding in shrewd hits at certain devotees of a 'School of Night' presented as fantastics.

We give it as our belief, and no more, that *Love's Labour's Lost* was written in 1593 for a private performance in the house of some grandee who had opposed Raleigh and Raleigh's 'men'—possibly the Earl of Southampton's. The reader after studying our Note on the Copy will form his own opinion.

XII

And with that for a while we may let the riddle rest. Likely enough no one will ever discover the whole solution or be able to tell us why, for example, Costard—who starts as a mere rustical clown, an unlettered and

[1] F. S. Boas, *Works of Thomas Kyd*, Introd. lxv–lxxxiii, cviii–cxiii.

small-knowing soul—can patter off, towards the end, such a word as 'honorificabilitudinitatibus.' Still against Johnson's warning that 'it is of the nature of personal invective to be soon unintelligible' and that its author 'sacrifices the esteem of succeeding time to the laughter of a day' we oppose a personal delight in this play after all puzzles and topicalities have been discounted or cast out. Not only does passage after passage ring the golden note of poetry, in such lines as

> Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed,

or

> To enforce the painéd impotent to smile.
> To move wild laughter in the throat of death?

or in Shakespeare's best gnomical vein—

> A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
> Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
> Of him that makes it...

—but the total impression (which, after all is said and done, saves or damns any given work of art) is one of delicacy, of charm: of health, moreover. This Pegasus, as the grooms say, is clean as a whistle.

Something more remains, and that something highly characteristic of Shakespeare. Here is a play studiously fantastic, occupied with eccentrics and deliberately pushing them up to the top of their folly. But let any reader compare it (say) with any play of Lyly's and answer if it do not push up its

> russet yeas and honest kersey noes

through the whole of the action and past some indecorous speech. Our court of Navarre may be priggish, until nature brings the cure: it is not lackadaisical.

> Was that the king that spurred his horse so hard
> Against the steep-up rising of the hill?

Walter Bagehot, in a capital essay on 'Shakespeare—

the Man' quotes a stanza or two from the celebrated description of the hunt in *Venus and Adonis*:

> And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
> Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles
> How he outruns the wind, and with what care
> He cranks and crosses, with a thousand doubles:
> The many musits[1] through the which he goes
> Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.
>
> Sometimes he runs among a flock of sheep
> To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell...

—until, after respite,

> —poor Wat, far off, upon a hill,
> Stands on his hinder legs with list'ning ear,
> To hearken if his foes pursue him still:
> Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
> And now his grief may be comparéd well
> To one sore-sick that hears the passing-bell.

'It is absurd,' says Bagehot, 'to say we know *nothing* about the man who wrote that: we know he had been after a hare. It is idle to allege that mere imagination would tell him that a hare is apt to run among a flock of sheep, or that its so doing disconcerts the scent of hounds.'

Shakespeare has *been there*, as he has known the season in Warwickshire—

> When daisies pied, and violets blue,
> And lady-smocks all silver-white:
> And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
> Do paint the meadows with delight—

he has *been there* and knows that this is also the season when, in the country, 'maidens bleach *their* summer smocks.' Without effort, out of opulence of youthful memory, the silver-white lady-smocks (or stitchworts) on the bank carry his eye up to

> The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
> With heigh! the sweet birds, O how they sing!

[1] Gaps in hedges.

—as Autolycus trolls it in the later play. And this opulence of early rustic observation gives a solidity, an atmosphere of earth, to Shakespeare even in his politest phantasies—in this play of an imaginary Navarre, as in the Athens of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, or the forest of Arden, or the court of Illyria. Our Illyria has its Sir Toby Belch for inhabitant; our Athens has for citizen its Bully Bottom.

XIII

The genius of Shakespeare, in short, which could do most things, could not (even if it tried ever so hard) treat foppery and leave it at foppery. In *Love's Labour's Lost*, if anywhere, he had a chance to perform this silly feat: but we have only to compare it with any given play of Lyly's, to recognise a something in the man which (under Heaven) defeated the attempt. Pater says well enough—

> The merely dramatic interest of the piece is slight enough; only just sufficient, indeed, to form the vehicle of its wit and poetry. The scene—a park of the King of Navarre—is unaltered throughout; and the unity of the play is not so much the unity of a drama as that of a series of pictorial groups, in which the same figures reappear, in different combinations but on the same background. It is as if Shakespeare had intended to bind together, by some inventive conceit, the devices of an ancient tapestry, and give voices to its figures. On the one side, a fair palace: on the other the tents of the Princess of France, who has come on an embassy to the King of Navarre; in the midst, a wide space of smooth grass. The same personages are combined over and over again into a series of gallant scenes—the princess, the three masked ladies, the quaint pedantic king; one of those amiable kings men have never loved enough, whose serious occupation with the things of the mind seems, by contrast with the more usual forms of kingship, like frivolity or play.

XIV

And this is well said, and sets the scene. But behind it, and around and above and interpenetrating it, swims that vision—that knowledgeable vision—that intimate understanding of his native Arden, core of rural England —by virtue of which we instantly distinguish and differentiate Shakespeare, even at his most artificial, from the ruck of the Elizabethans. Being a 'prentice in London, he tries often enough to be artificial; but Nature, as he knew her early between Avon and the hanging woodlands, *tamen usque recurret* :

> —But there's a Tree, of many, one,
> A single Field which I have looked upon,
> Both of them speak of something that is gone.

One may observe of persons bred in the country or by the sea and nurtured in out-of-door activities an inveterate habit—no matter how long the city has claimed them—of going, on rising from bed, straight to the window to observe where the wind sets and what the weather is likely to be for hunting, birding, fishing. Even so Shakespeare draws upon country life for a word, a comparison, an image, as easily, as naturally, as he would kiss his child: its remembered sights and sounds and scents being inwoven in the 'grey matter' of his brain. 'Pavement critics,' as we may call them, who do not understand this, will never understand Shakespeare; even as, if not English by race, they must wonder in vain how it came to pass that he, the successful London playwright, should yearn back for a competent old age in his native Stratford. Goldsmith, an Irishman, understood it—

> I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
> Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
> Around my fire an evening group to draw,
> And tell of all I felt and all I saw;

> And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue
> Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
> I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
> Here to return—and die at home at last.

We must understand this habitual working of Shakespeare's mind, or our most painstaking studies are condemned to no better merit than that which Croce contemptuously concedes them, 'of being a sort of involuntary *ironic* treatment of the purely philological method and of its abuse of conjecture.'

Unless we take this habit of Shakespeare's for a habit of our own minds in dealing with him, we are lost. 'No single citation,' as Bagehot says, 'really represents the power of the argument' that—

> Set descriptions (of 'natural scenery') may be manufactured to order, and it does not follow that even the most accurate or successful of them was really the result of a thorough and habitual knowledge of the object. A man who knows little of Nature may write one excellent delineation, as a poor man may have one bright guinea. Real opulence consists in having many. What truly indicates excellent knowledge is the habit of constant, sudden, and almost unconscious allusion, which implies familiarity, for it can arise from that alone—and this very species of incidental, casual and perpetual reference to 'the mighty world of eye and ear' is the particular characteristic of Shakespeare.

Q.
D. W.

TO THE READER

The following is a brief description of the punctuation and other typographical devices employed in the text, which have been more fully explained in the *Note on Punctuation* and the *Textual Introduction* to be found in *The Tempest* volume:

An obelisk (†) implies corruption or emendation, and suggests a reference to the Notes.

A single bracket at the beginning of a speech signifies an 'aside.'

Four dots represent a *full-stop* in the original, except when it occurs at the end of a speech, and they mark a long pause. Original *colons* or *semicolons*, which denote a somewhat shorter pause, are retained, or represented as three dots when they appear to possess special dramatic significance. Similarly, significant *commas* have been given as dashes.

Round brackets are taken from the original, and mark a significant change of voice; when the original brackets seem to imply little more than the drop in tone accompanying parenthesis, they are conveyed by commas or dashes.

In plays for which both Folio and Quarto texts exist, passages taken from the text not selected as the basis for the present edition will be enclosed within square brackets. Lines which Shakespeare apparently intended to cancel, have been marked off by frame-brackets.

Single inverted commas (' ') are editorial; double ones (" ") derive from the original, where they are used to draw attention to maxims, quotations, etc.

The reference number for the first line is given at the head of each page. Numerals in square brackets are placed at the beginning of the traditional acts and scenes.

A PLEASANT Conceited Comedie CALLED, Loues labors loſt.

As it vvas preſented before her Highnes this laſt Chriſtmas.

Newly corrected and augmented
By W. Shakeſpere.

Imprinted at London by *W.W.*
for *Cutbert Burby*.
1598.

The scene: Navarre

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre*

BEROWNE, LONGAVILLE, DUMAINE — *young lords, attending on the King*

BOYET, *an elderly lord, attending on the Princess of France*

MERCADÉ, *a messenger*

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard*

SIR NATHANIEL, *a curate*

HOLOFERNES, *a schoolmaster*

DULL, *a constable*

COSTARD, *a clown*

MOTH, *page to Armado*

A Forester

THE PRINCESS OF FRANCE

ROSALINE, KATHARINE, MARIA — *ladies, attending on the Princess*

JAQUENETTA, *a country wench*

Officers and others, attendant on the King and the Princess

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

[1.1.] *The Park of the King of Navarre, hard by the gates leading to the palace; trees and a coppice*

The KING, BEROWNE, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAINE

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live registred upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us, in the disgrace of death:
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
Th'endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity....
Therefore brave conquerors—for so you are,
That war against your own affections
And the huge army of the world's desires—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force,
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world,
Our court shall be a little academe,
Still and contemplative in living art....
You three, Berowne, Dumaine, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here....
Your oaths are passed, and now subscribe your names:
That his own hand may strike his honour down
That violates the smallest branch herein.
If you are armed to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

Longaville. I am resolved—'tis but a three years' fast:
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine.
Fat paunches have lean pates: and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.
Dumaine. My loving lord, Dumaine is mortified.
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves.
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die—
With all these living in philosophy.
Berowne. I can but say their protestation over—
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances:
As not to see a woman in that term,
Which I hope well is not enrolléd there—
And one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside,
The which I hope is not enrolléd there—
And then to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day,
When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day,
Which I hope well is not enrolléd there....
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.
King. Your oath is passed to pass away from these.
Berowne. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please.
I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.
Longaville. You swore to that, Berowne, and to the rest.
Berowne. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest....
What is the end of study? let me know.
King. Why, that to know which else we should
not know.

Berowne. Things hid and barred, you mean, from
common sense?
King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.
Berowne. Com' on then—I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus—to study where I well may dine
When I to feast expressly am forbid,
Or study where to meet some mistress fine
When mistresses from common sense are hid,
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth....
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know.
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.
King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.
Berowne. Why, all delights are vain, but that most vain
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain—
As painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye,
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-searched with saucy looks:
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixéd star,

Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk and wot not what they are....
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:
And every godfather can give a name.
King. How well he's read, to reason against reading.
Dumaine. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.
Longaville. He weeds the corn and still lets grow the weeding.
Berowne. The spring is near when green geese are a-breeding.
Dumaine. How follows that?
Berowne. Fit in his place and time.
Dumaine. In reason nothing.
Berowne. Something then in rhyme.
King. Berowne is like an envious sneaping frost
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.
Berowne. Well, say I am—why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in an abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing that in season grows....
So you to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.
King. Well, sit you out: go home Berowne: adieu!
Berowne. No my good lord, I have sworn to stay with you.
And though I have for barbarism spoke more
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper, let me read the same,
And to the strictest decrees I'll write my name.
King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame.

Berowne [*reads*]. 'Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court....' Hath this been proclaimed?

Longaville. Four days ago.

Berowne. Let's see the penalty. [*reads*]...'On pain of losing her tongue.' Who devised this penalty?

Longaville. Marry, that did I.

Berowne. Sweet lord, and why?

Longaville. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Berowne. A dangerous law against gentility.... [*reads*]

'Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possible devise....'

This article my liege yourself must break,
For well you know here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak—
A maid of grace and cómplete majesty—
About surrender up of Aquitaine
To her decrepit, sick, and bedrid father.
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes th'admiréd princess hither.

King. What say you lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Berowne. So study evermore is overshot.
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire—so won, so lost.

King. We must of force dispense with this decree.
She must lie here on mere necessity.

Berowne. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space:
For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might mastred, but by special grace.

If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn 'on mere necessity.'
So to the laws at large I write my name,
And he that breaks them in the least degree
Stands in attainder of eternal shame.
Suggestions are to other as to me:
But I believe, although I seem so loath,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.... [*he subscribes*
But is there no quick recreation granted?
King. Ay that there is, our court you know is haunted
With a refinéd traveller of Spain—
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One who the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony:
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies shall relate
In high-born words the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain lost in the world's debate.
How you delight my lords I know not I,
But I protest I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.
Berowne. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.
Longaville. Costard the swain and he shall be
our sport,
And so to study three years is but short.

DULL, the constable, and COSTARD, the clown, approach

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?
Berowne. This, fellow. What wouldst?
Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am

his grace's farborough...But I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

Berowne. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arm—Arm—commends you... [*he presents a letter*] There's villainy abroad. This letter will tell you more.

Costard. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Berowne. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Longaville. A high hope for a low heaven. God grant us patience.

Berowne. To hear, or forbear hearing?

Longaville. To hear meekly sir, and to laugh moderately—or to forbear both.

Berowne. Well sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Costard. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta:
The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Berowne. In what manner?

Costard. In manner and form following, sir—all those three....I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park: which put together, is in manner and form following. Now sir for the manner—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman. For the form—in some form.

Berowne. For the following, sir?

Costard. As it shall follow in my correction—and God defend the right.

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Berowne. As we would hear an oracle.

Costard. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King [*reads*]. 'Great Deputy, the welkin's Vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fost'ring patron:'

Costard. Not a word of Costard yet.

King [*reads*]. 'So it is,'

Costard. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true...but so.

King. Peace!

Costard. —be to me, and every man that dares not fight.

King. No words.

Costard. —of other men's secrets I beseech you.

King [*reads*]. 'So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air: And, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk: the time When? about the sixth hour, When Beasts most graze, Birds best peck, and Men sit down to that nourishment which is called Supper: So much for the time When. Now for the ground Which? which I mean I walked upon, it is ycleped Thy Park. Then for the place Where? where I mean I did encounter that obscene and most prepostrous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured Ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place Where? It standeth North North-east and by East from the West corner of thy curious-knotted garden; There did I see that low-spirited Swain, that base Minnow of thy mirth,'

Costard. Me?

King. 'that unlettered small-knowing soul,'

Costard. Me?

King. 'that shallow vassal,'

Costard. Still me.

King. 'which, as I remember, hight Costard,'

Costard. O me!

King. 'sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed Edict and continent Canon: Which with, O with, but with this I passion to say wherewith:'

Costard. With a wench.

King. 'with a child of our Grandmother Eve, a female; or for thy more sweet understanding a Woman: him, I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet Grace's Officer, Antony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.'

Dull. Me, an't shall please you! I am Antony Dull.

King. 'For Jaquenetta (so is the weaker vessel called) which I apprehended with the aforesaid Swain, I keep her as a vessel of thy Law's fury, and shall at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.'

Berowne. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst....But sirrah, what say you to this?

Costard. Sir I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Costard. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench.

Costard. I was taken with none sir, I was taken with a demsel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed 'damsel.'

Costard. This was no damsel neither sir, she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too, for it was proclaimed 'virgin.'

Costard. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King. This 'maid' will not serve your turn, sir.

Costard. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Costard. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper....
My Lord Berowne see him delivered o'er—
And go we lords to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*the King, Longaville and Dumaine enter the gates*

Berowne. I'll lay my head to any goodman's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn—
Sirrah, come on.

Costard. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl, and therefore welcome the sour cup of prosperity. Affliction may one day smile again, and till then sit thee down, sorrow. [*they enter the gates*

[1.2.] *ARMADO and MOTH come through the trees*

Armado. Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign sir that he will look sad.

Armado. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No no, O Lord sir, no.

Armado. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender Juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough signior.

Armado. Why tough signior? why tough signior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Armado. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent apitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough signior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Armado. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you sir, I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Armado. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little: wherefore apt?

Armado. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Armado. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Armado. What, that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Armado. I do say thou art quick in answers. Thou heat'st my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Armado. I love not to be crossed.

(*Moth.* He speaks the mere contrary, crosses love not him.

Armado. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Armado. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Armado. I am ill at reck'ning, it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

Armado. I confess both—they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then I am sure you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Armado. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Armado. True.

Moth. Why sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied ere ye'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put 'years' to the word 'three,' and study 'three years' in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Armado. A most fine figure!

(*Moth.* To prove you a cipher.

Armado. I will hereupon confess I am in love: and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised curtsy. I think scorn to sigh—methinks I should outswear Cupid....Comfort me, boy. What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Armado. Most sweet Hercules...More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master—he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter: and he was in love.

Armado. O well-knit Samson, strong-jointed Samson; I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates....I am in love too....Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Armado. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Armado. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Armado. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read sir, and the best of them too.

Armado. Green indeed is the colour of lovers: but to have a love of that colour, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so sir—for she had a green wit.

Armado. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Armado. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue assist me!

Armado. Sweet invocation of a child, most pretty and pathetical.

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale white shown:
Then if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know,
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Armado. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since, but I think now 'tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

Armado. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I

may example my digression by some mighty precedent.... Boy, I do love—that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard: she deserves well.

(*Moth.* To be whipped: and yet a better love than my master.

Armado. Sing, boy. My spirit grows heavy in love.

(*Moth.* And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Armado. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Dull, Costard, and Jaquenetta come forth

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is that you keep Costard safe—and you must suffer him to take no delight, nor no penance, but a' must fast three days a week...For this damsel, I must keep her at the park—she is allowed for the dey-woman....Fare you well. [*he turns away*

Armado. I do betray myself with blushing...Maid.

Jaquenetta. Man.

Armado. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaquenetta. That's hereby.

Armado. I know where it is situate.

Jaquenetta. Lord, how wise you are!

Armado. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaquenetta. With that face?

Armado. I love thee.

Jaquenetta. So I heard you say.

Armado. And so farewell.

Jaquenetta. Fair weather after you!

Dull [*calls*]. Come Jaquenetta, away.

[*Dull and Jaquenetta re-enter the gates*

Armado. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Costard. Well sir, I hope when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Armado. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Costard. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Armado. Take away this villain, shut him up.

Moth. Come you transgressing slave, away.

Costard. Let me not be pent up sir, I will fast being loose.

Moth. No sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Costard. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see?

Costard. Nay nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. [*Moth and Costard depart*

Armado. I do affect the very ground (which is base) where her shoe (which is baser) guided by her foot (which is basest) doth tread....I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of falsehood) if I love.... And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil. There is no evil angel but love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier...The first and second cause will not serve my turn: the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not; his disgrace is to be called boy, but his glory is to subdue men....Adieu valour, rust rapier, be still drum, for your manager is in love; yea he loveth....Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet....Devise wit, write pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*he goes*

[2.1.] *The* PRINCESS OF FRANCE, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, *lords and other attendants draw near the gates*

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits,
Consider who the king your father sends...
To whom he sends, and what's his embassy.
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre—the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Princess. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Not uttred by base sale of chapmen's tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine....
But now to task the tasker—good Boyet,
You are not ignorant all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall outwear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to's seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you,
As our best-moving fair solicitor:

Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On serious business craving quick dispatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace....
Haste, signify so much, while we attend,
Like humble-visaged suitors, his high will.
Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.
Princess. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so...
[*he enters the gates*
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?
A lord. Lord Longaville is one.
Princess. Know you the man?
Maria. I know him, madam: at a marriage feast,
Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaquës Falconbridge, solemnizéd
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville.
A man of sovereign parts he is esteemed;
Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss—
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil—
Is a sharp wit matched with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.
Princess. Some merry mocking lord belike, is't so?
Maria. They say so most, that most his humours know.
Princess. Such short-lived wits do wither as they grow....
Who are the rest?
Katharine. The young Dumaine, a well-accomplished youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue loved:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;

For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit....
I saw him at the Duke Alanson's once,
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.
Rosaline. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, if I have heard a truth—
Berowne they call him—but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue—conceit's expositor—
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravishéd,
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.
Princess. God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnishéd
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

Boyet returns

A lord. Here comes Boyet.
Princess. Now, what admittance, lord?
Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach,
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all addressed to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came...Marry, thus much I have learnt—
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house....
Here comes Navarre.

The KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAINE, BEROWNE *and attendants come forth*

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.
Princess. 'Fair' I give you back again, and 'welcome' I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours, and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.
King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.
Princess. I will be welcome then—conduct me thither.
King. Hear me dear lady, I have sworn an oath.
Princess. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.
King. Not for the world fair madam, by my will.
Princess. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.
King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.
Princess. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping:
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it...
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold—
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit. [*she gives a paper*
King. Madam I will, if suddenly I may.
Princess. You will the sooner that I were away,
For you'll prove perjured if you make me stay.
[*the King peruses the paper*
[*Berowne.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?]
Katharine. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Berowne. I know you did.
Katharine. How needless was it then
To ask the question!
Berowne. You must not be so quick.

Katharine. 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with
such questions.
Berowne. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.
Katharine. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.
Berowne. What time o' day?
Katharine. The hour that fools should ask.
Berowne. Now fair befall your mask!
Katharine. Fair fall the face it covers!
Berowne. And send you many lovers!
Katharine. Amen, so you be none.
[*Berowne.* Nay then will I be gone.]
King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
Being but the one half of an entire sum
Disburséd by my father in his wars.
But say that he, or we—as neither have—
Received that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more, in surety of the which
One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitaine,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth...
For here he doth demand to have repaid
A hundred thousand crowns, and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitaine;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitaine, so gelded as it is....
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast,

And go well satisfied to France again.
Princess. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.
King. I do protest I never heard of it:
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back
Or yield up Aquitaine.
Princess. We arrest your word....
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father.
King. Satisfy me so.
Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound:
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.
King. It shall suffice me; at which interview
All liberal reason I will yield unto....
Meantime, receive such welcome at my hand
As honour—without breach of honour—may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness.
You may not come, fair princess, within my gates,
But here without you shall be so received,
As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell—
To-morrow shall we visit you again.
Princess. Sweet health and fair desires consort
your grace!
King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!
[*the King and his train re-enter the gates*
[*Berowne.* Lady, I will commend you to mine]
own heart.
Rosaline. Pray you, do my commendations—I would
be glad to see it.

Berowne. I would you heard it groan.
Rosaline. Is the fool sick?
Berowne. Sick at the heart.
Rosaline. Alack, let it blood.
Berowne. Would that do it good?
Rosaline. My physic says, 'ay.'
Berowne. Will you prick't with your eye?
Rosaline. No point, with my knife.
Berowne. Now God save thy life!
Rosaline. And yours from long living!
[*Berowne.* I cannot stay thanksgiving.]

DUMAINE returns

Dumaine. Sir, I pray you a word. What lady is that same?
Boyet. †The heir of Alanson, Katharine her name.
Dumaine. A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well.
[*he goes*

LONGAVILLE returns

Longaville. I beseech you a word. What is she in the white?
Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.
Longaville. Perchance light in the light. I desire her name.
Boyet. She hath but one for herself—to desire that were a shame.
Longaville. Pray you sir, whose daughter?
Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.
Longaville. God's blessing on your beard!
Boyet. Good sir be not offended,
She is an heir of Falconbridge.
Longaville. Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.
Boyet. Not unlike, sir, that may be. [*Longaville goes*

Berowne returns

Berowne. What's her name in the cap?
Boyet. †Rosaline by good hap.
Berowne. Is she wedded or no?
Boyet. To her will sir, or so.
Berowne. You are welcome sir, adieu.
Boyet. Farewell to me sir, and welcome to you.
[*Berowne goes*
Maria. That last is Berowne, the merry mad-cap lord—
Not a word with him but a jest.
Boyet. And every jest but a word.
Princess. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boyet. I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.
Katharine. Two hot sheeps, marry!
Boyet. And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.
Katharine. You sheep, and I pasture: shall that finish the jest?
Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.
[*he offers to kiss her*
Katharine. Not so, gentle beast—
My lips are no common, though several they be.
Boyet. Belonging to whom?
Katharine. To my fortunes and me.
Princess. Good wits will be jangling, but gentles agree.
This civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men, for here 'tis abused.
Boyet. If my observation—which very seldom lies—
By the heart's still rhetoric disclosèd with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.
Princess. With what?
Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle 'affected.'
Princess. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire.
His heart like an agate with your print impressed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed.
His tongue all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be.
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair:
Methought all his senses were locked in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy,
Who, tend'ring their own worth from where they were glassed,
Did point you to buy them, along as you passed.
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
I'll give you Aquitaine, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Princess. Come, to our pavilion! Boyet is disposed.

Boyet. But to speak that in words which his eye hath disclosed.
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Rosaline. Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest skilfully.

Maria. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

Katharine. Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Maria. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see?

Rosaline. †Our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me.

[*they go*

A day passes

[3.1.] *ARMADO and MOTH seated beneath the trees*

Armado. Warble, child, make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth sings the song Concolinel.

Armado. Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years, take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither. I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?

Armado. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master—but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat as if you swallowed love with singing love, sometime through the nose as if you snuffed up love by smelling love, with your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes, with your arms crossed on your thin-belly doublet like a rabbit on a spit, or your hands in your pocket like a man after the old painting—and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away...These are complements, these are humours, these betray nice wenches that would be betrayed without these, and make them men of note—do you note? men—that most are affected to these.

Armado. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my pen of observation.

Armado. But O—but O—

Moth. —'the hobby-horse is forgot.'

Armado. Call'st thou my love 'hobby-horse'?

Moth. No master, the hobby-horse is but a colt—[*aside*] and your love, perhaps, a hackney...
But have you forgot your love?

Armado. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Armado. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Armado. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live—and this 'by, in, and without,' upon the instant...By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her: and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Armado. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more—[*aside*] and yet nothing at all.

Armado. Fetch hither the swain. He must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathized—a horse to be ambassador for an ass!

Armado. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited...But I go.

Armado. The way is but short—away.

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Armado. The meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. Minime, honest master, or rather master, no.

Armado. I say lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so.
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?

Armado. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon—and the bullet, that's he:
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee. [*he trips away*

Armado. A most acute Juvenal, volable and free
of grace!
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place....
[*he muses*
My herald is returned.

Moth returns with Costard

Moth. A wonder, master! here's a costard broken in
a shin.

Armado. Some enigma, some riddle—come, thy
l'envoy—begin.

Costard. No egma, no riddle, no l'envoy, no salve in the mail, sir....O sir, plantain, a plain plantain: no l'envoy, no l'envoy, no salve sir, but a plantain!

Armado. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter—thy silly thought, my spleen. The heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take 'salve' for 'l'envoy,' and the word l'envoy for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not l'envoy a salve?

Armado. No page, it is an epilogue or discourse to
make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain....
I will example it....
The Fox, the Ape, and the Humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three....
There's the moral: now the l'envoy.

Moth. I will add the l'envoy. Say the moral again.

Armado. The Fox, the Ape, and the Humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the Goose came out of door,
And stayed the odds by adding four....

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my l'envoy....

The Fox, the Ape, and the Humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Armado. Until the Goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good l'envoy, ending in the goose: would you desire more?

Costard. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat....
Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see, a fat l'envoy—ay, that's a fat goose.

Armado. Come hither, come hither...How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a costard was broken in a shin—
Then called you for the l'envoy.

Costard. True, and I for a plantain—thus came your argument in—
Then the boy's fat l'envoy, the goose that you bought—
And he ended the market.

Armado. But tell me. How was there a costard broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Costard. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth—I will speak that l'envoy....

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold and broke my shin.

Armado. We will talk no more of this matter.

Costard. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Armado. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Costard. O, marry me to one Frances! I smell some l'envoy, some goose, in this.

Armado. By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at

liberty, enfreedoming thy person: thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Costard. True, true—and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Armado. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance, and in lieu thereof impose on thee nothing but this.... [*he proffers a letter*] Bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta... [*he bestows a coin upon him*] There is remuneration—for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents....Moth, follow. [*he departs*

Moth. Like the sequel, I....Signior Costard, adieu.

[*he follows Armado, aping his gait*

Costard. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew!

Now will I look to his remuneration.... [*he opens his palm*] Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three-farthings: three-farthings—remuneration. 'What's the price of this inkle?' 'One penny.' 'No, I'll give you a remuneration': why, it carries it. Remuneration! why, it is a fairer name than French crown....I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Berowne approaches

Berowne. My good knave Costard, exceedingly well met.

Costard. Pray you sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Berowne. What is a remuneration?

Costard. Marry sir, halfpenny farthing.

Berowne. Why then, three-farthing worth of silk.

Costard. I thank your worship. God be wi' you.

[*he turns to go*

Berowne. Stay slave, I must employ thee.
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Costard. When would you have it done, sir?

Berowne. This afternoon.

Costard. Well, I will do it, sir: fare you well.

Berowne. Thou knowest not what it is.

Costard. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Berowne. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Costard. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Berowne. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady:
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her. Ask for her;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This sealed-up counsel.... [*he gives him a letter and a shilling*] There's thy guerdon: go.

Costard. Gardon, O sweet gardon! better than remuneration, eleven-pence farthing better: most sweet gardon....I will do it, sir, in print: gardon—remuneration! [*he enters the gates*

Berowne. And I—

Forsooth in love, I that have been love's whip!
A very beadle to a humorous sigh,
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable,
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent—
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,
This Signior Junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid,
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
Th'anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread Prince of Plackets, King of Codpieces,
Sole imperator and great general

Of trotting paritors—O my little heart!
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop....
What I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a-repairing, ever out frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watched that it may still go right.
Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all;
And among three to love the worst of all—
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes,
Ay and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard!
And I to sigh for her, to watch for her,
To pray for her, go to: it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might....
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan—
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [*he goes*

[4.1.] *The* PRINCESS, *ROSALINE*, *MARIA*, *KATHARINE*, *BOYET*, *lords*, *attendants*, *and a Forester draw near*

Princess. Was that the king that spurred his horse so hard
Against the steep-up rising of the hill?
Boyet. I know not, but I think it was not he.
Princess. Whoe'er a' was, a' showed a mounting mind.
Well lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch,
On Saturday we will return to France....
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murderer in?
Forester. Hereby upon the edge of yonder coppice—
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.

Princess. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.
Forester. Pardon me madam, for I meant not so.
Princess. What, what! first praise me, and again say no?
O short-lived pride. Not fair? alack for woe!
Forester. Yes madam, fair.
Princess. Nay, never paint me now.
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here—good my glass!—take this for telling true:
[*she gives him money*
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
Forester. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
Princess. See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit!
O heresy in fair, fit for these days—
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise....
But come, the bow: now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill...
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot—
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes:
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart:
As I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.
Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?
Princess. Only for praise—and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Costard comes forth

Princess. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Costard. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head lady?

Princess. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Costard. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Princess. The thickest, and the tallest.

Costard. The thickest, and the tallest: it is so—truth is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

Princess. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

Costard. I have a letter from Monsieur Berowne, to one Lady Rosaline.

Princess. O, thy letter, thy letter: he's a good friend of mine.... [*she snatches the letter*
Stand aside, good bearer....Boyet, you can carve.
Break up this capon.

Boyet [*bows*]. I am bound to serve....
[*he glances at the superscription*
This letter is mistook: it importeth none here.
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Princess. We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

'Boyet reads'

'By heaven, that thou art fair is most infallible: true that thou art beauteous, truth itself that thou art lovely: more fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal. The magnanimous and most illustrate King Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon: and he it was that might rightly say

'veni, vidi, vici': which to anatomize in the vulgar—O base and obscure vulgar!—videlicet, he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king. Why did he come? to see. Why did he see? to overcome. To whom came he? to the beggar. What saw he? the beggar. Who overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory: on whose side? the king's: the captive is enriched—on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial—on whose side? the king's: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king, for so stands the comparison—thou the beggar, for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags?—robes. For tittles?—titles. For thyself?—me! Thus expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey:
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play.
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.'

Princess. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived but I remember the style.

Princess. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard that keeps here in court,

A phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the prince and his book-mates.

Princess [*beckons him aside*]. Thou, fellow, a word.
Who gave thee this letter?

Costard. I told you—my lord.

Princess. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Costard. From my lord to my lady.

Princess. From which lord, to which lady?

Costard. From my Lord Berowne, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France, that he called Rosaline.

Princess. Thou hast mistaken his letter.... [*turns*]
Come lords, away.... [*to Rosaline*
Here, sweet, put up this—'twill be thine another day.

[*all depart save Boyet, Rosaline, Maria and Costard*

Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?

Rosaline. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Rosaline. Why, she that bears the bow.
Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns—but if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.
Finely put on!

Rosaline. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Rosaline. If we choose by the horns, yourself come not near.
Finely put on, indeed!

Maria. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: have I hit her now?

Rosaline. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Rosaline and Boyet dance together and sing

Rosaline. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it:
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.
Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot:
An I cannot, another can.
[*Rosaline runs away*

Costard [*to Maria*]. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it!

Maria. A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it.

Boyet [*turns*]. A mark! O mark but that mark: 'A mark,' says my lady!
Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at if it may be.

Maria. Wide o' the bow hand! I'faith, your hand is out.

Costard. Indeed a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Costard. Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin.

Maria. Come come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul.

Costard. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir—challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing... [*bows*] good night, my good owl. [*Boyet and Maria go off*

Costard. By my soul, a swain, a most simple clown!
Lord, lord, how the ladies and I have put him down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests, most incony vulgar wit,
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely as it were, so fit.
Armado to th'one side, O, a most dainty man.
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan.
To see him kiss his hand, and how most sweetly a' will swear!
And his page o' t'other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!

A shout is heard

Sola, sola! [*he runs off into the coppice*

[4.2.] *Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull come up, holding lively conversation*

Sir Nathaniel. Very reverend sport truly, and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Holofernes. The deer was, as you know, sanguis, in blood—ripe as the pomewater who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of caelo, the sky, the welkin, the heaven, and anon falleth like a crab on the face of terra, the soil, the land, the earth.

Sir Nathaniel. Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but sir, I assure ye it was a buck of the first head.

Holofernes. Sir Nathaniel, haud credo.

Dull. 'Twas not a haud credo, 'twas a pricket.

Holofernes. Most barbarous intimation...yet a kind of insinuation, as it were in via, in way of explication; facere as it were replication, or rather ostentare, to show as it were his inclination—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or ratherest, unconfirmed fashion—to insert again my haud credo for a deer.

Dull. I said the deer was not a haud credo, 'twas a pricket.

Holofernes. Twice sod simplicity, bis coctus!
O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Sir Nathaniel. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book.
He hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink:
His intellect is not replenished, he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts:
And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,
Which we of taste and feeling are, for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,
So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:
But omne bene say I, being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men—can you tell me by your wit,
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Holofernes. Dictynna, goodman Dull—Dictynna, goodman Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Sir Nathaniel. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Holofernes. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more,
And raught not to five weeks when he came to five-score.
Th'allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed—the collusion holds in the exchange.

Holofernes. God comfort thy capacity! I say, th'allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say, the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old...And I say, beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess killed.

Holofernes. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I call the deer the princess killed, a pricket.

Sir Nathaniel. Perge, good Master Holofernes, perge, so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Holofernes. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The preyful princess pierced and pricked
A pretty pleasing pricket—
Some say a sore, but not a sore,
Till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell—put 'ell to sore,
Then sorel jumps from thicket;
†Or pricket sore—or else sore'll
The people fall a-hooting.
If sore be sore, then L to sore
Makes fifty sores o' sorel:
Of one sore I an hundred make,
By adding but one more L.

Sir Nathaniel. A rare talent!

(*Dull.* If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Holofernes. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions. These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion...But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Sir Nathaniel. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners, for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Holofernes. Mehercle! if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But, vir sapit qui pauca loquitur —a soul feminine saluteth us.

Jaquenetta and Costard come forth

Jaquenetta. God give you good morrow, Master Person.

Holofernes. Master Person—quasi pierce-one? And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Costard. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likeliest to a hogshead.

Holofernes. Piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth, fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty, it is well.

Jaquenetta [*delivering a letter*]. Good Master Person, be so good as read me this letter. It was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado: I beseech you, read it. [*Nathaniel peruses the letter*

Holofernes. 'Facile precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat,' and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

Venetia, Venetia,
Chi non ti vede, non ti pretia.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not. [*hums*] Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa... [*he glances over Nathaniel's shoulder*] Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his —What, my soul, verses?

Sir Nathaniel. Ay sir, and very learned.

Holofernes. Let me hear a staff, a stanze, a verse. Lege, domine...

Sir Nathaniel [*reads*]. 'If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove.
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice.
Well learnéd is that tongue that well can thee commend,
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder—
Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire.
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O pardon love this wrong,
That singes heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!'

Holofernes. You find not the apostrophus, and so miss the accent. Let me supervise the canzonet. [*he takes the letter*] Here are only numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, caret: Ovidius Naso was the man. And why, indeed, 'Naso,' but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? Imitari is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider...But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaquenetta. Ay sir, from one Monsieur †Boyet, one of the strange queen's lords.

Holofernes. I will overglance the superscript....'To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline'....

I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto....

'Your Ladyship's in all desired employment,

BEROWNE.'

Sir Nathaniel, this Berowne is one of the votaries with the king, and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's: which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried....Trip and go, my sweet, deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king —it may concern much: stay not thy complement, I forgive thy duty—adieu.

Jaquenetta. Good Costard go with me...Sir, God save your life!

Costard. Have with thee, my girl. [*they go off together*

Sir Nathaniel. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously: and, as a certain father saith—

Holofernes. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours....But to return to the verses—did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Sir Nathaniel. Marvellous well for the pen.

Holofernes. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine, where if—before repast—it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your ben venuto; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society.

Sir Nathaniel. And thank you too: for society—saith the text—is the happiness of life.

Holofernes. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.... [*to Dull*] Sir, I do invite you too, you shall not say me nay: pauca verba....Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

[*they depart*

[4.3.] '*Enter* BEROWNE, *with a paper in his hand, alone*'

Berowne [*reads*]. 'The king he is hunting the deer,
I am coursing myself....'
They have pitched a toil, I am toiling in a pitch—pitch that defiles; defile! a foul word...Well, set thee down, sorrow; for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool: well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax, it kills sheep, it kills me, I a sheep—well proved again o' my side! I will not love; if I do, hang me: i'faith I will not....O, but her eye...by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes....Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat....By heaven, I do love, and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy: and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy [*he sighs*] .... Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already. The clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper—God give him grace to groan!

[*he climbs into a tree*

The KING *approaches with a paper in his hand*

King [*groans*]. Ay me!

(*Berowne*. Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid. Thou hast thumped him with thy birdbolt under the left pap... [*the King warily glances about him*] In faith secrets!

King [*reads*]. 'So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light:
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep,

No drop but as a coach doth carry thee:
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself—then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.'
How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper.
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?
[*he hides behind a bush*

Longaville comes up, perusing a paper; there is a second paper in his hat and a third at his belt

What, Longaville! and reading...listen ear.
(*Berowne*. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!
Longaville. Ay me! I am forsworn.
(*Berowne*. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.
(*King*. In love I hope—sweet fellowship in shame!
(*Berowne*. One drunkard loves another of the name.
Longaville. Am I the first that have been perjured so?
(*Berowne*. I could put thee in comfort—not by two that I know.
Thou makest the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of Love's Tyburn, that hangs up Simplicity.
Longaville. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move....
[*reads*] 'O sweet Maria, empress of my love!'
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.
[*he tears the paper*
(*Berowne*. O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose—
Disfigure not his shop.

Longaville [*plucks the paper from his belt*]. This same shall go.

'*He reads the sonnet*'

¶ 'Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore, but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee.
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love.
Thy grace being gained cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is.
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour-vow—in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To loose an oath to win a paradise?'

(*Berowne*. This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity,
A green goose a goddess—pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend, we are much out o'th' way.

Longaville. By whom shall I send this?—

Dumaine approaches, with a paper

Company! stay. [*he steps aside*

(*Berowne*. All hid, all hid! an old infant play—
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish—
Dumaine transformed, four woodcocks in a dish!

Dumaine. O most divine Kate!

(*Berowne*. O most profane coxcomb!

Dumaine. By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye!

(*Berowne*. By earth, she is not, corporal, there you lie.

Dumaine. Her amber hair for foul hath amber quoted.
(*Berowne.* An amber-coloured raven was well noted.
Dumaine. As upright as the cedar,
(*Berowne.* —stoup, I say!
Her shoulder is with child.
Dumaine. —as fair as day!
(*Berowne.* Ay, as some days, but then no sun must shine.
Dumaine. O that I had my wish!
(*Longaville.* And I had mine!
(*King.* And I mine too, good Lord!
(*Berowne.* Amen, so I had mine... Is not that a good word?
Dumaine. I would forget her, but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remembred be.
(*Berowne.* A fever in your blood, why then incision
Would let her out in saucers—sweet misprision!
Dumaine. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.
(*Berowne.* Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

'*Dumaine reads his sonnet*'

'On a day, alack the day!
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, can passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wished himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow—
Air, would I might triumph so.
But alack, my hand is sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.

Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom e'en Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were,
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.'

This will I send, and something else more plain.
That shall express my true-love's fasting pain....
O, would the King, Berowne, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Longaville [*advances*]. Dumaine, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard and taken napping so.

King [*advances*]. Come sir, you blush; as his your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not love Maria? Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor never lay his wreathéd arms athwart
His loving bosom to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And marked you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion,
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion.
'Ay me,' says one! 'O Jove,' the other cries!
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes.
[*to Longaville*] You would for paradise break faith and troth—
[*to Dumaine*] And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

What will Berowne say, when that he shall hear
† Faith so infringéd, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Berowne. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy....
[*he descends from the tree*
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me....
Good heart, what grace hast thou thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears
There is no certain princess that appears.
You'll not be perjured, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.
But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'er-shot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three....
O, what a scene of fool'ry have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen:
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transforméd to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumaine?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast....
A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betrayed thus to thy over-view?

Berowne. Not you to me, but I betrayed by you.

I that am honest, I that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engagéd in,
I am betrayed by keeping company
†With men like men of inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye...
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?—

King. Soft! Whither away so fast?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

Berowne. I post from love, good lover let me go.

Costard and Jaquenetta, with a paper in her hand, approach

Jaquenetta. God bless the king!

King. What present hast thou there?

Costard. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Costard. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together.

Jaquenetta. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read.
Our Person misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said. [*she proffers the paper*

King. Berowne, read it over. [*'he reads the letter'*
Where hadst thou it?

Jaquenetta. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Costard. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio. [*Berowne tears the letter*

King. How now, what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

Berowne. A toy my liege, a toy; your grace needs not fear it.

Longaville. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.

Dumaine [*picks up the pieces*]. It is Berowne's writing, and here is his name.

Berowne [*to Costard*]. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, you were born to do me shame....

Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Berowne. That you three fools lacked me fool to make up the mess.

He, he, and you, and you my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die....
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dumaine. Now the number is even.

Berowne. True true, we are four...
Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, sirs, away.

Costard. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[*Costard and Jaquenetta depart lovingly, arm in arm*

Berowne. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace!
As true we are as flesh and blood can be—
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?

Berowne. 'Did they,' quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first op'ning of the gorgeous east,

Bows not his vassal head, and strucken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What péremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?
King. What zeal, what fury hath inspired
thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon,
She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.
Berowne. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Berowne....
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexions the culled sovereignty
Do meet as at a fair in her fair cheek,
Where several worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues—
Fie, painted rhetoric, O she needs it not,
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs:
She passes praise—then praise too short doth blot.
A withered hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy....
O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine!
King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
Berowne. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair that is not full so black.
King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons and the School of Night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well!

Berowne. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits
of light.
O, if in black my lady's brows be decked,
It mourns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspéct;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.
Dumaine. To look like her are chimney-
sweepers black.
Longaville. And since her time are colliers
counted bright.
King. And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion crack.
Dumaine. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
Berowne. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be washed away.
King. 'Twere good, yours did; for sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not washed to-day.
Berowne. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.
King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.
Dumaine. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.
Longaville [*thrusts out his boot*]. Look, here's thy love
—my foot and her face see.
Berowne. O, if the streets were pavéd with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.
Dumaine. O vile! then as she goes what upward lies
The street should see as she walked overhead.
King. But what of this, are we not all in love?
Berowne. Nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworn.
King. Then leave this chat, and good Berowne
now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dumaine. Ay marry, there—some flattery for this evil.
Longaville. O, some authority how to proceed—
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.
Dumaine. Some salve for perjury.
Berowne. 'Tis more than need.
Have at you then affection's men at arms!
Consider what you first did swear unto:
To fast, to study, and to see no woman:
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And abstinence engenders maladies.
[And where that you have vowed to study, lords,]
In that each of you have forsworn his book,
Can you still dream and pore and thereon look?
For when would you my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive—
They are the ground, the books, the academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;
And study too, the causer of your vow.
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are our learning likewise is.
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
.....with ourselves
[Do we not likewise see our learning there?]

O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books;
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enriched you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil.
But love, first learnéd in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immuréd in the brain;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
†When the suspicious head of theft is stopped;
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste.
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx, as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And, when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temp'red with Love's sighs;
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire—

They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else none at all in aught proves excellent....
Then fools you were these women to forswear;
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word, that all men love;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once loose our oaths, to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths...
It is religion to be thus forsworn:
For charity itself fulfils the law;
And who can sever love from charity?
King. Saint Cupid then! and soldiers to the field!
Berowne. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords!
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advised,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.
Longaville. Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by.
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?
King. And win them too. Therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.
Berowne. First from the park let us conduct them thither,
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress. In the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them:
Such as the shortness of the time can shape—
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.
King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
That will betime, and may by us be fitted.

Berowne. Allons! Allons! Sowed cockle reaped
no corn,
And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn—
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.
[*they march off*

[5. 1.] *Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull return*

Holofernes. Satis quod sufficit.

Sir Nathaniel. I praise God for you, sir. Your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy...I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the king's, who is entitled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Holofernes. Novi hominem tanquam te. His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory: his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical....He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd as it were, too peregrinate as I may call it.

Sir Nathaniel. A most singular and choice epithet.
[*'draws out his table-book'*

Holofernes. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasimes, such insociable and point-devise companions, such rackers of orthography, as to speak 'dout' fine, when he should say 'doubt'; 'det,' when he should pronounce 'debt'; d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf 'cauf'; half, 'hauf'; neighbour vocatur 'nebour'; neigh abbreviated 'ne'...This is abhominable—which he would call abbominable. It insinuateth

me of insanie: ne intelligis domine? to make frantic, lunatic.

Sir Nathaniel. Laus Deo, bone intelligo.

Holofernes. Bone?—bon fort bon!—Priscian a little scratched—'twill serve.

ARMADO, MOTH and COSTARD come up

Sir Nathaniel. Videsne quis venit?

Holofernes. Video, et gaudeo.

Armado. Chirrah!

Holofernes. Quare 'chirrah' not 'sirrah'?

Armado. Men of peace, well encountered.

Holofernes. Most military sir, salutation.

[*they salute with much ceremony, after which Holofernes stands hat in hand*

(*Moth.* They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

(*Costard.* O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words! I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as 'honorificabilitudinitatibus': thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

(*Moth.* Peace! the peal begins.

Armado [*to Holofernes*]. Monsieur, are you not lettered?

Moth. Yes yes, he teaches boys the horn-book... What is a, b, spelt backward with the horn on his head?

Holofernes. Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba! most silly sheep with a horn...You hear his learning.

Holofernes. Quis, quis, thou consonant?

Moth. The last of the five vowels if 'you' repeat them, or the fifth if 'I.'

Holofernes [*with caution*]. I will repeat them, a, e, i—

Moth. The sheep! the other two concludes it—o, u!

Armado. Now by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit—snip, snap, quick and home. It rejoiceth my intellect—true wit.

Moth. Offered by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Holofernes. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns!

Holofernes. Thou disputes like an infant: go whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy †circum circa—a gig of a cuckold's horn!

Costard. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread... [*searches his pocket*] Hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion....O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to, thou hast it ad dunghill, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Holofernes. O, I smell false Latin—'dunghill' for 'unguem.'

Armado [*draws Holofernes aside*]. Arts-man, pre-ambulate. We will be singled from the barbarous....Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Holofernes. Or mons, the hill.

Armado. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Holofernes. I do, sans question.

Armado. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Holofernes. The posterior of the day, most generous

sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well culled, chose—sweet and apt, I do assure you sir, I do assure.

Armado. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend...For what is inward between us, let it pass....I do beseech thee remember thy courtesy. I beseech thee apparel thy head [*Holofernes bows and puts on his hat*] ...and among other importunate and most serious designs, and of great import indeed, too...but let that pass—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world!) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus dally with my excrement, with my mustachio: but sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable—some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass....The very all of all is—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy—that the king would have me present the princess (sweet chuck!) with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or firework...Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Holofernes. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies.... [*Nathaniel draws nigh*] Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendred by our assistance, the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, before the princess...I say, none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Sir Nathaniel. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Holofernes. Joshua yourself, †myself—, and this gallant

gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the great—the page, Hercules.

Armado. Pardon, sir—error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb. He is not so big as the end of his club.

Holofernes. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his 'enter' and 'exit' shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device...so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, 'Well done, Hercules, now thou crushest the snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.'

Armado. For the rest of the worthies?

Holofernes. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Armado. Shall I tell you a thing?

Holofernes. We attend.

Armado. We will have, if this fadge not, an antic.... [*he draws him apart; and then turns to the others*] I beseech you, follow.

Holofernes. Via, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Holofernes. Allons! we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play On the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Holofernes. Most dull, honest Dull! to our sport: away! [*Armado and Holofernes depart together; the rest follow*

[5. 2.] *Another part of the Park; before the pavilion of the Princess*

The PRINCESS, *KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and* MARIA *come from the pavilion*

Princess. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in....
Look you, what I have from the loving king—
A lady walled about with diamonds!
Rosaline. Madam, came nothing else along with that?
Princess. Nothing but this! yes, as much love in rhyme
As would be crammed up in a sheet of paper,
Writ o' both sides the leaf, margent and all—
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.
Rosaline. That was the way to make his godhead wax...
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.
Katharine. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.
Rosaline. You'll ne'er be friends with him, a' killed your sister.
Katharine. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy—
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died....
And so may you...for a light heart lives long.
Rosaline. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?
Katharine. A light condition in a beauty dark.
Rosaline. We need more light to find your meaning out.
Katharine. You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.
Rosaline. Look, what you do, you do it still i'th' dark.
Katharine. So do not you, for you are a light wench.
Rosaline. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.

Katharine. You weigh me not! O, that's you care not for me.
Rosaline. Great reason; for, 'past cure is still past care.'
Princess. Well bandied both—a set of wit well played....
But Rosaline, you have a favour too!
Who sent it? and what is it?
Rosaline. I would you knew....
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great—be witness this....
[*she shows her fairing*
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Berowne—
The numbers true, and were the numb'ring too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground....
I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!
Princess. Anything like?
Rosaline. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.
Princess. Beauteous as ink: a good conclusion.
Katharine. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.
Rosaline. 'Ware pencils, ho! Let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter.
O, that your face were not so full of O's!
†*Katharine.* A pox of that jest!
Princess. And I beshrow all shrows!
But what was sent to you from fair Dumaine?
Katharine. Madam, this glove.
Princess. Did he not send you twain?
Katharine. Yes madam: and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover—
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.
Maria. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville....
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Princess. I think no less...Dost thou not wish in heart,

The chain were longer and the letter short?
Maria. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.
Princess. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.
Rosaline. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Berowne I'll torture ere I go.
O, that I knew he were but in by th' week,
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,
And shape his service wholly to my hests,
And make him proud to make me proud, that jests!
†So planet-like would I o'ersway his state
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.
Princess. None are so surely caught, when they are catched,
As wit turned fool. Folly, in wisdom hatched,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school,
And wit's own grace to grace a learnéd fool.
Rosaline. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.
Maria. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As fool'ry in the wise, when wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Boyet approaches

Princess. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.
Boyet. O, I am stabbed with laughter! Where's her grace?
Princess. Thy news, Boyet?
Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are

Against your peace. Love doth approach disguised,
Arméd in arguments—you'll be surprised.
Muster your wits, stand in your own defence,
Or hide your heads like cowards and fly hence.
Princess. Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are they,
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.
Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour:
When lo, to interrupt my purposed rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguised they will be here....
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conned his embassage.
Action and accent did they teach him there—
'Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear'....
And ever and anon they made a doubt
Presence majestical would put him out:
'For,' quoth the king, 'an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.'
The boy replied, 'An angel is not evil;
I should have feared her had she been a devil.'
With that all laughed, and clapped him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
One rubbed his elbow thus, and fleered, and swore
A better speech was never spoke before.
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cried 'Via! we will do't, come what will come.'
The third he capered and cried, 'All goes well.'
The fourth turned on the toe, and down he fell...
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter so profound,

That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.
Princess. But what, but what? come they to visit us?
Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparelled thus,
Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.
Their purpose is to parley, court, and dance—
†And every one his love-suit will advance
Unto his several mistress; which they'll know
By favours several which they did bestow.
Princess. And will they so? the gallants shall be tasked:
For, ladies, we will every one be masked,
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face....
Hold Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall Berowne take me for Rosaline....
[*they change favours*
And change you favours too, so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceived by these removes.
Rosaline. Come on then, wear the favours most
in sight.
Katharine. But in this changing what is your intent?
Princess. The effect of my intent is to cross theirs:
They do it but in mockery-merriment,
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook, and so be mocked withal
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages displayed, to talk and greet.
Rosaline. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?
Princess. No, to the death, we will not move a foot—
Nor to their penned speech render we no grace;
But while 'tis spoke each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.
Princess. Therefore I do it, and I make no doubt
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown,
To make theirs ours and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game,
And they, well mocked, depart away with shame.
[*a trumpet*
Boyet. The trumpet sounds! be masked, the maskers come. [*the ladies don their vizards*

'*Enter Blackamoors with music, the Boy with a speech, and the rest of the Lords disguised*' *and masked as Russians*

Moth. 'All hail, the richest beauties on the earth'—
Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.
Moth. 'A holy parcel of the fairest dames,
'*The ladies turn their backs to him*'
That ever turned their backs to mortal views!'
Berowne. 'Their eyes,' villain, 'their eyes.'
Moth. 'That ever turned their eyes to mortal views. Out—'
Boyet. True, 'out' indeed.
Moth. 'Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe Not to behold—'
Berowne. 'Once to behold,' rogue.
Moth. 'Once to behold with your sun-beaméd eyes, —with your sun-beaméd eyes—'
Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet—
You were best call it 'daughter-beaméd eyes.'
Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.
Berowne. Is this your perfectness? be gone you rogue.
[*Moth flies from the presence*

Rosaline [*turns, showing the favour of the Princess*].
What would these strangers? Know their minds, Boyet....
If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes....
Know what they would!

Boyet. What would you with the princess?

Berowne. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Rosaline. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Rosaline. Why, that they have—and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her we have measured many miles,
To tread a measure with her on this grass.

Boyet. They say that they have measured many a mile,
To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Rosaline. It is not so! Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile. If they have measured many,
The measure then of one is eas'ly told.

Boyet. If to come hither you have measured miles,
And many miles...the princess bids you tell
How many inches doth fill up one mile.

Berowne. Tell her we measure them by weary steps.

The ladies advance

Boyet. She hears herself.

Rosaline. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are numbred in the travel of one mile?

Berowne. We number nothing that we spend for you—
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt....
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we—like savages—may worship it.

Rosaline. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
King. Blesséd are clouds, to do as such clouds do.
Vouchsafe bright moon, and these thy stars to shine—
Those clouds removed—upon our watery eyne.
Rosaline. O vain petitioner, beg a greater matter—
Thou now requests but moonshine in the water.
King. Then, in our measure, do but vouchsafe one change.
Thou bid'st me beg—this begging is not strange.
Rosaline. Play music then... [*the blackamoors fumble with their instruments*] nay, you must do it soon!
Not yet? No dance....Thus change I like the moon.
King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?
Rosaline. You took the moon at full, but now she's changed! [*the musicians strike up*
King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays—vouchsafe some motion to it.
Rosaline. Our ears vouchsafe it.
King. But your legs should do it.
Rosaline. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice—take hands—we will not dance.
King. Why take we hands then?
Rosaline. Only to part friends.
[*to the ladies*] Curtsy sweethearts, and so the measure ends. [*they curtsy*
King. More measure of this measure—be not nice.
Rosaline. We can afford no more at such a price.
King. Price you yourselves....What buys your company?
Rosaline. Your absence only.
King. That can never be.
Rosaline. Then cannot we be bought: and so adieu—

Twice to your visor, and half once to you!
King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
Rosaline. In private then.
King. I am best pleased with that.
[*they talk apart*
Berowne. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.
Princess. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.
Berowne. Nay then, two treys—an if you grow so nice—
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey; well run, dice!
There's half-a-dozen sweets.
Princess. Seventh sweet, adieu!
Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.
Berowne. One word in secret.
Princess. Let it not be sweet.
Berowne. Thou grievest my gall.
Princess. Gall? bitter.
Berowne. Therefore meet.
[*they talk apart*
Dumaine. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Maria. Name it.
Dumaine. Fair lady,—
Maria. Say you so? Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.
Dumaine. Please it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu. [*they talk apart*
Katharine. What, was your vizard made without a tongue?
Longaville. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
Katharine. O, for your reason! quickly, sir—I long.
Longaville. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless vizard half.

Katharine. 'Veal' quoth the Dutchman...Is not 'veal' a calf?

Longaville. A calf, fair lady?

Katharine. No, a fair lord calf.

Longaville. Let's part the word.

Katharine. No, I'll not be your half:
Take all and wean it—it may prove an ox.

Longaville. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks.
Will you give horns chaste lady? do not so.

Katharine. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Longaville. One word in private with you ere I die.

Katharine. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry. [*they talk apart*

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen:
Above the sense of sense: so sensible
Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

Rosaline [*suddenly*]. Not one word more my maids, break off, break off.

The ladies swiftly turn from their partners and vanish within the pavilion

Berowne. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

King. Farewell mad wenches, you have simple wits.

The King departs with his train; the ladies return

Princess. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits....
Are these the breed of wits so wondered at?

Boyet. Tapers they are with your sweet breaths puffed out.

Rosaline. Well-liking wits they have—gross gross,
fat fat.
Princess. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout....
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?
Or ever but in vizards show their faces?
This pert Berowne was out of count'nance quite.
Rosaline. O, they were all in lamentable cases!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.
Princess. Berowne did swear himself out of all suit.
Maria. Dumaine was at my service, and his sword.
'No point,' quoth I—my servant straight was mute.
Katharine. Lord Longaville said I came o'er his heart:
And trow you what he called me?
Princess. Qualm, perhaps.
Katharine. Yes, in good faith.
Princess. Go, sickness as thou art.
Rosaline. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.
Princess. And quick Berowne hath plighted faith
to me.
Katharine. And Longaville was for my service born.
Maria. Dumaine is mine as sure as bark on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear—
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be
They will digest this harsh indignity.
Princess. Will they return?
Boyet. They will, they will,—God knows—
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore change favours, and when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.
Princess. How blow? how blow? speak to
be understood.
Boyet. Fair ladies, masked, are roses in their bud:

Dismasked, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.
Princess. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?
Rosaline. Good madam, if by me you'll be advised,
Let's mock them still as well known as disguised:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penned,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw...the gallants are at hand.
Princess. Whip to our tents as roes run o'er the land.
[*they do so*

The KING, *Berowne, Longaville, and* DUMAINE, *return in their proper habits*

King. Fair sir, God save you: where is the princess?
Boyet. Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither?
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
Boyet. I will, and so will she, I know, my lord.
[*he enters the tent*
Berowne. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons pease,
And utters it again when God doth please.
He is Wit's pedler, and retails his wares
At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs:
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve.
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.
A' can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he
That kissed his hand away in courtesy.

This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That when he plays at tables chides the dice
In honourable terms; nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly, and, in ushering,
Mend him who can. The ladies call him sweet.
The stairs as he treads on them kiss his feet.
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whalës bone.
And consciences that will not die in debt
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.
King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part.

The ladies come from the pavilion, unmasked and with their own favours; Boyet ushering the Princess

Berowne. See where it comes! Behaviour, what
wert thou,
†Till this man showed thee? and what art
thou now?
King. All hail sweet madam, and fair time of day!
Princess. 'Fair' in 'all hail' is foul, as I conceive.
King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
Princess. Then wish me better, I will give
you leave.
King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our court—vouchsafe it then.
Princess. This field shall hold me, and so hold
your vow:
Nor God nor I delights in perjured men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.
Princess. You nickname virtue—'vice' you should
have spoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsullied lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest:
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths vowed with integrity.
King. O, you have lived in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.
Princess. Not so my lord, it is not so, I swear.
We have had pastimes here and pleasant game—
A mess of Russians left us but of late.
King. How madam? Russians?
Princess. Ay, in truth my lord—
Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.
Rosaline. Madam speak true...It is not so my lord...
My lady, to the manner of the days,
In courtesy gives undeserving praise.
We four indeed confronted were with four
In Russian habit: here they stayed an hour,
And talked apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.
Berowne. †This jest is dry to me, my gentle sweet.
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light—your capacity
Is of that nature that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish and rich things but poor.
Rosaline. This proves you wise and rich; for in
my eye—
Berowne. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
Rosaline. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Berowne. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.
Rosaline. All the fool mine?
Berowne. I cannot give you less.
Rosaline. Which of the vizards was it that you wore?
Berowne. Where, when, what vizard? why demand you this?
Rosaline. There, then, that vizard—that superfluous case
That hid the worse and showed the better face.
(*King.* We were descried, they'll mock us now downright.
(*Dumaine.* Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.
Princess. Amazed, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?
Rosaline. Help, hold his brows, he'll swoon...Why look you pale?
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.
Berowne. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out?
Here stand I, lady—dart thy skill at me,
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout,
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance,
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit,
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
O, never will I trust to speeches penned,
Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue,
Nor never come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song.
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical—these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation.

I do forswear them, and I here protest,
By this white glove (how white the hand,
God knows!)
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be expressed
In russet yeas and honest kersey noes.
And, to begin, wench—so God help me, la!—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.
Rosaline. Sans 'sans,' I pray you.
Berowne. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage; bear with me, I am sick...
I'll leave it by degrees...Soft, let us see—
Write 'Lord have mercy on us' on those three.
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes.
These lords are visited—you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.
Princess. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.
Berowne. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.
Rosaline. It is not so. For how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?
Berowne. Peace! for I will not have to do with you.
Rosaline. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
Berowne. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.
King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.
Princess. The fairest is confession.
Were you not here but even now, disguised?
King. Madam, I was.
Princess. And were you well advised?
King. I was, fair madam.
Princess. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did respect her.
Princess. When she shall challenge this, you will
reject her.
King. Upon mine honour, no.
Princess. Peace, peace, forbear;
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.
King. Despise me when I break this oath of mine.
Princess. I will, and therefore keep it....Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
Rosaline. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eyesight, and did value me
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.
Princess. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.
King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.
Rosaline. By heaven you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this... [*she shows a ring*] but take it,
sir, again.
King. My faith and this the princess I did give,
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
Princess. Pardon me sir, this jewel did she wear,
And Lord Berowne (I thank him!) is my dear....
What, will you have me, or your pearl again?
Berowne. Neither of either: I remit both twain....
I see the trick on't: here was a consent—
Knowing aforehand of our merriment—
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany...
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,
That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh, when she's disposed...
Told our intents before: which once disclosed,

The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the signs, wooed but the sign of she.
Now to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn, in will and error.
Much upon this 'tis... [*to Boyet*] And might
not you,
Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by th' square,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
You put our page out: go, you are allowed!
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye
Wounds like a leaden sword.
Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.
Berowne. Lo, he is tilting straight. Peace, I have done.

Costard comes up

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.
Costard. O Lord, sir, they would know,
Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.
Berowne. What, are there but three?
Costard. No sir, but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.
Berowne. And three times thrice is nine.
Costard. Not so, sir—under correction, sir—I hope it
is not so.
You cannot beg us sir, I can assure you sir, we know
what we know:
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—
Berowne. Is not nine.

Costard. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Berowne. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Costard. O Lord, sir, it were a pity you should get your living by reck'ning, sir.

Berowne. How much is it?

Costard. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man in one poor man—Pompion the Great, sir.

Berowne. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Costard. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompey the Great: for mine own part I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.

Berowne. Go bid them prepare.

Costard. We will turn it finely off sir, we will take some care. [*he goes*

King. Berowne, they will shame us: let them not approach.

Berowne. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy
To have one show worse than the King's and his company.

King. I say they shall not come.

Princess. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now,
That sport best pleases that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents:
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Berowne. A right description of our sport, my lord.

ARMADO appears

Armado. Anointed, I implore so much expense

of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[*he talks apart with the King, and delivers him a paper*

Princess. Doth this man serve God?

Berowne. Why ask you?

Princess. A' speaks not like a man of God his making.

Armado. That is all one, my fair, sweet honey monarch: for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical—too-too vain, too-too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to fortuna de la guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement!

[*he bows low and departs*

King [*cons the paper*]. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies...He presents Hector of Troy, the swain Pompey the Great, the parish curate Alexander, Armado's page Hercules, the pedant Judas Maccabæus... [*he reads*

'And if these four worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the
other five.'

Berowne. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived, 'tis not so.

Berowne. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy—
Abate throw at novum, and the whole world again
Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she
comes amain.

[*attendants bring seats for the King and the Princess*

Enter COSTARD *armed, for Pompey; he trips on his sword and falls*

Costard [*prone*]. 'I Pompey am'—

Berowne. You lie, you are not he.

Costard [*rising*]. 'I Pompey am'—
Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.
Berowne. Well said old mocker, I must needs be friends with thee.
Costard. 'I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big'—
Dumaine. The Great.
Costard. It is 'great,' sir.—'Pompey surnamed the Great,
That oft in field with targe and shield did make my foe to sweat,
And travelling along this coast I here am come by chance,
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.' [*he casts down his shield and sword*
If your ladyship would say, 'Thanks Pompey,' I had done.
Princess. Great thanks, Great Pompey.
Costard. 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in 'Great.'
Berowne. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter SIR NATHANIEL *armed, for Alexander*

Sir Nathaniel. 'When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander:
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:
My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander.'
Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.
Berowne. Your nose smells 'no' in this, most tender-smelling knight.
Princess. The conqueror is dismayed...Proceed, good Alexander.

Sir Nathaniel. 'When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander,'—

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

Berowne. Pompey the Great,—

Costard. Your servant, and Costard.

Berowne. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Costard [*to Sir Nathaniel*]. O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this. Your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax—he will be the ninth Worthy...A conqueror, and afeard to speak! run away for shame, Alisander.... [*Sir Nathaniel departs discomfited*] There, an't shall please you, a foolish mild man—an honest man, look you, and soon dashed. He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler: but for Alisander, alas you see how 'tis—a little o'erparted. But there are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Princess. Stand aside, good Pompey. [*Costard departs*

Enter HOLOFERNES *armed, for Judas, and* MOTH *armed, for Hercules*

Holofernes. 'Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club killed Cerberus, that three-headed Canis,
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.
Quoniam he seemeth in minority,
Ergo I come with this apology'....
Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. [*Moth departs*
'Judas I am,'—

Dumaine. A Judas!

Holofernes. Not Iscariot, sir.

'Judas I am, yclipéd Maccabæus.'

Dumaine. Judas Maccabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

Berowne. A kissing traitor. How, art thou proved Judas?

Holofernes. 'Judas I am,'—

Dumaine. The more shame for you, Judas.

Holofernes. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Holofernes. Begin sir, you are my elder.

Berowne. Well followed. Judas was hanged on an elder.

Holofernes. I will not be put out of countenance.

Berowne. Because thou hast no face.

Holofernes. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern-head.

Dumaine. The head of a bodkin.

Berowne. A death's face in a ring.

Longaville. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pummel of Cæsar's falchion.

Dumaine. The carved-bone face on a flask.

Berowne. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dumaine. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Berowne. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer...And now forward, for we have put thee in countenance.

Holofernes. You have put me out of countenance.

Berowne. False—we have given thee faces.

Holofernes. But you have out-faced them all.

Berowne. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go:
And so adieu, sweet Jude....Nay, why dost
thou stay?

Dumaine. For the latter end of his name.

Berowne. For the ass to the Jude: give it him—
Jud-as, away.

Holofernes. This is not generous, not gentle,
not humble. [*he turns*

Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he
may stumble. [*Holofernes depart*

Princess. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he
been baited!

Enter ARMADO *armed, for Hector*

Berowne. Hide thy head, Achilles—here comes Hector in arms.

Dumaine. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Troyan in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

King. I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.

Longaville. His leg is too big for Hector's.

Dumaine. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No, he is best indued in the small.

Berowne. This cannot be Hector.

Dumaine. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Armado. 'The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty, Gave Hector a gift,'—

Dumaine. A gilt nutmeg.

Berowne. A lemon.

Longaville. Stuck with cloves.

Dumaine. No, cloven.

Armado. Peace!

'The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion,
A man so breathed, that certain he would fight; yea,
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower,'—

Dumaine. That mint.

Longaville. That columbine.

Armado. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Longaville. I must rather give it the rein; for it runs against Hector.

Dumaine. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Armado. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten—sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man...But I will forward with my device...[*to the Princess*] Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing. ['*Berowne steps forth*'

Princess. Speak brave Hector, we are much delighted.

Armado. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

(*Boyet.* Loves her by the foot.

(*Dumaine.* He may not by the yard.

Armado. 'This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,'—The party is gone!

Costard returns, with Berowne following

Costard. Fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Armado. What meanest thou?

Costard. Faith, unless you play the honest Troyan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick—the child brags in her belly already: 'tis yours.

Armado. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

Costard. Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick by him, and hanged for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dumaine. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Berowne. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!

Dumaine. Hector trembles.

Berowne. Pompey is moved. More Ates, more Ates! stir them on! stir them on!

Dumaine. Hector will challenge him.

Berowne. Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

Armado. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Costard. I will not fight with a pole, like a northren man; I'll slash, I'll do it by the sword... [*to the Princess*] I bepray you let me borrow my arms again.

[*he takes up the sword and shield*

Dumaine. Room for the incensed Worthies.

Costard. I'll do it in my shirt. [*he strips off his coat*

Dumaine. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Armado. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me, I will not combat in my shirt.

Dumaine. You may not deny it, Pompey hath made the challenge.

Armado. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Berowne. What reason have you for't?

Armado. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt. I go woolward for penance.

Moth. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's, and that a' wears next his heart for a favour.

Monsieur MERCADÉ, *a messenger, comes up*

Mercadé [*bows*]. God save you, madam!

Princess. Welcome, Mercadé,
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mercadé. I am sorry, madam—for the news I bring,
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—
Princess. Dead, for my life!
Mercadé. Even so; my tale is told.
Berowne. Worthies, away! the scene begins to cloud.
Armado. For mine own part, I breathe free breath:
I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.
[*the Worthies depart*
King. How fares your majesty?
Princess. Boyet, prepare—I will away to-night.
King. Madam, not so—I do beseech you stay.
Princess. Prepare, I say...I thank you,
gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours, and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits,
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath—your gentleness
Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord:
A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue.
Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtained.
King. †The extreme parts of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince,
Yet since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purposed—since to wail friends lost

Is not by much so wholesome-profitable
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.
Princess. I understand you not—my griefs
are double.
Berowne. Honest plain words best pierce the ear
of grief—
†And by these bodges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Played foul-play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deformed us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposéd end of our intents:
And what in us hath seemed ridiculous...
As love is full of unbefitting strains,
All wanton as a child, skipping and vain,
Formed by the eye, and therefore, like the eye
Full of strange shapes, of habits and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which parti-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecomed our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both—fair ladies, you.
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself and turns to grace.
Princess. We have received your letters, full of love;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
And in our maiden council rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast and as lining to the time:

But more devout than this in our respects
Have we not been, and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.
Dumaine. Our letters, madam, showed much more than jest.
Longaville. So did our looks.
Rosaline. We did not quote them so.
King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.
Princess. A time methinks too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in:
No no, my lord, your grace is perjured much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust, but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about the annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood,
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love:
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge by these deserts,
And by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and till that instant shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death....
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
†Hence hermit then—my heart is in thy breast.
[*they talk apart*

[*Berowne.* And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Rosaline. You must be purgéd too, your sins are racked,
You are attaint with faults and perjury;
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
[But seek the weary beds of people sick.]

Dumaine. But what to me, my love? but what to me?
A wife?

Katharine. A beard, fair health, and honesty—
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dumaine. O, shall I say, I thank you gentle wife?

Katharine. Not so my lord, a twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say.
Come when the king doth to my lady come;
Then if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dumaine. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Katharine. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.
[*they talk apart*

Longaville. What says Maria?

Maria. At the twelvemonth's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Longaville. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Maria. The liker you—few taller are so young.
[*they talk apart*

Berowne. Studies my lady? mistress look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there:
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Rosaline. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Berowne,
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit...
To weed this wormwood from your fructful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please—
Without the which I am not to be won—
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the painéd impotent to smile.
Berowne. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible.
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.
Rosaline. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools.
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then if sickly ears,
Deafed with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal.
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.
Berowne. A twelvemonth? well; befall what
will befall,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.
[*the King and the Princess come forward*

Princess. Ay, sweet my lord—and so I take my leave.
King. No madam, we will bring you on your way.
Berowne. Our wooing doth not end like an old play:
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.
King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth an' a day,
And then 'twill end.
Berowne. That's too long for a play.

Armado returns in his proper habit

Armado. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—
Princess. Was not that Hector?
Dumaine. The worthy knight of Troy.
Armado. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave....
I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta
To hold the plough for her sweet love three year....
But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.
King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.
Armado. Holla! approach.

An antic draws near; from this side a party of persons representing Winter, led by one attired as an Owl, and from that a party representing Spring, led by one attired as a Cuckoo

This side is Hiems, winter....this Ver, the spring...The one maintained by the Owl, th'other by the Cuckoo. Ver begin.

The Cuckoo sings

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white:
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight:
The cuckoo then on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo....
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks:
When turtles tread and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks:
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo....
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear.

The Owl sings

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail:
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail:
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit to-who....
A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw:
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw:
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit to-who....
A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo.

THE COPY FOR *LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST*, 1598

A. *Quarto and Folio*

There are two primary texts of *Love's Labour's Lost*, the Quarto of 1598 and the Folio version of 1623. Of these the Quarto has generally been regarded as the more authoritative by modern editors, and some, like Clark and Wright, have boldly declared that 'the Folio edition is a reprint of this Quarto, differing only in its being divided into Acts, and, as usual, inferior in accuracy.' Nevertheless, no previous editor, as far as we are aware, has dared to deny all authority to the Folio text, or to base his own text exclusively upon that of the Quarto; and this for a very obvious reason, namely that even a casual examination of the 1623 version reveals the presence of variants which cannot possibly be attributed to compositors working with the Quarto as copy. The last words of the Folio text, for instance, 'You that way; we this way' are not to be found in the Quarto; yet they appear in all modern editions. In spite then of the practical unanimity in favour of the Quarto, there is uncertainty, and there is bound to be uncertainty so long as the Folio variants remain unexplained. So much indeed was the late Mr H. C. Hart impressed by these variants that in his 'Arden' edition of the play (1906) he joined issue with the supporters of the Quarto, denied that the Folio text was printed therefrom, declared both texts 'to have been printed from a prompter's or actors' copy, in which probably authentic alterations and corrections had been made,' and based his own text upon that of the Folio. Hart's attempt to dethrone the Quarto was easily shown

to be 'completely unsatisfactory' by Professor Charlton (*The Library*, Oct. 1917), but this writer could himself discover no more satisfactory interpretation of the Folio variants than that Heminge and Condell or some fellow-actor must have edited the Quarto, 'very casually,' for the publication of 1623.

The truth is that editors will continue to halt in this way between the two texts until the character of each and the relationship of the one to the other have been exactly and satisfactorily defined. And the essential preliminary to any such definition is the assembling, classification and analysis of all the relevant textual facts—a laborious enterprise, which no one has hitherto attempted. In the hope of bringing the matter to finality we have taken the task upon our shoulders, and the results will be found on pp. 186–91. It will be convenient, however, to summarise in advance the conclusions there arrived at. The solution, then, which we offer is (i) that the Folio is demonstrably a reprint of the 1598 Quarto; (ii) that, nevertheless, the copy of the Quarto used in 1623 had served as a prompt-book before it reached Jaggard's hands; (iii) that such of the Folio variants as are clearly due to prompt-book changes were equally clearly not made with either Shakespeare's knowledge or his approval; (iv) that, while some of the dialogue-variants in the Folio which are definite improvements may be explained on the supposition that the Folio was printed from a better copy of the Quarto than any that has survived, all of them are really within the power of a playhouse scribe or a compositor with a critical appreciation of the deficiencies of his predecessor in 1598; and finally (v) that, though the Quarto is a poor specimen of the printer's craft, that text and that text alone possesses any authority for the modern editor.

B. *The publication and printing of the Quarto*

The Quarto of 1598, which was 'imprinted at London by W.W. for Cutbert Burby,' had no successor in the line of quartos until 1631, when Smethwick, who derived his rights from Burby through Ling, published a text set up from the Folio. On the other hand, it almost certainly had a predecessor, seeing that it is bibliographically on all fours with *Romeo and Juliet*, 1599, of which an earlier and pirated edition had appeared from the press of John Danter in 1597. *Love's Labour's Lost*, 1598, and *Romeo and Juliet*, 1599, are linked together by three circumstances: (i) both were published by Burby, (ii) neither was entered in the Stationers' Register before publication, (iii) each is stated on its title-page to be 'newly corrected and augmented.' These words strongly suggest the existence of an earlier edition, and such an edition would explain the absence of entry in the Stationers' Register. Since, therefore, four copies of Danter's *Romeo and Juliet* have survived to corroborate this deduction in respect of one of the texts, it is only natural to conclude that copies of a similar text of *Love's Labour's Lost* were once to be seen upon the London book-stalls, though none has come down to us as direct evidence[1]. All this has an important bearing upon the question of revision, as will be noted presently.

To turn from publisher to printer, the initials 'W.W.' are those of William White, who after a partnership of some ten years with Gabriel Simpson, set up in business for himself in 1597. He was never a high-class printer, being chiefly concerned with 'ballads and other ephemeral literature[2]'; and if, as seems likely, the 'last

[1] A. W. Pollard, *Shakespeare Folios* etc., pp. 70–1; *Shakespeare's Fight with the Pirates* (1920), p. 47.

[2] McKerrow, *Dict. of Printers*, Bib. Soc. Pub. 1910.

Christmas' referred to on the quarto title-page was the Christmas of 1597, then *Love's Labour's Lost* may have been one of the earliest books to come from his press. Indeed, so badly is the book printed that it is charitable to suppose that the printing-office was hardly in working order when the job was begun. Probably the first printer to set up a title-page with the magic name 'Shakespeare' upon it[1], White was so unconscious of the significance of what he was doing that he handed the precious 'copy' to a compositor who must have been the veriest tyro at his craft. We say 'a compositor,' since the uniform badness of the work can hardly be the product of two men setting up alternately; and the fact once again points to the probability that White was in a small way of business at the time. The prentice-hand of this compositor displays itself in the Quarto chiefly in four different ways: (i) 'literal' misprints, (ii) missing letters, (iii) spelling, (iv) punctuation.

The Quarto contains a large number of 'literals'; that is to say the compositor, owing to inexperience in the use of type-cases or to his cases being 'foul,' has often set up wrong letters in his stick, e.g. 'ſinplicitie,' 'Gfficer,' 'Eor,' 'wefe' = were, 'faiendſhip' = friendship, etc. Even more numerous are the missing letters, of which there are over 30 instances in the Quarto. This kind of misprint may be due either to the omission of letters from the compositor's stick, or to the loss of letters on the press, as a result of looseness of type in the chase. The compositor of *Love's Labour's Lost*, 1598, had clearly not learnt how to lock his type

[1] Second editions of *Ric. II* and *Ric. III* both appeared in 1598 with Shakespeare's name on their title-pages, but the reference to 'this last Christmas' suggests that *Love's Labour's Lost* was printed early in the year.

tightly. The consequence was that when his formes came into the hands of the pressman[1], the racket of the press or the dabbing of the ink-balls displaced individual letters or even jerked them right out of the chase on to the floor. For example, the three extant copies of the Quarto in England (British Museum; Bodleian; Trinity College, Cambridge) differ, one from another, in a single reading, which occurs at the end of 5. 2. 689. Here in the British Museum copy we find the word 'wil'; in the Trinity College copy the 'l' has disappeared and the 'w i' is spaced as if the 'i' were just about to follow suit; and in the Bodleian copy nothing is left but the 'w.' More interesting still are four readings, all belonging to sheet E, in which, according to the Griggs facsimile, the Devonshire copy[2] differs from the three English copies. With the Devonshire readings placed first, these variants run as follows: 'woug' < 'wrong' (4. 2. 124), 'croporall' < 'corporall' (4. 3. 83) in the inner forme, and 'pader' < 'paper' (4. 3. 40), 'Loue' < 'Ione' (4. 3. 179) in the outer forme. Once the facts are brought together in this way, it looks probable that sheet E in the Devonshire copy represents a later and debased pull, when the type was becoming looser than it had been when the same sheet was struck off for the other three copies. It is also clear that in both formes we have to reckon with the interference on the part of the pressman. The distortion of 'wrong' into 'woug' passed unnoticed, it is true, but the *r* of 'corporall' and the *p* of 'paper' were detected making their escape from the

[1] We distinguish for convenience sake between 'compositor' and 'pressman,' though as a matter of fact the two functions might be performed by one man.

[2] The original is now in the H. E. Huntington Library in California.

press and reinserted, so carelessly however that one got into the wrong place and the other was reversed. Lastly. we cannot doubt, something went wrong with 'Ione' which attracted the pressman's attention, whereupon he took upon himself without more ado the functions of an editor, and decided that the word must be 'Loue'— to the subsequent bewilderment of professional editors.

All this gives rise to important textual considerations of a general character. If the four copies we have been able carefully to examine present different readings, the chances are not only that further differences would be revealed were a minute examination of the other six extant copies possible, but also that the malady extended to all the copies of the original edition. And since one of these was used as 'copy' by the Folio compositors, it is at least possible that some of the Folio readings, which seem improvements upon those in the existing Quartos, really derive from a better typographical specimen than has come down to us. Nevertheless, it is easy to overstress the importance of the imperfections of the 1598 Quarto. They may be 'gross as a mountain,' but since they are also for the most part 'open and palpable' an editor ought not to have great difficulty in dealing with them. In any event, he should feel as safe with the plodding and incompetent prentice-hand of 1598 as with his more accomplished fellow-craftsmen of 1623, of whose high-handed treatment of their copy the analysis of Folio variants on p. 189 gives ample illustration.

The Folio compositors erred through haste; the Quarto compositor worked laboriously, with his eye glued to the 'copy' before him. Indeed, certain misprints like 'womand' (woman), 'indistreell' (indiscreet), 'Siccamone' (sycamore), 'holdsome' (wholesome) suggest that at times he just traced as best he could the outlines

of the letters before him without asking himself at all what the words meant. And in any event it is doubtful whether he was able to carry more than one word at a time in his head. Such a workman would inevitably set up a large number of words in the actual spelling of the manuscript[1]. And since the Quarto is full of abnormal spellings, which obviously come from the 'copy,' a 'copy' which as we shall see was almost certainly in Shakespeare's own handwriting, this text is a mine for students of Shakespearian spelling. It is of course impossible here to go into so large a matter in any detail, but a few specimens may be quoted by way of illustration. This then is a brief list of the more archaic and peculiar forms:

affliccio (affliction), annothanize (anatomize), bancrout (bankrupt), bed-red (bedrid), byes (buys), Charg (charge), coffing (coughing), crambd (crammed), curat (curate), deus (deuce), doote (do't), dooters (doters), dungil (dunghill), elamentes (elements), a leuen (eleven), epythat (epithet), estetes (estates), frend (friend), Iermane (German), hou (ho!), mallicholie (melancholy), misbecombd (misbecomed), my none (mine own), neare (ne'er), necligent (negligent), ortagriphie (orthography), perst (pierced), quit (quite), rayse (rays), rescewes (rescues), sedule (schedule), squirilitie (scurrility), sythes (scythes), shoot (shout), smothfast (smooth-faced), smot (smote), shue (sue), shooter (suitor), thume (thumb), togeather (together), treuant (truant), tuterd (tutored), varrie (vary), vearses (verses), warely (warily), weart (wert), holsome (wholesome).

The first two are no doubt partial misprints. Thus 'affliccio' should be 'afflicciõ,' while 'annothanize' probably represents 'annothomize,' a spelling which recurs in 2 *Hen. IV.* But we believe that in the remainder the compositor has generally reproduced the form which he found in his 'copy.' In other words, these spellings

[1] Cf. *Textual Introduction*, pp. xxxix–xl, and *Shakespeare's Hand in the play of 'Sir Thomas More,'* ch. iv.

give us glimpses of Shakespeare's manuscript. The incompetence of White's printing-house was, therefore, not entirely without its compensations.

But if the spelling of the Quarto be Shakespearian, the punctuation, we have sadly to admit, is very far from being so. Capell described it as 'enormous bad,' and though to-day we are able to read 16th century punctuation with very different eyes from his, we can do nothing but echo his judgment. In dealing with the punctuation of *Much Ado*, 1600, we were forced to the conclusion that the Shakespearian MS from which it was printed had been pointed in most scanty and spasmodic fashion, so that when the compositors came to set it up they had to fill in most of the stops by the light of nature. The punctuation of *Love's Labour's Lost* seems to have had a somewhat different history. For, while the pointing of *Much Ado*, 1600, may be often both inadequate and ambiguous, that of *Love's Labour's Lost*, 1598, is not only frequently absurd but greatly overweighted throughout, especially in the matter of full-stops, which occur in great profusion. On the other hand, at times one comes across passages (e.g. Armado's first letter, and the songs at the end of the play), in which the stops appear to be very much as the author left them. In fine, the impression given by a close study of the punctuation of 1598 is that the MS of *Love's Labour's Lost* was probably quite carefully punctuated, at any rate in parts, but that this original punctuation has been overlaid with a host of stupid additions by the prentice compositor, who though his own notions of punctuation were of a very elementary kind could not leave well alone. Moreover, he frequently blunders, one of his favourite errors being the transposition of terminal stops in consecutive lines.

C. *The manuscript*

The occurrence of players' names in the Quarto of *Much Ado* proved, we found, that the printers used a theatrical prompt-book, which was almost certainly the author's original MS, as copy for that text. No such convenient evidence is forthcoming in respect of *Love's Labour's Lost*. Yet we do not hesitate to avow our belief that this Quarto was also printed from Shakespeare's autograph manuscript which had served as prompt-book at performances. The same kind of anomalies occur in the one as in the other, anomalies which could hardly derive from anyone but the author and which would certainly have been cleaned up in a theatrical fair-copy. Most editors, indeed, have believed with Clark and Wright that the duplication of Berowne's speech in 4. 3. 'goes to prove that the first Quarto was printed from the author's original MS[1].' Let us then examine this and other textual anomalies and see what light they throw upon the condition and history of the manuscript.

(i) *Imperfectly cancelled passages*. All have agreed that Berowne's speech, just referred to, contains lines which belong to an earlier version and that some of them should have been deleted by Shakespeare on revision. They agree also in pointing out that 4. 3. 295–300 are repeated in substance in 4. 3. 317–20, 347–50. But, through some confused notion that 'the two drafts have been blended together' (to quote the words of Clark and Wright), they have failed to notice exactly what happened and so failed to distinguish the portion of the speech which Shakespeare intended to cancel. Now, since

[1] *The Cambridge Shakespeare*, ed. Aldis Wright, ii. 234.

the verse-lining of the speech is correct throughout in the Quarto, we may presume that Shakespeare's revised draft was written, not in the margin of the original MS, but on a separate piece of paper. Thus, when he had penned on this separate piece all he had a mind to, the two drafts, both old and new, would be before him complete. In other words, there was no 'blending'; all that was necessary was to cancel some or all of the old version and to tack the new draft on to the old text. Further, once the process has been thought out in terms of pieces of paper, it becomes clear that (i) the Quarto preserves us both drafts, and (ii) that the drafts follow one another in print just as Shakespeare left them in the MS. As a matter of fact, the sense ought to have made it obvious that both drafts, entire save for one half line, were to be found in the Quarto. The repetition begins, not at l. 317 ('For when would you,' etc.), as all editors seem to have assumed, but two lines earlier ('O, we have made a vow,' etc.), lines which are patently a revised version of ll. 292–94. For note that Berowne starts his speech by enumerating the three vows; and that then, after dismissing the 'fasting' in a couple of lines, he proceeds to argue that the other two vows are self-contradictory, an argument which finds a natural conclusion at l. 314. Yet at l. 315 he begins the argument all over again, starting from the same point, the 'vow to study,' pursuing the same course, though more circuitously, and more than once employing the same phraseology. Is it possible to doubt that the lines on 'fasting' were intended to stand at the head of both drafts, or that the first draft ends at l. 314 and the second begins in the next line and continues down to the conclusion of the speech? In other words, what Shakespeare wrote on his fresh piece of paper was 48 lines of verse, which as we happen to

know is just about the quantity that he needed to cover one page of a foolscap sheet[1].

But, it will be asked, how came Shakespeare to leave the old draft standing in the prompt-book without cancelling it? The right answer is, we believe, that he did cancel it, but in such a manner that the compositor would overlook his intentions. For, as it happens, the passage before us contains a clue which will help us to explain how cancelled lines, both here and elsewhere in the Quartos, so readily got into print. That clue is the meaningless fragment, 'with ourselves' (l. 313), which was silently dropped by the Second Folio and has been ignored by most editors since. The fragment we take to be the end of a line of verse the rest of which has been deleted, and if so it stands as evidence that Shakespeare's pen did not leave the old draft completely untouched after writing the second version. In a word, he marked the old draft for omission. But the mark his pen made, though intelligible enough to the prompter who had to make out the players' parts and who knew his ways, told nothing to the compositor who did not. Had Shakespeare deleted the passage by scrawling oblique lines across it, the Quarto no doubt would have given us nothing but the later version. What he probably did, however, was to trace in the left margin of the MS a line with bracket shoulders at top and bottom to indicate the limits of cancellation. But he was hurried or careless, as usual, and the bottom shoulder missed its mark. It ought to have come under l. 314; instead, it ran *into* l. 313, deleting all but two words of it. And our prentice com-

[1] v. *Shakespeare's Hand in the play of 'Sir Thomas More,'* p. 116. Taking the evidence of 2 *Hen. IV* and of the *More* Addition together, the mature Shakespeare's average number of lines to a page would be between 45 and 55.

positor, when he came to deal with the situation thus created, would quite excusably feel it his duty both to ignore the line in the margin and to omit the deleted words in l. 313. Marginal lines might mean anything, but deletion was deletion.

The second undoubted instance of imperfect cancellation in the play is the superfluous passage at 5. 2. 813–18 which gives us a conversation between Berowne and Rosaline, repeated in revised and enlarged form a little lower down. This, we think, may be explained in somewhat different terms from those which were found suited to the first instance. It is of course obvious that ll. 833–65 were written at the second draft to take the place of ll. 813–18 which belong to the first draft. We believe, however, that Shakespeare's second thoughts may have been concerned with more than these two passages. For notice (i) that Dumaine's 'But what to me, my love? but what to me?' echoes Berowne's 'And what to me, my love? and what to me?' of six lines before with somewhat damnable iteration; (ii) that the number of lines from this reiterated question of Dumaine's to the end of Rosaline's last speech is 47, i.e. just one less than those belonging to the additional portion of Berowne's speech in 4. 3., which we suggested would in Shakespeare's handwriting about cover one page of a foolscap sheet; and (iii) that Berowne's concluding couplet:

> A twelvemonth? well; befall what will befall,
> I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital—

would follow as naturally upon l. 818 as it does upon l. 865. We conjecture in short that in the first draft this couplet did follow l. 818, that l. 818 then stood at the foot of one page (verso) and the couplet at the head of the next page (recto), that in revising Shakespeare simply wrote ll. 819–65 on one side of a fresh leaf, which he

then inserted between the two original sheets, and that, while using Berowne's old question as Dumaine's new one, he neglected to delete, or merely marked for omission by means of a marginal bracket, the six lines (813–18) at the foot of the page. In other words, in his second draft, he not only gave more 'fat' to Berowne and Rosaline but provided an entirely new dialogue for Dumaine, Longaville and their respective ladies, who had in the first draft been left silent.

We shall at a later stage discover other instances of imperfect cancellation in the Quarto text. Meanwhile, those just reviewed are sufficient to prove that Shakespeare's MS had undergone revision before it got into print in 1598. In order to appreciate more exactly the character of this revision, it will be necessary to consider the bearing upon it of other lines of evidence.

(ii) *Confused and inconsistent speech-headings.* In an adapted or revised text variations in the spelling of names or in the designation of characters at the head of speeches are likely to furnish clues of considerable importance, as we have already discovered in the text of *Errors* on the one hand and in that of *Much Ado* on the other. And *Love's Labour's Lost* teems with such variations, which when brought together yield most fruitful results.

But confused speech-headings do not always or necessarily arise from revision. In dealing with *Much Ado*, for example, we found that Shakespeare's habit of abbreviating character-names both in the speech-headings and in the dialogue might produce strange consequences in the printed text, as in 2. 1. 89–100 where 'Bo.' (= Borachio) was read first as 'Be.' (= Benedick) and then as 'Ba.' (= Balthazar). The Quarto of *Love's Labour's Lost* provides us with an even more interesting example of the same phenomenon. In 4. 2. the speeches

appear at first sight to have been distributed in a fit of madness. All goes well up to l. 69, but from there onwards 'Holo.' always stands for Nathaniel, while 'Nath.', as often as not, stands for Holofernes, though it is to be noticed in passing that some of Holofernes' speeches are headed 'Ped.' (= Pedant) and that in these instances the attribution is invariably correct. Nor is the confusion confined to speech-headings, seeing that at l. 144 we have Holofernes addressing Nathaniel as 'Sir Holofernes' (an error which recurs at 5. 1. 114), although he calls him 'Sir Nathaniel' correctly enough fourteen lines lower down (4. 2. 158). Lastly the Quarto gives us '*Nath.* Of perfing a Hogshead' at l. 91, where as Clark and Wright shrewdly noted the superfluous 'of' must have stood as part of 'Holof.' in the original manuscript[1]. Now that Shakespeare himself was ultimately responsible for all these mishaps is as good as proved by the fact that the corruption affects the dialogue as well as the speech-headings. In a word, he must have written abbreviated forms of the two names in the margin (and twice in the body of the dialogue) in such a fashion that the compositor took the one for the other. Nor is it at all difficult to see how this might happen. It is very unlikely that Shakespeare would use, *currente calamo*, the tiresome and intricate English N majuscule. Instead he would naturally prefer an enlarged form of the minuscule 'n,' which was in common use as a capital, was quickly written, and for which we have a parallel in the enlarged minuscule 'm' found in the margin of the 'Shakespearian' Addition to *Sir Thomas More*[2]. Now a large 'n' of this character might very

[1] *Cambridge Shakespeare*, ii. p. 234, n. xvii.

[2] See *Facs.* l. 2 ('moo' = More). There are several instances of an enlarged minuscule 'n' in the *More* MS.

easily be mistaken for a simply formed capital H in English script[1]. Consequently 'Nat.' or 'Na.' would be liable to confusion with 'Hol.' or 'Ho.' in hasty writing. The fact that the trouble does not begin until after l. 69 suggests that Shakespeare used the abbreviations 'Nath.' and 'Holo.' up to that point, the terminal letters of which could not possibly be confused, and then resorted to the shorter forms in order to save himself labour. In this, however, he was not entirely consistent, since *ex hypothesi* against l. 91 he must have written 'Holof.' which William White's compositor read as 'Nat of' and set up as '*Nath.* Of'.

Having cleared up this Holofernes-Nathaniel problem, we are now in a position to view the speech-headings in 4. 2. as they actually appeared, or as Shakespeare intended them to appear, in the original MS; and in so doing we return to the question of revision. That some of Holofernes' speeches in the scene should, as we have noted, be prefixed 'Ped.' is itself significant. But far more striking is it to find, in two instances, a speech broken up and distributed between 'Ped.' and 'Nath.' (= Holo.) as if it were two speeches spoken by different characters. Thus at l. 126 *et seq.* the Quarto reads:

Pedan. You find not the apoſtrophas, and ſo miſſe the accent. Let me ſuperuiſe the cangenet.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratefied, but for the elegancie, facilitie, and golden cadence of poeſie *caret*... (etc.)

The explanation we give for this duplication is that one section of the speech was additional matter written in the margin with a prefix of its own so that it might be attached to the right character: and the fact that the first

[1] Dr W. W. Greg tells us that he has noticed this same confusion of 'n' and 'H' in the rubrication of a 13th cent. MS of *The Owl and the Nightingale*.

section can be omitted without injury to the context indicates which the added portion was. In other words, as we believe, not only is this 'Ped.' section later than the 'Nath.' (= Holo.) section, but all the 'Ped.' speeches in the scene are either additional or revised matter. That the generic title 'Pedant' should have come more readily from Shakespeare's pen at a time of revision than the original character-name Holofernes is only what we should expect *a priori*. Indeed, the bibliographical fortunes of Holofernes and Nathaniel are strikingly similar to those of Dogberry and Verges in *Much Ado*. These last names, it will be remembered, figure as 'Dog.' and 'Verg.' in 3. 3., where they first occur, as 'Const. Dog.' and 'Head.' (= Headborough) in 3. 5., as 'Kemp' and 'Cowley' (the names of their impersonators) in 4. 2., and finally as 'Const.' and '2 Con.' in 5. 1. Holofernes and Nathaniel appear in three scenes of *Love's Labour's Lost*; in the first (4. 2.) we get 'Curat. Nath.' once and 'Ped.' six times in addition to the proper prefixes 'Holo.' and 'Nath.', but in the second and third (5. 1.; 5. 2.) nothing but the generic titles 'Ped.' and 'Curat.' are found. In short, as we take it, the Quarto compositor was dealing in 4. 2. with pages of the original MS which Shakespeare had partially revised by means of marginal additions and perhaps a patch or two of new matter glued on to deleted portions of the sheets; but in the other two scenes, he was confronted with sheets belonging entirely to the revision, i.e. sheets on which the material was either new or written out afresh.

For the moment, however, the most important point that emerges from all this is that generic titles in speech-headings may be taken as clues suggesting revision, a principle which, in this text, is capable of being applied to every scene and to most characters. Take 3. 1., for

instance. The scene is headed 'Enter Braggart and his Boy,' and the speeches for the first 68 lines are assigned to 'Brag.' and 'Boy.' After the stage-direction 'Enter Page and Clowne' (l. 68), however, the prefix 'Brag.' gives place to 'Arm.', 'Ar.' or 'A.', while 'Pag.' supersedes 'Boy.' A natural and reasonable way of explaining this sudden change from generic to specific is to suppose that one part of the scene is more recent than the rest; and on the analogy of the Holofernes-Pedant business discussed above, we take the 'Brag.' section to be the one which Shakespeare wrote last. We assume, then, that speeches headed with abbreviations of Armado's name, whether in this scene or elsewhere, belong to Shakespeare's first draft of the play. In the same way, the correct 'Prin.' (= Princess) will be earlier than the incorrect and careless 'Quee.', while the remarkable 'Ferd.' (= Ferdinand), which alternates with 'Nau.' in the first two acts, almost certainly points to the first draft, though it would be dangerous to assume that the perfectly correct, if more general, 'King' which we find in the last three acts was necessarily due to revision. Other character-names are treated with like inconsistency; but those we have just mentioned will suffice for our present purpose, which is to arrive at some general conclusions concerning the character of Shakespeare's manuscript.

(iii) *The two drafts.* Nothing is more striking to the bibliographical student of the Quarto than the way in which one page differs from another in respect of stage-directions, the use of italics, the arrangement of verse, and so on. At the head of 2. 1., for instance, we read 'Enter the Princeſſe of Fraunce, with three attending Ladies and three Lordes,' and at the head of 4. 1. 'Enter the Princeſſe, a Forreſter, her Ladies, and her Lordes'; it is therefore with something of a gasp that,

on turning to the beginning of the most important and lengthy scene of the play (5. 2.), we find nothing but the bald direction, 'Enter the Ladyes.' A like incongruity is to be observed in the use of italics. Armado's first epistle, in 1. 1., is most carefully picked out in italic; his second one, in 4. 1., is printed in roman; and, when it is noted that the italic epistle is signed 'Don Adriano de Armado' and the roman epistle 'Don Adriana de Armatho,' it begins to grow clear that the two epistles must belong to different strata of the manuscript. In other words, we suggest that in his original version Shakespeare wrote the Armado letter in Italian script, which a compositor would naturally set up in italic, and that the Armatho letter was written at the time of revision in English script, which a compositor would naturally set up in roman (cf. p. 132). Again, the 'pretty pleasing pricket' jingle, which obviously belongs to the original version of the play, is well set out on the page, the lines are properly divided, and the first of them is even prefaced with a little typographical ornament; yet on the very opposite page the verse-lining of Nathaniel's rhyme-doggerel suddenly goes hopelessly astray, unquestionably as a result of MS revision. But the most elaborate piece of typographical work in the text, more elaborate indeed than anything of the kind in the other Shakespearian Quartos, is to be found on sig. E2v, E3, and E4, with which scene 4. 3. begins. Here are pretty pages indeed, which if they were not marred by misprints and missing letters, might almost retrieve the reputation of the compositor. The stage-directions, which are remarkably profuse, are well-arranged, the 'sonnets' of the lovers are carefully indented, and one of them is marked with a printer's ornament like the jingle of Holofernes.

What then is the explanation of this strange mixture

of loving care and casual indifference? If, in accordance with our principles, we attribute both care and indifference to Shakespeare, and not to the compositor, who was as usual merely following copy, even in regard to the little flourishes at the beginning of poems, the answer is an interesting one. The manuscript which Burby secured for publication in 1598, as all the evidence we have so far seen confirms, was much revised; but, and this is a new point, the basic manuscript upon which this revision was made must have been more carefully written than the ordinary prompt-book. And this conclusion falls in very well with the character of the stage-directions in 4. 2., where the basic manuscript is clearly less overlaid by revision than elsewhere. For these directions are not merely, as we have noted, unusually elaborate and profuse, but also descriptive rather than imperative in tone. Take the following, for example, all to be found on sig. E2 v and E3 r: 'Enter Berowne with a paper in his hand, alone.'/'He ſtandes aſide. The King entreth.'/'Enter Longauill. The King ſteps aſide.'/'He reades the Sonnet.' Stage-directions of this kind, as we found in dealing with *Errors* (v. pp. 73–6), suggest, not literary editing, but conditions of stage-performance different from those which obtained in the ordinary theatre. These considerations, taken in conjunction with the peculiar character of the play, upon which we shall have much to say elsewhere, its close affinity with the *Sonnets*, and its date, which as we shall presently see, falls between the publication of *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*, render it possible that the original MS was written especially for a private performance at the house of the Earl of Southampton, a performance in which it is even conceivable that nobleman himself took part[1].

[1] Cf. pp. xxiv–xxxiv, 127.

In any event, we are now in a position to plot out a rough textual analysis, which we shall refine upon in our notes, by way of distinguishing the scenes and passages belonging to this original manuscript, which we shall call Draft A, from those added or rewritten at the time of revision, which we shall call Draft B. Here then is a table, based upon the evidence of imperfect deletion, variation in speech-headings, differences in stage-directions, etc.

1. 1. *Draft A.* Navarre's speeches assigned to 'Ferd.' throughout.

1. 2. *Draft A.* Armado's speeches assigned to 'Arm.' or 'Ar.'

2. 1. *Draft A slightly revised.* (i) The elaborate scene-heading suggests Draft A (v. p. 113); (ii) The Princess' speeches assigned to 'Prin.' except one headed 'Queene'; (iii) Most of Navarre's speeches assigned to 'Ferd.', but a few to 'Nau.'; (iv) The Rosaline-Katharine tangle indicates revision; v. below, § iv.

3. 1. 1–68. *Draft B.* 'Brag.' and 'Boy' for Armado's and Moth's speeches.

69–end. *Draft A slightly revised.* Change to 'Arm.' and 'Pag.' of Draft A, but irregular lining towards the end of the scene suggests revision.

4. 1. *Draft B, with possible traces of A.* (i) Elaborate S.D. at head of scene comes from A, being probably at the foot of a foolscap sheet. (ii) Princess' speeches assigned to 'Quee.' throughout. (iii) For traces of A v. notes.

4. 2. *Draft A with B marginal additions.* Confusion of 'Holo.' and 'Ped.' prefixes, v. pp. 111–12.

4. 3. *Draft A with B additions.* (i) Careful arrangement and elaborate S.D.s indicate Draft A; (ii) But additional matter clearly at ll. 315–62.

5. 1. *Draft B.* 'Ped.', 'Curat.' and 'Brag.' headings throughout.

5. 2. *Draft B with occasional traces of A.* 'Quee.', 'Brag.', 'Curat.' and 'Ped.' headings throughout. The casual S.D.s also suggest revision. But ll. 813–18 prove that pieces of the A draft survived in the final MS.

(iv) *The Rosaline-Katharine tangle in* 2. 1. The foregoing analysis, if sound, testifies to a revision more drastic than has been hitherto suspected. It is therefore fortunate that we can support this general conclusion by a combination of dramatic and bibliographical clues which demonstrates, with an exactness unusual in textual exploration, what alterations Shakespeare made in 2. 1., and so by inference suggests how he reconstructed 5. 2., the most important and far the longest scene in the play. Let us then begin by considering the remarkable muddle in 2. 1. whereby the names Rosaline and Katharine become so mixed up both in speech-headings and dialogue that it is impossible to tell from the original text —or we venture to add from any text hitherto published —which of the two ladies is supposed to be speaking.

Briefly stated the facts are as follows: (i) At 2. 1. 113–25 a conversation takes place between Berowne and a masked lady (cf. l. 121) who is called 'Kath.' in the Quarto and 'Rof.' in the Folio, the latter being preferred by all subsequent editors except Capell, Halliwell and Furness. Berowne himself, though he evidently takes the lady at first for Rosaline, in the end goes off with the scornful 'Nay then will I be gone,' apparently satisfied that he has been mistaken. (ii) At ll. 177–91 Berowne holds another conversation with a lady, whose speeches in this case are headed 'Ro.' in Quarto, Folio, and all later editions. He begins confidently but is once again repulsed, and seemingly fails to identify her. Clearly the lady is masked, as was his previous interlocutor. (iii) Dumaine then enters, and taking Boyet aside enquires 'What lady is that same?', apparently indicating Rosaline with whom Berowne had just been speaking. Nevertheless, Boyet's reply, 'The heir of Alanson, Rosaline her name,' cannot be correct, since

it appears from l. 61 above that 'the heir of Alanson' is Katharine. Moreover, Dumaine retires satisfied, and presumably takes the lady in question to be his Katharine and not Berowne's Rosaline. With these considerations in mind, Capell declared the word 'Rosaline' in Boyet's reply to be 'a printer's mistake,' and substituted 'Katharine,' in which all editors since Singer have followed him. (iv) Dumaine is succeeded by Longaville, who in his turn enquires after the identity of the lady 'in the white'; and when Boyet tells him that she is 'an heir of Falconbridge,' he also appears satisfied, as we should expect since ll. 40–2 connect his Maria with that house. (v) Lastly Berowne enters and enquires the name of the lady 'in the cap.' The reply he gets in the primary and all subsequent texts up to recent times was 'Katharine by good hap.' But in 1853 Singer altered 'Katharine' to 'Rosaline,' and the alteration has been accepted by most later editors. As against this alteration, however, it should be noted that Berowne, unlike Dumaine and Longaville, does not seem to be satisfied. He says nothing in praise of the lady, and his parting shot 'You are welcome sir' is clearly intended to be sarcastic.

Capell's explanation of all this, an explanation which Halliwell also adopted, was as follows. When Navarre and his fellow-students enter at l. 90 the three ladies-in-waiting to the Princess don masks in order to have some fun at the expense of their old flames, and Boyet abets them in their scheme. Berowne, the most enterprising of the men, at once begins to seek his mistress and, while Navarre reads the letter from the King of France, accosts the masked Katharine, whom he takes at first to be Rosaline, meets a repulse and decides that he must look elsewhere. Accordingly, after Navarre's exit, he tries

again, and this time addresses himself to the right person; but Rosaline to keep the game afloat convinces him that he has been a second time mistaken. Upon this Dumaine and Longaville try their hands. Dumaine enquires the name of the lady who has just been speaking with Berowne (i.e. Rosaline), and Boyet, playing up to the ladies, assures him that she is Katharine (the Q. 'Rosaline' being a misprint). In the same way Longaville is deluded into thinking that the lady 'in the white' (i.e. Katharine) is his Maria. Finally, Berowne returning once more to the charge, asks the name of the only lady he has not yet spoken to, the lady 'in the cap' (i.e. Maria), and being told she is Katharine perceives that a joke has been played upon him and retires with sarcasm on his lips.

Capell's theory seems to explain everything in the scene as it stands except the 'Rosaline' at l. 193. The three ladies were certainly intended to be masked (cf. l. 121) and the purpose of their masking was to supply the motive of mistaken-identity. Capell, therefore, inserted a stage-direction, 'The ladies mask,' at l. 89, which strangely enough the editors of the *Globe* and the *Arden* refused to adopt. Nevertheless, the 'Rosaline' of the Quarto at l. 193 is a stubborn fact, which in an age of scientific bibliography can no longer be dismissed in Capell's airy fashion as 'a printer's mistake.' Further, while the mistaken-identity motive works excellently as far as 2. 1. is concerned, it fits in very awkwardly with the rest of the play. For it recurs in 5. 2., where it is worked out far more elaborately and effectively than in 2. 1.; and the repetition of an obvious stage-trick like this in the same play would have laid Shakespeare so dangerously open to the charge of poverty of invention that we cannot believe him guilty of it.

The honour of first showing the way out of this apparent *impasse* belongs to Professor Charlton, who in a valuable article entitled 'A Textual Note on *Love's Labour's Lost*[1],' after traversing the ground covered in the foregoing paragraphs, continues:

> What, then, is the explanation? It seems to me clear that the confused-identity motive was intended and later rejected. I am convinced that Shakespeare originally wrote 2. 1. to embody this motive: hence the Quarto allocation to Katharine of 2. 1. 113–25, and the Folio and Quarto 'Katharine' of 2. 1. 193. Subsequently he decided to employ the same motive to much better comic effect later in the play (5. 2. in fact), and so he turned back to make the necessary accommodations.

One of these accommodations was to arrange that each lover should enquire after his own lady instead of the lady belonging to his friend; and the only alteration in the text, says Mr Charlton, needed to set this right was that 'Katharine' should be erased in l. 208 and 'Rosaline' written in its place. That this was not done is, of course, clear from the Quarto text, which reads 'Katherin' in l. 208, though on the other hand it reads 'Rofalin' in l. 193 where we ought on every ground to expect 'Katherin.' Mr Charlton quite convincingly blames Shakespeare for this double error. To quote his own words:

> He turned in his casual manner to his manuscript, found the name Katharine approximately where he expected it, erased it and substituted Rosaline. But it was the wrong Katharine! He crossed out 'Katherin' in l. 193 where she must have stood and must stand, putting in the clearly inappropriate 'Rofalin'; but the 'Katherin' fifteen lines lower down, which ought to have been deleted in favour of 'Rofalin' was allowed to remain; and so the confusions enter the Quarto, and, like most others, are perpetuated in

[1] *The Library*, Oct. 1917.

the Folio, thus becoming a momentary trouble to all editors and a continual occasion of blame to the poor Quarto printer.

This is brilliant, and explains the chief crux of the scene entirely satisfactorily. Had Mr Charlton understood the true character of the Folio text, it is more than likely that he would have been equally happy in his treatment of the other 'necessary accommodations.' Unfortunately led astray by the Folio assignment of Katharine's speeches in ll. 113–25 to Rosaline, he suggests that Shakespeare was responsible for the change and had redistributed the speeches by 'simply writing "Rosaline" over or by the side of "Katharine" in these lines—thus giving the printer of the Quarto an unintended authoritative justification for his choice of "Katharine".' 'But,' he adds, 'at all events, the actors would know which was the final allotment: and so we get the Folio "Rosaline".' This suggestion, however, does less than justice to Shakespeare, who, though no doubt casual about small details in his manuscripts, was very much alive to the conditions of stage-craft, and so must have been aware (i) that to drop the mistaken-identity motive and still keep the ladies in their masks would be ridiculous, and (ii) that to leave Berowne two separate conversations with Rosaline, each ending with rebuff on her part and huff on his, would be even more absurd. Yet he is committed to both absurdities on Professor Charlton's showing. Fortunately there is an alternative explanation more in accordance with Shakespeare's reputation. When the mistaken-identity motive was rejected in 2. 1. because better use was to be made of it in 5. 2., that meant rejecting the masking also, and that in its turn meant that both Berowne's conversations, whether with Katharine or Rosaline, were wholly superfluous. Shakespeare, we say, must have seen these things, and seeing

them had the readiest possible way out of the difficulty before him. He had to cut the two conversations out, the first of which, be it noted, contains the sole reference to masking in the scene, and all would be well. And this, we are persuaded, is what he did. That they got into print, like the other cancelled passages noted above, is simply explained if we suppose that Shakespeare marked them for omission by means of his marginal square brackets. Finally, we have shown on pp. 186–91 that alterations in the Folio text possess no bearing whatsoever upon the Quarto text. So far, then, from the Folio 'Ros.' in ll. 113–25 being due to Shakespeare, its presence is strong evidence that Shakespeare himself had no responsibility for the Folio text.

But this is not quite the whole story. If it had been —if, that is to say, the only alterations to be made in the scene were the deletion of the two Berowne conversations and the substitution of 'Rosaline' for 'Katharine' at l. 208—Shakespeare's first draft might be charged with very clumsy stage-craft. For, according to the Quarto text, Rosaline and Katharine, and presumably Maria, suddenly don their masks without any warning. When they do so, and why they do so, we are not told. It is all very well for Capell to inform us that they mask in order to puzzle their lovers and that Boyet is partner to the scheme. We feel that these things are so; but it is Shakespeare, not Capell, who should have told us, and told us moreover in the only way available to him, namely in a dialogue between the Princess, her ladies and Boyet. Now, as a matter of fact, the bibliographical condition of the scene as a whole makes it quite clear, we think, that such a dialogue once stood in the MS of *Love's Labour's Lost*, and was cut out at the time of revision.

The first indication of bibliographical irregularity which the Quarto gives in 2. 1. is a prose arrangement for ll. 37–8, which suggests not so much revision as the crowding of two lines into one at the foot of a manuscript page in order to avoid overrunning the speech, a phenomenon which we find more than once in the 'Shakespearian' Addition to *Sir Thomas More*. The next is a duplication of Boyet's speech-heading at l. 89, which unmistakably points to a join in the text. And between these two lie 52 lines of verse, that is to say just about the amount that Shakespeare normally wrote to a page[1]. Lines 39–88, then, represent, as we believe, an undisturbed page of Draft A manuscript, while at l. 89, with the entry for 'Nauar' (not 'Ferdinand'), the duplication of 'Bo.', and the prose-patch in the text that follows, we begin a page which has obviously been affected by revision. Nevertheless, 24 lines further on we are as obviously back again at Draft A, seeing that Berowne's conversation with the masked Katharine begins at l. 113. To discover, however, what happened at the time of revision between lines 89 and 113, it is necessary to go to the end of the scene and work backwards. As it chances, we can be pretty certain that the scene finished at the foot of a foolscap page, because 3. 1. begins with 68 lines of Draft B material, which being prose would approximately fill up a page of Shakespearian manuscript. And if we count back from the end of 2. 1. to l. 113, between which points there is no bibliographical disturbance of any kind, we have 154 lines in all (counting divided lines separately, as one should in MS), or in other words three pages of Shakespearian copy. Two things follow from this: (i) that l. 113 began at the top

[1] v. *Shakespeare's Hand in the play of 'Sir Thomas More,'* p. 116, and *supra*, p. 107 n.

of a page, and (ii) that ll. 89–112, comprising the dialogue between the Princess and 'Nau.' must have taken a page all to themselves. In a word, the principal alteration that Shakespeare made in 2. 1. was to cut down the third page of the scene to about half its original length. We say 'cut down' rather than 're-write,' because seeing that the 'Nau.' section begins with a patch of prose and continues with verse very similar to that of the rest of the scene, it is easy to guess that not all the page was sacrificed. And this conclusion, arrived at on purely bibliographical grounds, is all the more convincing that it is exactly what the dramatic evidence has already led us to expect. For the natural, if not the only possible, place for the conversation, in which the Princess, Boyet and the ladies-in-waiting decide upon the masking, would be between the return of Boyet from Navarre's palace and the entry of the King himself with his companions, that is to say at the identical spot in the MS at which our hypothetical abridgment occurred.

To sum up. Capell was right in supposing that Shakespeare intended the ladies to be masked in 2. 1. so that the gentlemen should address themselves to the wrong persons. But that intention was not his final one, and when he made up his mind to use masks and mistaken-identity in 5. 2. he had to get rid of them in 2. 1. and to effect certain alterations in the text to that end. There was half a page of dialogue in which the ladies laid their plot against the approaching lords; this must be deleted and the flats joined. Berowne's conversations with the masked Katharine and with the masked Rosaline had to go, while the name 'Katharine' at l. 208 must be altered in accordance with the change in stage-arrangements by which the men are made to enquire after the right and not the wrong ladies. All that was needed to bring about

the three last-mentioned changes was a couple of brackets in the margin and an exchange of names at one point. To the bewilderment, however, of all concerned from that day to this, including the playhouse scribe responsible for the Folio text, not only did the Quarto compositor ignore the brackets and reproduce the cancelled conversations, but Shakespeare himself made the exchange of names at the wrong point. Nor do these findings affect 2. 1. alone; they show us that 5. 2., the longest scene of the play, must have been completely recast in order that the mistaken-identity motive might be transferred thither from 2. 1. And we assume, we think with propriety, that this transference was made on the same occasion on which all the other changes noted in our table on p. 116 were carried out. Our textual scrutiny of 2. 1., therefore, fully bears out the theory of a drastic revision which we first entertained on the evidence of the speech-headings.

D. *The history of the text*

Most critics have found an occasion for revision in the performance 'before her Highnes this last Christmas' to which the quarto title-page refers; and we agree. On the other hand, the widest diversity of opinion has prevailed as regards the date of Shakespeare's previous handling of the play, and every year from 1588 to 1596 has found its champion. Since metrical tests came into fashion, however, the large quantity of rhymed verse which the play contains has inclined editors to posit an early date, somewhere near 1590, and to place the unrevised play first in the chronological order of Shakespeare's dramas. But, as Professor Charlton pointed out in 1918, tests which might be valid in regard to unconscious developments of the poet's style are hardly

germane when applied to a play of a type unique in the Shakespearian canon, and with an atmosphere in which rhyme is not merely a necessary but also a deliberately selected ingredient[1]. The date which Professor Charlton himself favours is 1592; and he shows that Shakespeare is most unlikely to have handled the play before that year. His reasons for thinking that he could not have begun upon it later are, we feel, scarcely so convincing. In particular his choice of 1592 involves him in difficulties over a passage in the text[2], that, as Mr H. C. Hart was the first to show, has obvious reference to a jest of Gabriel Harvey's in *Pierce's Supererogation*, which was not published until 1593. Now this passage, it is important to observe, belongs to 4. 2. and to a portion of it which, if our analysis is sound, was untouched by the revision of 1597; in other words it comes from the part of the MS which we have called Draft A. We believe, then, that this original manuscript was not finished by Shakespeare until after the middle of October, 1593, when, as Dr R. B. McKerrow has shown good reason for thinking, *Pierce's Supererogation* was first printed[3]. Further, Mr Acheson, following up a clue of Professor Minto's, has proved, as we hold, conclusively that the play has some connexion with Chapman's *Shadow of Night* which was entered in the Stationers' Register on Dec. 31, 1593[4]. Finally, as we ourselves hope to show in another volume, not only does Shakespeare parody Chapman's poem in the first draft of Berowne's speech on Love in 4. 3., but he must have read the poem in

[1] *Modern Language Review*, xiii. pp. 257–66, 387–400. Cf. *Introd.* pp. viii–x.

[2] v. note 4. 2. 91.

[3] *Works of Nashe*, v. 95–103.

[4] *Shakespeare and the Rival Poet*, ch. v. and cf. *Introd.* pp. xxviii–xxxii.

manuscript for the purpose[1], since Chapman makes veiled, though quite unmistakable, allusions to *Love's Labour's Lost* in the dedicatory epistle to his printed *Shadow of Night*. In a word, Draft A, the basic manuscript of the play, must have been completed between the middle of October and the end of December, 1593. And if all this be so, then Shakespeare's first handling of *Love's Labour's Lost* was clearly in preparation for some performance at Christmas, 1593. This performance was almost certainly a private and not a public one, both because the play itself would be 'caviare to the general' and because all the public playhouses but the Rose (at which the Earl of Sussex' men attempted to play for a few weeks after Dec. 27th, 1593) were closed because of the plague. As we have already suggested, it was probably given at the house of the Earl of Southampton.

One more question remains to be considered. Did Shakespeare invent the plot, such as it is, of *Love's Labour's Lost* in 1593, or did he, as so often elsewhere, work over another man's play? If the 1593 manuscript was, as we believe, a 'fair copy,' all bibliographical traces of the old play, if one were used, would have been obliterated. Nevertheless, there are at least two good reasons for thinking that Shakespeare had an old play to go upon. The first arises from the circumstances of the publication of the Quarto which we considered in § B. There we discovered grounds for supposing that Burby's was not the earliest edition of the play, and that its lost predecessor was a pirated publication similar in character to *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597, and the other Bad

[1] There is the less difficulty in believing this inasmuch as we happen to know that Marlowe had seen a copy of the poem before his death and had urged Chapman to print it, v. *Hero and Leander*, Sest. III, ll. 195–97.

Quartos. Now the Bad Quartos, according to the current hypothesis, were based upon theatrical abridgments of earlier versions of the plays they affected to represent, versions which had only been partially revised by Shakespeare, and were then touched up for publication by a pirate-actor who played in the completely revised drama[1]. If, then, the lost quarto of *Love's Labour's Lost* were like its fellows, it would contain at least some passages of pre-Shakespearian verse. And if, as seems likely, the quarto was based upon some abridgment (possibly in the form of players' parts) taken from the text as played at Christmas, 1593, pre-Shakespearian passages of that date would naturally tend to disappear during the drastic revision of 1597.

But while bibliographical considerations like these render it not unlikely that the plot of the play was borrowed by Shakespeare, a glance at the plot itself puts the matter practically beyond doubt. For, in the second place, though editors have uniformly agreed that a play in which Navarre, Berowne and Longaville figure as characters must have had some connexion with the civil wars, 1589–94, in which an English force, for a time under the command of the Earl of Essex, fought for Navarre in close contact with Marshal Biron, none of them seems to have commented upon the strange fact that, apart from the expression 'this civil war of wits' (2. 1. 224) and the coincidence in names, which as far as Dumaine is concerned is an odd one to say the least of it[2], there is not the slightest reference to these events from beginning to end of the play[3]. On the other hand, certain incidents, e.g. the meeting of a King of Navarre with a Princess of France, the gaiety and masques

[1] v. T.I. p. xxxi.
[2] v. *Introd.* p. xv.
[3] But cf. note 4. 1. 21–33.

attending this meeting, the business of Aquitaine and the 'hundred thousand crowns,' to say nothing of names like Boyet and Mercadé the messenger, have all the air of being taken straight from history. Some of the attempts to discover a source for this political machinery have already been dealt with in our Introduction (pp. xii–xv). It remains to mention a recently published book by a French writer which identifies the visit of 'the Princess of France' in the play with the visit of Catherine de Médicis and her daughter, Marguerite de Valois, Queen of Navarre, to the court of the latter's husband at Nerac in 1579, ostensibly for the purpose of bringing the King and his wife together again after their long separation, but actually in order to make a deal with him over the question of Aquitaine[1]. What appears to make this identification the more likely is the fact that the pathetic story of Katharine's sister (5. 2. 12–18) has been traced by the same writer to an incident upon which Marguerite de Valois herself dilates at length in her *Mémoires*[2]. No doubt it is a little difficult at first sight to see Marguerite de Valois in a French Princess who swears by her 'maiden honour, yet as pure as the unsullied lily'; yet these and other discrepancies can be readily accounted for by the alterations which would have taken place during a series of revisions. In any event, here is a possible historic source for *Love's Labour's Lost* which takes us back thirteen years earlier than Shakespeare's first handling of the play, and ten years earlier than the

[1] Lefranc, *Sous le Masque de William Shakespeare* (1919), ii. pp. 87–100. The author's main thesis is that 'William Shakespeare' was really William Stanley, 6th Earl of Derby; but the book is more scholarly than the ordinary run of 'heretical' Shakespearian literature, and the chapter on *Love's Labour's Lost* is especially worthy of attention.

[2] Ed. Guescard (1842), pp. 110–14.

outbreak of civil war between Henry of Navarre and the League. It is not, therefore, entirely hazardous to suppose that before making his 'fair copy' in 1593 Shakespeare had worked over the manuscript of a 'French comedy,' dealing with the incidents just referred to, and originally plotted by another dramatist somewhere in the 'eighties.

D. W.

NOTES

All significant departures from the Quarto are recorded; the name of the critic who first suggested a reading being placed in brackets. Illustrative spellings and misprints are quoted from the Good Quarto texts or from the Folio where no Good Quarto exists. The line-numeration for reference to plays not yet issued in this edition is that used in Bartlett's *Concordance*.

Q. stands for the Quarto of 1598; Q. (Devon) for the Devonshire copy of the Quarto (Griggs facsimile); F., unless otherwise specified, for the First Folio; T.I. and Facs. = the Textual Introduction and the Facsimile of a passage from the 'Shakespearian' Addition to *Sir Thomas More*, both to be found in the *Tempest* volume; Sh. Hand = *Shakespeare's Hand in the play of 'Sir Thomas More'* (Camb. Univ. Press, 1923); McKerrow = *The Works of Nashe*, ed. by R. B. McKerrow; Grosart = *The Works of Gabriel Harvey*, ed. by A. B. Grosart; Hart = *L.L.L.*, ed. by H. C. Hart (Arden Shakespeare); Charlton = *L.L.L.*, ed. by H. B. Charlton (Heath's Shakespeare); N.E.D. = *The New English Dictionary*; Sh. Eng. = *Shakespeare's England*; S.D. = Stage-direction; G. = Glossary.

Title-page of the Quarto. Cf. p. 99; for 'pleasant' and 'conceited' v. G.

Characters in the Play. Neither Q. nor F. contains a list of the Names of all the Actors, and the *Dramatis personae* were first supplied by Rowe. For variations of the names in speech-headings see pp. 112–13; a few

special or additional points may be noted here: (i) Q. describes the King of Navarre as Ferdinand in S.D. and speech-headings of 1. 1. and again at 2. 1. 126–64. His other speeches in 2. 1. are assigned to 'Nauar' or 'Nau.,' and everywhere else in the play to 'King.' The name 'Ferdinand' never appears in the dialogue. Cf. head-note 1. 1. (ii) We follow Q. in the spelling 'Berowne,' an anglicised form of the period for the French 'Biron.' (iii) Armado's name is sometimes spelt 'Armatho,' i.e. at 4. 1. 86, 143; 5. 1. 8; 5. 2. 336; and we believe this to be a sign of revision. (iv) For 'Moth' see note 4. 3. 158 and pp. xviii–xxiii.

Acts and Scenes. No divisions in Q. The F. divides into acts but not scenes, Act 5 taking up almost half the play. At the end of Act 1 F. prints 'Finis Actus Primus'; if these words, as seems likely, come from the Quarto prompt-book, possibly the other three divisions were marked by ink lines ruled across the page, as was done in some 'plots' (cf. *Two Gentlemen*, pp. 77–8). Such lines in their 'copy' would guide the F. compositors in act-division and would account for mistakes like 'Actus Quartus' which is printed for 'Actus Quintus.'

Punctuation. The pointing of the Q. is in general very bad (v. p. 104), though there are occasionally passages of some length in which the stops seem to be Shakespeare's. We have retained the Q. stops wherever possible, but our departures from the original have been so numerous that it has proved impossible to record them all. Nevertheless, dots are only used where original colons or periods occur, while the introduction of fresh colons has generally been noted. The F. compositors have occasionally attempted to amend the Q. punctuation, with some success.

Stage-directions. All original S.D.s are given in the

notes, according to Q., where Q. and F. are in substantial agreement; the F. S.D.s being also quoted where they differ from those of Q.

Glossary. The 'sets of wit,' in which scene after scene the characters bandy quibbles and allusions to and fro, are of the essence of *Love's Labour's Lost*, and to appreciate this wit fully it would be necessary to know not only the exact meaning but also the aura of implication and suggestion which each word and expression conveyed to Shakespeare's contemporaries. Unfortunately in too many instances the point of the jest has entirely eluded us. We have however been able to restore a sufficient number of sallies to persuade us that where the dialogue seems dull and pointless, the fault is in our ignorance; and it is our hope that a study of the Glossary will awaken a like opinion in the reader.

1. 1.

S.D. 'Enter Ferdinand K. of Nauar, Berowne, Longauill, and Dumaine.' All the King's speeches in this scene are headed 'Ferd.' As the name Ferdinand never appears in the dialogue, it lacks all dramatic point and is clearly therefore a mere relic of the 1593 manuscript, to which we believe the whole of 1. 1. belongs. But Shakespeare, in 1593, cannot have been ignorant that the name of the reigning king of Navarre was Henry. Why then did he call the king in his play Ferdinand, a name which no king of Navarre had ever borne?

14. *Still and contemplative in living art* v. G. 'art.' Prof. J. S. Reid explains 'living art' in reference to the 'ars vitae' or 'ars vivendi' of Stoic philosophy, as expressed in the writings of Cicero and Seneca (*Phil.*

Quart. i. 3, July, 1922). He also (privately) draws our attention to Marlowe, *Edward II*, 4. 6. 17–20:

> Make trial now of thy philosophy,
> That in our famous nurseries of arts
> Thou suck'st from Plato and from Aristotle.
> Father, this life contemplative is heaven.

31. *pomp* (F.) Q. 'pome'

32. *living* Q. (Devon) reads 'lyning'

57. *barred* Q. (Devon) reads 'hard'

common (F.) Q. 'cammon' For 'common sense' v. G.

59. *Com' on* Thus Q., stressing the pun.

62. *feast* (Theobald) Q. 'faſt' The *e* has probably escaped from the press, cf. pp. 100–102.

70. *quite* (F.) Q. 'quit'—probably a Shakespearian spelling; cf. Sh. Hand, p. 134.

82. *dazzling* v. G.

88–91. *These earthly godfathers* etc. v. pp. xxxi–xxxii.

95. *Proceeded* Dr Johnson suggests a quibble on the academic use of 'proceed,' i.e. take a degree.

97. *green geese* v. G.

101. *infants of the spring* Cf. *Ham.* 1. 3. 39 'the canker galls the infants of the spring.'

104. *an abortive* (Pope) Q. 'any abhortiue' The Q. 'any' has been caught by the compositor's eye from the line immediately above (Herford).

106. *shows* Since 'birth' (l. 104) is without a rhyme, Theobald reads 'earth' here and Walker 'mirth', which the *Globe* follows. 'Shows' can hardly be a compositor's error, and as triple rhymes and rhymeless lines are found in *Errors*, we must attribute the defect, if it be one, to Shakespeare. v. G. 'shows.'

109. *Climb o'er the house* etc. For F. reading v. p. 190.

114. *swore* (F2) Q. 'ſworne' Here the rhyme with 'more' makes Shakespeare's intention clear.

117. *strictest* F2 and all mod. edd. read the unpronounceable 'strict'st.' Shakespeare perhaps wrote 'strictes'; cf. *Temp.* I. 2. 334 (note).

128. *A dangerous law* etc. Q. omits the 'Ber.' prefix before this line. Theobald restored it. *gentility* Q. 'gentletie'—probably Shakespeare's spelling.

131. *public* Q. 'publibue' i.e. with a turned *q*.

can possible F. 'ſhall possibly' Most edd. follow Pope and read 'can possibly'; v. N.E.D. 'possible' (adv.).

133. Q. prefixes 'Ber.' to this line.

134. *embassy* (F.) Q. 'Embaſſaie'

138. *bedrid* Q. 'bed-red'—a Shakespearian sp.

161. *quick recreation* v. G.

162. *haunted* v. G.

166. *One who* Q. 'On who' Shakespearian spelling; cf. Sh. Hand, p. 125.

168. *complements* v. G.

171–73. *relate...the world's debate* Commentators have noted that these words raise expectations which are not fulfilled in the play; we suspect some personal reference. v. G. 'debate.'

180. S.D. Q. 'Enter a Conſtable with Coſtard with a letter.'

181. *the duke's* The King is also called 'duke' at I. 2. 122 (by Dull) and at 2. I. 38 (by the Princess).

184. *farborough* (Q.) F. 'Tharborough' which most edd. follow, and which is what Dull ought to have said, only he lisped. Cf. note 5. I. 32.

190. *contempts* (F.) Q. 'Contempls' For the jest cf. *M.W.W.* I. I. 233.

194. *A high hope for a low heaven* Theobald read 'hearing' for 'heaven' and all edd. have been puzzled.

But Berowne 'hopes in God' (a theological expression, generally used in connexion with the after life), and Longaville describes 'high words' as a low kind of heaven to hope for.

196. *To hear, or forbear hearing?* Most edd. read 'laughing' for 'hearing'; but Hart quotes Ezekiel ii. 5 'And they, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear, (for they are a rebellious house,) yet shall know that there hath been a prophet among them.' The conversation is still theological.

199. *style* with a quibble on 'stile' Cf. 4. 1. 95, 96.

205. *manor-house* Q. 'Manner houſe'—the capital perhaps denotes emphasis, for the pun.

215. *simplicity* (F.) Q. 'ſinplicitie'

217–69. Armado's letter is carefully printed in italics in Q., beautifully punctuated, and sprinkled with delightful capitals. We have followed the original as closely as possible. Cf. p. 114.

217. *welkin's Vicegerent* (F.) Q. 'welkis Vizgerent'

239. *prepostrous* Q. 'propoſtrous' F. 'prepoſterous'

240. *snow-white pen* i.e. his goose-quill.

245. *Minnow* interpreted as 'contemptible little object' and *Cor.* 3. 1. 89 'Triton of the minnows' cited as a parallel. But to call the large-limbed Costard a 'minnow' seems pointlessly stupid even for Armado. Johnson suggested 'minion' and we believe that he was right.

261. *Officer* Q. 'Gfficer' *of good repute* etc. cf. 1. 2. 69.

272. *the best for the worst* i.e. the very worst. *worst* (F.) Q. 'woſt'

281. *demset* This Q. spelling appears to be deliberate, as Costard seems to take 'damsel' (l. 283) as something different.

289. *This...will serve* Q. assigns this to 'Col.'

291. *bran and water* Cf. *Meas.* 4. 3. 153.

292–93. *mutton and porridge* v. G.

300. *Sirrah* Q. 'Surra'

303. *prosperity* (F.) Q. 'proſperie' *Affliction* (F.) Q. 'affliccio' Cf. Sh. Hand, p. 127.

305. S.D. Q. 'Exeunt.' F. 'Exit.'

1. 2.

S.D. Q. 'Enter Armado and Moth his page.' There are no indications of revision in this scene, and we assign the whole to 1593.

6. *O Lord sir* v. G.

8. *Juvenal* v. pp. xxi–xxii and G.

10. *signior* with a quibble of course on 'senior,' a word which for some reason Malone and all subsequent edd. read.

14. *apitheton* Q. 'apethaton' Most edd. read 'epitheton'; we retain the 'a' because it seems intentional with 'appertaining' following.

18. *Pretty and apt* Halliwell explains this as 'pretty apt' and quotes Jonson, *Poetaster*, 5. 1. '*Horace*. How do you feel yourself? *Crispinus*. Pretty and well, I thank you.'

26. *an eel* This business of the eel, which is clearly some jest at Armado's expense (cf. 'Thou heat'st my blood,' l. 30 and 'I love not to be crossed,' l. 32) has never been explained.

33–4. *crosses love not him* Armado's impecuniosity is insisted upon again at 3. 1. 131 et seq. (the 'remuneration'). Cf. note 1. 2. 145. v. G. 'crosses.'

40. *I am ill at reck'ning* Armado's arithmetic is very elementary. Cf. note 5. 2. 491, and p. xxxi note.

53. *the dancing horse*, i.e. Morocco, the performing horse of one Banks, to which there are frequent references in Elizabethan and Jacobean literature. Hart

draws attention to a tract *Moroccus Exstaticus* (1596), which contains an illustration depicting the horse in a dancing posture, with two dice at his feet, one showing the ace and the other the deuce. Apparently Banks taught his prodigy to beat out numbers with his hoof; and Moth's implication is that the horse, who knows 'how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to' is a better arithmetician than Armado. The earliest mention of the horse is 1591, v. Sh. Eng. ii. 409–10. Nashe twice refers to it, v. McKerrow, ii. 230; iii. 21.

63. *outswear Cupid* v. G. 'outswear.'

74. *rapier* Armado is an adherent of the new-fangled 'duello' (v. G.) at which Shakespeare always laughs.

78. *complexion* v. G.

88. *a green wit* Clark and Wright see an allusion here to the 'green withes' with which Samson was bound.

98. *blushing* (F2) Q. 'blush-in'

102. *For* Q. 'Eor' Cf. note 5. 2. 604.

106–107. *a ballad...of the King and the Beggar* Cf. note 4. 1. 66.

110. *it would neither serve* etc. i.e. both words and tune would be unsuitable for your high passion. It is noteworthy that one of Moth's chief duties is to provide music for his master. Cf. l. 118 'Sing, boy,' and the opening of 3. 1.

115. *hind* v. G.

121. S.D. Q. 'Enter Clowne, Conſtable, and Wench.'

126. *dey-woman* Q. 'Day womand' v. G. 'dey-woman.'

130. *That's hereby* Jaquenetta clearly implies something rude. Possibly she means 'That's as may be' as Steevens suggests, but N.E.D. gives no support.

134. *With that face?* 'A piece of slang equivalent to

"'You don't mean it!'" (Hart). But she also hints that 'no wonder' which Armado can tell her will equal his face.

139. *Come Jaquenetta, away* Q. gives this to 'Clo.' Theobald first perceived that it belonged to the Constable. Probably the mistake arose because Shakespeare prefixed the speech with an ambiguous 'C.'

S.D. Q. 'Exeunt.'

143. *on a full stomach* a quibble = (*a*) with a satisfied appetite, (*b*) with good courage (Charlton).

145. *fellows* i.e. servants. Armado's meanness towards his retinue is again insisted upon in 3. 1. 131 et seq. Cf. also note 1. 2. 33–4.

150. *fast and loose* v. G.

156–57. *in their words* possibly with a quibble on 'wards' (Charlton).

159. S.D. Q. 'Exit.'

170. *The first and second cause* Cf. *Rom.* 2. 4. 25–6. Prof. Charlton (*Mod. Lang. Rev.* xii. pp. 76–8) discovered the origin of this phrase in the following passage from *The Booke of Honor and Armes* (1590), attributed to Sir Wm. Segar:

> I say then that the causes of al quarrell wherevpon it behoueth to vse the triall of Armes, may be reduced into two: for it seemeth to me not reasonable, that any man should expose himselfe to the perill of death, saue onelie for such occasions as doo deserue death. Wherefore whensoeuer one man doth accuse another of such a crime as meriteth death, in that case the Combat ought to be graunted. The second cause of Combat is Honor, because among persons of reputation, Honor is preferred before life (p. 22).

172. *duello* (F.) Q. 'duella' v. G.

176. *turn sonnet* i.e. become a sonneteer. Cf. 'turned orthography' *Ado* 2. 3. 19.

177. S.D. Q. 'Exit.' F. reads 'Finis Actus Primus' after this; v. p. 132.

2. 1.

S.D. Q. 'Enter the Princeſſe of Fraunce, with three attending Ladies and three Lordes.' This looks like a S.D. from the 1593 MS, and it is clear that the copy for the scene as a whole consisted of 1593 material with 1597 alterations, v. pp. 116–25.

1. *dearest* v. G.

8. *Aquitaine* For an actual historical incident upon which this 'embassy' was possibly based, see pp. 128–29.

13. *Good Lord Boyet* etc. This speech is headed 'Queene' in Q., though all other speeches by the Princess in the scene are headed 'Prin.' This almost certainly denotes some alteration in 1597. It will be noticed that the first eight lines of the speech might be omitted without injury to the context, and it is perhaps not fanciful to see in these lines a somewhat different style than in those that follow. The suggestion is, in short, that the lines in question were an addition written at right angles in the margin. A similar marginal addition at right angles, curiously enough also of eight lines, is to be found on f. 14*a* of the *More* MS.

15–16. *Beauty...chapmen's tongues* v. Introd. pp. xxix–xxx.

32. *Importunes* (F.) Q. 'Importuous'

34. *visaged* (F.) Q. 'viſage'—*e*:*d* misprint.

36. S.D. Q. 'Exit Boy.'

37–8. *Who are...virtuous duke?* Q. prints as prose; v. p. 123.

39. *A lord.* Lord Longaville (Capell) Q. '*Lor. Longauill*' The duplication of 'Lor.' in the MS probably confused the compositor. These 'Lords' of the Princess are very shadowy persons. 'Lor.' has two speeches, of three words each, in 2. 1.; 'her lordes' are given a

second entry in 4. 1.; in 5. 2. they are completely forgotten. Probably they played a more important part in the pre-Shakespearian play; cf. head-note 4. 1.

40. *Maria.* (Rowe) Q. '1 Lady.' It is noteworthy that in this section, and again at the end of the scene, Maria, Katharine and Rosaline appear as 1, 2 and 3 Lady.

44. *parts* (F.) Q. 'peerelſſe' Probably 'pertes' read as 'perles'; cf. 'pertake' *Son.* 149. 2, 'perticular' *Ham.* 2. 1. 12, etc. For the F. reading v. p. 190.

47–8. *gloſs...gloſs* (F.) Q. 'gloſe...gloſe'

49. *too blunt a will* i.e. 'too blunt in regard to the feelings of others, in that it is willing to spare none' (Furness).

56. *Katharine* (Rowe) Q. '2 Lady'

61. *Alanſon's* Q. 'Alanſoes' The Q. gives us 'Alanson' at l. 193, and we prefer this anglicised form to Alençon.

64. *Roſaline* (Rowe) Q. '3. Lad.'

66. *but a merrier* etc. i.e. although he is one of these students.

74. *That aged ears* etc. Cf. Sidney, *Apologie for Poetrie* (1595), 'with a tale forsooth he commeth unto you: with a tale with holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney corner.'

79. S.D. Q. 'Enter Boyet.'

88–9. The Q. text here runs as follows (cf. pp. 123–24):

> To let you enter his vnpeeled house.
> Enter *Nauar, Longauill, Dumaine, & Berowne.*
> *Bo.* Heere comes *Nauar.*

88. *unpeopled* (F.) Q. 'vnpeeled' The F. reading (v. pp. 189–90) is undoubtedly correct. (i) There is no point in describing the house as 'unpeeled'; for if, as

would appear, the word means 'unstripped' it makes nonsense, or if, as Onions maintains, the *un-* is intensive, it is still absurd, since why should Navarre strip his house because he has made a vow? (ii) The forms 'unpeeled' 'peeled' never occur elsewhere in Shakespeare; we have 'piel'd' (= shaven) 1 *Hen. VI*, 1. 3. 30, *Luc.* 1167 and 'pyld' *Merch.* 1. 3. 83. (iii) 'unpeopled' i.e. without servants, is exactly the meaning required, and finds a close parallel in *Ric. II*, 1. 2. 68–9 'empty lodgings and unfurnished walls,/Unpeopled offices, untrodden stairs.' (iv) 'peple' and 'peeple' were not uncommon 16th cent. spellings for 'people,' and the *p* might very easily have dropped out in this text; cf. pp. 100–102.

90–3. *Fair princess* etc. This prose-patch, in the midst of verse, is a sure sign of textual adaptation.

98. *by my will* i.e. willingly.

99. *it; will* Q. 'it will'

101. *were wise* Q. (Devon) 'wefe wife'

105. *And sin to break it* This broken line, printed with l. 106 in Q., suggests that Shakespeare was here using some of the original verse, abridged and copied out on to a fresh piece of paper. Cf. pp. 123–24.

113–25. *Did I not dance* etc. v. pp. 117–25.

115–16. *How needless...question!* Q. prints as one line.

117. *spur* v. G.

126–64. Q. heads all the King's speeches 'Ferd.' in this section; cf. head-note. For the possible historical basis of the dialogue, v. pp. 129–30.

128. *half of an* (F.) Q. 'halfe of, of an'

138. *friendship* (F.) Q. 'faiendſhip'

140. *demand* (F.) Q. 'pemaund'—turned letter.

142. *On payment* (Theobald) Q. 'One paiment' v. Sh. Hand, p. 125.

143. *Aquitaine;* Q. 'Aquitaine.'

153. *unseeming to* i.e. pretending not to.

159. *special* (F.) Q. 'ſpciall'

160. *Charles his father* The father of Henry of Navarre was Antony, Duke of Vendôme, but his grandfather was Charles of the same duchy.

169. *princess, within* (Q.) F. 'princeſſe, in' which all edd. have followed. The Q. reading suggests that Shakespeare first wrote 'fair queene', and then altered it without rectifying the metre. This fits in with the sudden change from 'Ferd.' to 'Nau.' in the speech-headings at l. 176. In a word, it looks as if Shakespeare has slightly revised the text at this point.

176. Q. heads the King's speech 'Nau.'; v. previous note.

S.D. Q. 'Exit.'

177–91. *Lady, I will commend* etc. v. pp. 117–25.

177. *mine own* (F.) Q. 'my none' Queen Elizabeth herself used this form, and it occurs twice in a single sentence in a letter of hers dated Feb. 21, 1549. Indeed it is not uncommon in MSS of the period, and may well have been Shakespearian, though it is not found elsewhere in the Qq. Furness sees in this spelling 'a proof that W.W. set up the Qto by hearing and not by seeing'!

182. *fool* v. G. 187. *prick* v. G.

188. *No point* v. G.

189. *Now God save thy life* because she is in his heart.

190–91. *And yours from long living...thanksgiving.* We see no point in the dialogue as it stands. But if 'yours' be read 'you', then 'living' may be a quibble upon 'leaving', by which Rosaline would mean 'leave-taking', and Berowne's reply is then apt enough, i.e. 'I cannot stay to take leave and return thanks to my hostess.'

191. S.D. Q. 'Exit.'/'Enter Dumaine.'

193. *Katharine her name* (Capell) Q. 'Rofaline her name' v. pp. 117–21.

194. S.D. Q. 'Exit.' N.B. No entry is given for Longaville.

201. *blessing on your beard* References to a man's beard were considered insulting at this period.

202–203. *Good sir...Falconbridge* Q. prints these as one line.

206. S.D. Q. 'Exit Longauill.'/'Enter Berowne.'

208. *Rosaline* (Singer). Q. 'Katherin' v. pp. 117–21.

210. *or so* i.e. or something of the kind.

211. *You are welcome* (F.) Q. 'O you are welcome' Aldis Wright explains Q.'s superfluous 'O' as the last letter of the speech-heading 'Bero.' which has crept into the text, and he is assuredly correct. Many other instances are to be found in 3. 1. and 4. 3. Hart and Charlton object that Shakespeare may have been caricaturing some contemporary trick of speech, and that other characters frequently use the exclamation also. The reply to this is that it is with Berowne alone that the 'O' so often seems superfluous, unnatural, and in verse unmetrical, which is not so with the others. *You are welcome* appears to mean 'You are welcome to marry her.'

212. *Farewell to me* etc. i.e. as we should say 'good riddance.'

S.D. Q. 'Exit Bero.'

213–56. In this section, which was probably contained on one MS page, we return to the 'Lady' speech-headings which we found at ll. 40, 56, 64. In the two intervening pages we have 'Mar.', 'Kath.' and 'Rof.' The difference undoubtedly has something to do with the history of the text.

213, 217. Q. gives these to 'Lady Maria' and 'Lady Ka.', which shows an attempt on the part of Shakespeare, or the prompter, to sort out these 'Lady' parts. At l. 219 we get 'La.', l. 220 'Lad.', l. 222 'La.', l. 252 'Lad.', l. 253 'Lad. 2.', l. 254 'Lad. 3.', ll. 255, 256 'Lad.'

215. *take him at his word* i.e. give him word for word. Cf. Boyet's retort at l. 212.

217. *Two hot sheeps* For some unknown reason all mod. edd. follow F., and assign this to Maria. For the 'ships-sheeps' quibble cf. *Two Gent.* 1. 1. 72–3.

218. *feed on your lips* Cf. *V.A.* 232–33 'Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:/Graze on my lips.'

221. *common...several* v. G. 'several.'

224. *This civil war of wits* The only passage in the play which can be interpreted as a direct reference to the French wars 1589–94. But cf. note 4. 1. 21–33.

233. *the court of his eye* We take 'the court' to be the keep of the castle to which 'behaviour,' at first unarmed, retires in order to prepare for battle.

240. *locked* Q. 'lokt'

244. *margent* v. G.

256. Q. '*Lad.* I, our way' This 'I' which all edd. have hitherto taken as 'Ay', seems quite meaningless. We believe it to be the 'y' belonging to '*Lad.*' which has been mistaken for an English MS. majuscule 'I.'

S.D. Q. 'Exeunt omnes.'

3. 1.

S.D. Q. 'Enter Braggart and his Boy.' We suppose that the first 68 lines of this scene belong to 1597 and were written on a single page of foolscap; cf. pp. 112–13. F. adds 'Song', v. pp. 186–91. Speech-headings in Q. are 'Brag.' and 'Boy.' down to l. 68; after that, 'Ar.' and 'Pag.'

3. *Concolinel* This seems to be the title of Moth's song, but no one has been able to explain it. The word is probably corrupt; and the most plausible conjecture yet advanced is that it is a corruption of the Irish 'Can cailin gheal,' which is pronounced 'Con colleen yal' and means 'Sing, maiden fair' (v. Furness, *Variorum*, and *Notes and Queries*, II. xi. 36, 214, 276). Pistol in *Hen. V* (4. 4. 4) quotes the refrain from a popular Irish song, 'Calen O custure me,' which in the F. text becomes 'calmie custure me.'

8–9. *with a French brawl* v. G. 'brawl.' Moth explains himself in his next speech but we fancy there was more in the phrase originally than now meets the eye.

11–21. *No, my complete master...snip and away* v. p. xxi.

14. *throat as if* (Theobald) Q. 'throate, if'

15. *through the nose* (F2) Q. 'through:noſe' Type seems to have fallen from the chase at this point; cf. pp. 100–101.

18. *thin-belly doublet* Q. 'thinbellies doblet' v. G.

24. *do you note? men—that* Q. 'do you note men that' We believe the emphasis should be on 'men'; Moth is sarcastic.

26. *pen* Q. 'penne' Hanmer and all subsequent editors read 'penny'; but it is dangerous to emend the text of this play, and if Moth be Nashe (cf. pp. xx–xxiii) 'pen of observation' would be most appropriate, though a quibble is also intended upon 'penny' no doubt.

28. *the hobby-horse is forgot* v. G. 'hobby-horse.'

30–31. *colt...hackney* v. G.

34. *Negligent* Q. 'Necligent' v. p. 103.

57. *ingenious* (F.) Q. 'ingenius'

65. *Juvenal* v. pp. xxi–xxii. *volable* v. G. Most edd. follow F. 'voluble'

68. S.D. Q. 'Enter Page and Clowne.' From henceforth Q. speech-headings are 'Pag.' and 'Ar.'

69. *costard broken in a shin* v. G. 'costard.'

70. *l'envoy* v. G.

71. *No egma* etc. Costard appears to take 'enigma, riddle, l'envoy' as the names of various salves. 'Riddle' is another form of 'ruddle'; 'l'envoy' reminds him perhaps of 'lenitive'; and 'egma' may suggest a concoction, of which eggs are an ingredient.

no salve in the mail, sir (Malone) Q. 'no Salue, in thee male ſir' The Qq. often confuse 'the' and 'thee.' Costard evidently has in mind what Gosson describes as the 'quacksalver's budget of filthy receits' (*Schoole of Abuse*, 1579), and prefers old-fashioned remedies.

72. *plain* (F.) Q. 'pline'

75. *my lungs* 'thy lungs', which Clark and Wright suggest, seems a decided improvement. It is Costard's words that make Armado smile.

79–80. *is not l'envoy a salve?* Moth quibbles of course upon 'salve' = salute.

84. *The Fox, the Ape, and the Humble-bee* The jingle is thrice spoken: is it likely that Shakespeare, of all people, would have insisted upon this repetition if the words were intended to be taken at their stupid face value? Yet no one has attempted an explanation. v. p. xix.

102. *sell a bargain* v. G. 'bargain.'

109. *ended the market* v. G. 'market.'

120. *Frances* (Capell) Q. 'Francis' Apparently a typical name for a loose woman; cf. McKerrow, iv. 481, and N.E.D. 'frank' *a.*[2] 2b.

123. *immured* Q. 'emured' The sp., which recurs at 4. 3. 325, is probably Shakespeare's.

131–32. *remuneration...dependents* Cf. note 1. 2. 33–4.

133. S.D. Q. 'Exit.'

134. *ounce* (F.) Q. 'ouce' For 'incony' and 'Jew' v. G.

137. *three-farthings* a single coin (of silver); cf. Sh. Eng. i. 342–43.

remuneration (F.) Q. 'remuration' *What's the price* etc. Costard's mind still runs on pedlars.

138. *One penny* Q. 'i.d.'

139. *it carries it* v. G. 'carry.'

141. S.D. Q. 'Enter Berowne.'

142. *My good knave* Q. 'O my good knave' Berowne has 9 speeches in this scene, and Q. begins 7 of them with 'O' Cf. note 2. 1. 211.

150–67. *As thou wilt...guerdon: go.* The passage, with its two verse-fragments embedded in prose, strongly suggests revision of an original verse-scene. We are, however, doubtful whether this revision took place in 1597, and suspect that the verse, which is similar in style to the verse of the Fenton scenes of *M.W.W.* (1602), may go back to the pre-Shakespearian play.

169. *eleven-pence* Q. 'a leuenpence'—which most edd. follow; but 'a leuen' is a Shakespearian spelling; cf. Sh. Hand, p. 126.

170. *in print* v. G. 'print.'

171. S.D. Q. 'Exit.'

172–77. Q. divides 'O and I...whip!/A verie...Conſtable,/A domineering...magnificent' which again suggests revision.

175. *critic* Q. 'Crietick'

177. *Than whom...magnificent* Berowne is of course speaking of himself here, not of Cupid; 'magnificent' = vainglorious. The description of Cupid that follows represents what Berowne used to say about him.

179. *Signior Junior* (Hart) Q. 'ſignior *Iunios*'

Most edd. follow Hanmer and read 'senior-junior' The original 'signior,' with a quibble of course upon 'senior,' is surely far more effective. Cupid is not a 'senior.'

185. *O my little heart!* Q. '(O my little heart.)' The brackets are expressive.

186. *corporal of his field* i.e. corporal of the 'great general.' v. G.

187. *like a tumbler's hoop* i.e. flauntingly, v. G. 'tumbler's hoop.'

188. *What I! I love!* (Tyrwhitt; Malone) Q. 'What? I loue,'

189. *German clock* (F2) Q. 'Iermane Cloake' Possibly 'Cloake' originated from the spelling 'clok.' N.B. Q. gives us 'Clocks' at 5. 2. 900.

195. *whitely* (F.) Q. 'whitly' v. G.

203. *sue* (F2) Q. 'ſue' Cf. 'shooter' 4. 1. 107.

204. *Joan* v. G. and cf. proverb 'Joan's as good as my lady.'

S.D. Q. gives no 'exit.'

4. 1.

S.D. Q. 'Enter the Princeſſe, a Forreſter, her Ladies, and her Lordes.' This elaborate S.D. looks like a relic of the 1593 MS; but if so, it probably came at the foot of a foolscap page, since we can be tolerably certain that what follows, with its 'Quee.' speech-headings and its 'Armatho' letter in roman type, was 1597 MS, though not necessarily all composed at that date. Indeed it seems pretty clear that the first 40 lines, at any rate, were made up of scraps of the 1593 scene, pieced together and transcribed. The description of the 'hunt' is generally assumed to be connected with Queen Elizabeth's visit on Aug. 15–17, 1591, to Cowdray, the house of

Lord Montague, grandfather to the Earl of Southampton, and shortly afterwards to Titchfield, Southampton's own house, at both of which places 'standings' were prepared for her to shoot from at deer in a paddock (v. Hart, pp. xlvi–l; Charlton, *M.L.R.* xiii. pp. 391–92; Stopes, *Earl of Southampton*, pp. 45–8). And reference to these events would be more natural in 1593 than in 1597. But more significant, in our opinion, is the patent allusion, for so it seems to us, to the conversion of Henry IV, which became an accomplished and publicly acknowledged fact in July, 1593 (v. note ll. 21–33, below).

2. *steep-up rising* (Hart) Q. 'ſteep vp riſing' Cf. G. *Son.* 7. 5; *Pass. Pil.* 121.

6. *On* (F.) Q. 'Ore' Probably Shakespeare wrote 'one'; cf. Sh. Hand, p. 125.

7. *Then, forester* The 'Then' seems pointless, and the transition from the previous sentence abrupt. The speech reads like the abridgment of a longer passage.

21–33. *saved by merit...the working of the heart* This seems to be a direct allusion to the conversion of Henry IV. 'Merit' refers to the Roman doctrine of justification by works; while the 'heresy in fair, fit for these days' and the 'detested crimes' of which 'glory grows guilty' for 'fame's sake, for praise, an outward part' point unmistakably to the 'abominable act' as Elizabeth described it, by which Henry bought Paris at the price of a mass. Henry IV received 'absolution' from the Archbishop of Bourges and heard mass publicly on July 25, 1593. England received the news with consternation. The point of Shakespeare's words would have been obvious any time during the next six months; though scarcely much later.

27. *do't;* Q. 'doote.' 33. *heart:* Q. 'hart.'

36–40. *Do not curst wives...subdues a lord.* This

sudden reference to shrewish wives is curious and seems to have no relation to the context. In 5. 2. 69–78 we get an equally remarkable reference to a foolish husband.

38. broken line, suggesting abridgment.

40. S.D. Q. 'Enter Clowne' This appears to be the most likely point for the beginning of the section newly written for the 1597 revision. Costard enters with the letter, and the letter is almost certainly fresh matter.

49. *mistress* Q. 'Miſtrs'

59. S.D. Q. 'Boyet reades'

60–92. This epistle was, we suggest, inserted in 1597, probably to take the place of deleted dialogue. v. p. 114 and note ll. 143–47, below.

66. *Zenelophon* v. 'King Cophetua and the Beggar maid' in Percy's *Reliques*, where the maid's name is given 'Penelophon.' This ballad was a favourite of Shakespeare's and he refers to it no less than five times (cf. Sh. Eng. ii. 519, 529).

67. *anatomize* Q. 'annothanize' v. p. 103.

68. *came, saw* (F2) Q. 'came, See'

69. *saw, two* (Rowe) Q. 'ſee, two'

overcame, three (F3) Q. 'couercame, three'

74. *the king's* (F3) Q. 'the King'

86. *Don Adriano de Armado* Q. 'Don Adriana de Armatho' v. pp. 114, 132.

96. *going o'er it* The Princess quibbles upon 'stile'; cf. note 1. 1. 199.

97. *Armado* (Q.) This spelling, occurring between 'Armatho' spellings in ll. 86, 143, is to be noted, cf. *Characters in the Play*, p. 132.

98. *phantasime...Monarcho* v. G.

99. S.D. 'beckons him aside' It seems clear from Boyet's question at l. 107 that the others do not hear the conversation between Costard and the Princess.

106. S.D. Q. gives no 'exeunt'; F. supplies one.

107. *suitor...suitor* (Farmer) Q. 'ſhooter...ſhooter' The Q. spelling, which gives the Shakespearian pronunciation, explains the point of the quibble. Cf. 3. 1. 203 (note).

116. *strikes at the brow* v. G. 'brow.'

120. *the hit it* A catch, to be sung dancing. The words appear to bear an equivocal meaning, v. G. 'hit it.' Chappell quotes the tune in his *Popular Music* (p. 239).

122. *Guinever* Q. 'Guinouer'

127. S.D. Q. 'Exit'—after l. 125, as being the only place where the compositor could find room for it.

128. *fit it* Can this be Costard's pronunciation of 'foot it'? Cf. 'vara fine' and 'pursents' (5. 2. 487–88).

129–35. *mark, prick, mete at, wide o' the bow hand, clout, upshoot, cleaving the pin.* For these archery terms v. G.

129. *hit it* (F4) Q. 'hit' The compositor has no room for 'it' at the end of the line, and no room to overrun.

133. *ne'er* (F.) Q. 'neare' Cf. 5. 2. 13 (note).

135. *pin* (F2) Q. 'is in'—caught from the previous line.

137. *too hard* (F.) Q. 'to hard'

143–47. *Armado...pathetical nit!* Dyce and Staunton point out that these lines are 'utterly irrelevant to anything in the scene.' We suggest the possibility that in the 1593 version Armado and Moth appeared in 4. 1. to cut some capers with the Princess and her ladies, and that this passage was removed in 1597 and the letter substituted. Cf. note ll. 60–92, above.

143. *Armado to th'one side* Q. '*Armatho* ath toothen ſide' We explain thus: Shakespeare wrote 'Arm ath toothon', inadvertently dividing 'Armath', so that the compositor took 'Arm' for the contraction and expanded

it: 'toothon' became 'toothen' by an *o*:*e* misprint, and 'toothon' is not at all an impossible form, cf. 'toot' (5. 2. 145), 'doote' (4. 1. 27) and Sh. Hand, p. 141.

146. *o' t'other* Q. 'atother'

148. S.D. Q. 'Exeunt. Shoot within' Cf. 'ſhooting' = shouting at *Cor.* 1. 1. 218 (F.). F2 first read 'Showte within'

4. 2.

S.D. Q. 'Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel' We believe this to have been in the main 1593 MS with 1597 additions, chiefly marginal. All speeches headed 'Ped.' we ascribe to 1597. v. pp. 111–12.

1–2. *in the testimony of a good conscience* Cf. 2 Cor. i. 12. The curate gives the sport his blessing; it is a godly one.

3. *sanguis* Dr W. W. Greg suggests (privately) that the MS word was 'sanguīe' (= sanguine), and that the curl was placed too far to the right, thus converting the *e* into something very similar to an English final *s*. But perhaps Holofernes blunders; v. notes ll. 98–9, 105, 126, below. For 'in blood' v. G. 'blood.'

5. *caelo* Q. 'Celo' Similarly Dr Greg suggests that Shakespeare wrote 'Celũ' but formed the last letter with its curl so carelessly that it looked like an *o*. Again we think the mistake may be Holofernes'.

26–9. *His intellect...than he* Q. prints this continuously as prose, and ll. 26–7 *are* prose. It is clear that Shakespeare found some of this doggerel otiose when revising and therefore abridged the speech. It looks as if the whole scene may have been once in doggerel; if so it probably dates back to the pre-Shakespearian play. Cf. *Errors*, p. 77.

29. *Which we of taste and feeling are* (Tyrwhitt) Q. 'which we taſte, and feeling, are' Possibly these words were added at the time of revision: the line is over-long.

30. *indiscreet* (F.) Q. 'indistreell'

36. *Dictynna...Dictynna* (Rowe) Q. 'Dictiſima... dictiſima'—*y* taken for *if* v. G. 'Dictynna.'

38. *Dictynna* (Rowe) Q. 'dictima' Note how the misprint varies with the vagaries of Shakespeare's spelling.

41. *raught* (Hanmer) Q. 'rought'

42. *Th'allusion...exchange* v. G. 'allusion,' 'exchange.'

43. *collusion* v. G. Dull is not perhaps so dull as Holofernes thinks.

47. *pollution* (Rowe) Q. 'poluſion'—a Shakespearian spelling, cf. *Luc.* 1157.

52. *ignorant, I call* (Collier) Q. 'ignorault cald' There seems to have been some typographical accident here.

53. *abrogate scurrility* (F.) Q. 'abrogate ſquirilitie' For the spelling v. N.E.D. We are not told why Nathaniel should fear 'scurrility' from Holofernes, and the allusion seems to be a personal one.

54. *affect the letter* i.e. practise alliteration.

59. *yell...'ell* The current pronunciation made the quibble passable; cf. ''ears' *Errors*, 4. 4. 29.

61. *sore'll* Q. 'Sorell' The Q. reading, which all edd. follow, leaves 'the people fall a-hooting' pointless. Holofernes ransacks the dictionary to find quibbles upon 'sore' and 'sorel.'

63. *L to sore* (Pope) Q. 'ell to Sore'

66. *L* (F.) Q. 'l'

68–9. *claws...talent* v. G.

70 et seq. From this point onwards in the scene the speech-headings 'Holo.' and 'Nath.' are constantly con-

fused. v. pp. 109–11. Rowe first distributed the speeches correctly. *simple, simple;* Q. 'ſimple: ſimple,'

74. *pia mater* (Rowe) Q. 'primater'

75–6. *in whom* (F.) Q. 'whom'

77. *the Lord* (F.) Q. 'the L.'

81. *ingenious* (Capell) Q. 'ingenous' Most edd read 'ingenuous' suggested by F. 'ingennous'

83. *vir sapit* (F2) Q. 'Vir ſapis' v. G.

84. S.D. Q. 'Enter Iaquenetta and the Clowne.'

85–7. *Master Person* Q. 'M. Perſon' To read 'Parson' as most mod. edd. do is to blunt the edge of Holofernes' quibble. The two forms were interchangeable.

87. *quasi pierce-one* Q. 'quasi Perſon' Cf. 'perſt' (l. 88) and 'perſing' (l. 91)—all three Shakespearian spellings. 88. *pierced* Q. 'perſt'

89. *likeliest* (Q.) Most edd. follow F. and read 'likest' Cf. N.E.D. 'likely' A. 1 and v. G.

91. *Piercing a hogshead!* (Clark and Wright) Q. 'Of perſing a Hogshead,' Cf. p. 110. Hart first pointed out the remarkable parallel to this in G. Harvey's *Pierce's Supererogation*, 1593, 'She knew what she said that intituled Pierce, the hoggeshead of wit: Penniles, the tospott of eloquence: and Nashe the very inuentor of Asses. She it is that must broach the barell of thy frisking conceite and canonize thee Patriarcke of newe writers' (Grosart, ii. 91). Shakespeare has obviously borrowed the jest.

94. *Person* Q. 'Parſon' As Jaquenetta is still speaking of 'Person' at 4. 3. 191, the Q. reading here is probably wrong.

96. *Armado* Q. 'Armatho'

98–9. *Facile precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat* Q. 'Facile precor gellida, quando pecas

omnia ſub vmbra ruminat' (v. G. 'Facile precor' etc.). The words of the text are a misquotation of the opening line of the first eclogue of Mantuan (v. G.) which was as familiar to Elizabethan schoolboys as 'Arma virumque cano' is to-day. The jest is double: (1) Holofernes to air his learning while Nathaniel cons the letter can find nothing better than this threadbare tag from a pseudo-classical writer; (2) even so he cannot quote it correctly, since the line should begin with 'Fauste' and not 'Facile.' The other Q. errors, e.g. 'pecas' and 'omnia,' may be dramatically deliberate also, though they more probably originated with the compositor; 'facile' can hardly have done so. Cf. notes ll. 105, 126, below.

102–3. *Venetia...pretia* (Theobald) Q. 'vemchie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perreche' No doubt Shakespeare's phonetic spelling and misreading by the compositor are mainly responsible for the corruption, but some of it may be due to misquotation again. The tag seems to have been a familiar one. It appears in Florio's *First Fruites* (1578), his *Second Fruites* (1591), and in Sandford's *Garden of Pleasure* (1573).

105. *Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa* Holofernes hums the Hexachord (to air his knowledge of music), but once again blunders by attaching the wrong syllables to the sounds. The Hexachord should run 'Ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la' ('Do' replaced 'ut' in the 17th century). We are indebted to Mr Richmond Noble and Mr H. O. White for the substance of this note. 110. *stanze* Q. 'ſtauze'

112. *If love* etc. Q. gives no speech-heading. The verses appeared in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599.

116. *Study his bias leaves* i.e. the scholar deserts his own line of study, v. G. 'bias.'

124. *wrong* Q. (Devon) 'woug' v. p. 101.

125. *singes* (Q.) v. note l. 126.

126–27. *You find not the apostrophus* etc. Q. gives these two lines to 'Pedan.' We regard them therefore as a fresh touch added in 1597; v. pp. 111–12.

126. *apostrophus* (N.E.D.) Q. 'apoſtrophas' Cf. '*Apostrophus* is the rejecting of a vowel from the beginning or ending of a word' (Jonson, *English Grammar*). As there is neither apostrophus nor occasion for one in the preceding verses, Holofernes' comment has puzzled critics. Gollancz writes, however (*Temple Shakespeare*), 'Does not Holofernes' criticism bear directly on the last line of the canzonet? Nathaniel should have read, "That singës heaven's," etc.... Holofernes may mean by "apostrophas" diæreses.' We agree. Nathaniel should have said 'singës' and Holofernes should have said 'diæresis' (N.E.D. quotes the word from Cotgrave, 1611), but Holofernes blunders as usual, and employs a term which implies contraction rather than expansion.

127. *canzonet* (Theobald) Q. 'canganet' *g*:*z* misprint.

128. *numbers ratified* i.e. the verse is metrically correct.

130. *Ovidius* Q. 'Ouiddius'

132. *invention? Imitari* (Theobald) Q. 'inuention imitarie'

135. *Monsieur Boyet* Q. 'mounsier Berowne'—which all edd. follow though they are unable to explain (i) how Berowne comes to be 'one of the strange queen's lords,' and (ii) how Jaquenetta, who first believed the letter to have been 'from Don Armado' (l. 96), now recognises that it came from Berowne. But the first three letters of Berowne and Boyet are very much alike in 'English' script, and if Shakespeare wrote 'Bo.' or 'Boy.' in the MS, all would be explained: Boyet is of course 'one of the strange queen's lords,' and it is not at

all surprising to be informed that the mischief-making Boyet is at the bottom of this 'mistaking' of the letters. Jaquenetta quite naturally takes 'directed' in the sense of 'imparted.' Cf. note 5. 2. 159.

139. *intellect* Far-fetched explanations have been given for this: we take it as one of Holofernes' quibbles; intellect = understanding = what stands under the letter = the signature.

140. *party writing* (Rowe) Q. 'partie written'

144. *Sir Nathaniel* (Capell) Q. 'Sir Holofernes' v. pp. 109–11. Q. begins this portion of the speech with a fresh prefix, 'Ped.' This points to its being matter composed or re-written in 1597, and as the rest of Holofernes' speeches are headed 'Ped.' it seems as if the scene was revised from this point onwards. It is significant that 'Iaq.' becomes 'Mayd.' at l. 151.

150. *forgive* (F.) Q. 'forgine'

153. S.D. Q. 'Exit.'

157. *colourable colours* i.e. plausible pretexts. Apparently Holofernes entertains a poor opinion of the 'fathers.'

159. *for the pen* i.e. for the penmanship. Cf. 5. 2. 40. Hart quotes Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1590, '"How like you this sonnet?" quoth Rosader. "Marry," quoth Ganymede, "for the pen well, for the passion ill"' (ed. Greg, 1907, p. 84).

161. *before repast* Q. '(before repaſt)' The brackets are expressive; Holofernes is offering Nathaniel a dinner, not merely inviting him in to say grace when all is over, as was the custom.

164. *ben venuto;* (Rowe) Q. 'bien venuto,'

168. *the text* Commentators have searched for this in vain; perhaps Shakespeare invented it.

172. S.D. Q. 'Exeunt.'

4. 3.

S.D. Q. 'Enter Berowne with a paper in his hand, alone.' We assign most of this scene to 1593, except of course the long addition at 315 et seq. v. pp. 114–16.

1–2. *The king* etc. We follow Q. arrangement here, since lines beginning 'The king he is' are clearly not prose, as Pope and all later edd. have printed them. Berowne, we suppose, comes on reading 'part of his rhyme' to which he refers at l. 14.

2. *coursing myself* Cf. *Tw. Nt.* 1. 1. 21–3:

> That instant was I turned into a hart
> And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
> E'er since pursued me.

3. *toiling in a pitch* Cf. 3. 1. 196 'two pitch-balls.'

13, 14. *melancholy* Q. 'mallicholie' v. p. 103.

14. *here* Q. 'heare' v. p. 103 and Sh. Hand, p. 138.

19. S.D. Q. 'He ſtandes aſide. The King entreth.' From ll. 77–8, 172 we gather that Berowne is 'above' and not 'aside.' We suggest that the Q. S.D. was written for a private performance on a stage without a gallery.

27. *night of dew* i.e. 'night's allowance of tears' (Hart).

38. *queen* Q. 'Qneene'

40. *paper* Q. (Devon) 'pader'—a turned *p*.

41. S.D. Q. 'Enter Longauill. The King ſteps aſide.'

45–6. *wearing papers* v. G. 'perjure' and cf. l. 122 'from my forehead wipe a perjured note.'

47. *In love I hope* etc. Q. assigns this to 'Long.' Rowe gave it to 'King.'

51. *triumviry* (Rowe) Q. 'triumpherie' Cf. 'triumpherate' *Ant.* 3. 6. 28. Interesting spellings!

51–2. *corner-cap...Simplicity* v. G. 'corner-cap,' 'Tyburn,' 'simplicity.' The 'corner-cap' Berowne has in mind is the 'black cap' of the judge.

57. *shop* v. G. Theobald and most edd. read 'slop'

S.D. Q. 'He reades the Sonnet' The 'sonnet' like that of Berowne's in 4. 2. was reprinted in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599.

71. *loose* (Q.) Most edd. read 'lose' Shakespeare made no difference in the spelling of the two words, and is quibbling. Cf. l. 358, below.

72. *liver-vein* v. G. 'liver.' 73. *green goose* v. G.

73. *idolatry* (F.) Q. 'ydotarie'

75. S.D. Q. 'Enter Dumaine.'

76. *All hid, all hid!* Cf. *Ado*, 2. 3. 41 (note).

83. *corporal* Q. (Devon) 'croporall' v. pp. 101–102 and G.

84. *Her amber hair* etc. 'Her amber-coloured hair is so rich that it makes amber itself look ugly' (Charlton).

hair (Capell) Q. 'heires'

85. *raven* 'as a type of foul (fowl) in opposition to fair or amber' (Hart).

86. —*stoup* Q. 'ſtoope' For the spelling cf. *Ham.* 5. 1. 68; 5. 2. 278. All previous edd. read 'stoop' but are unable satisfactorily to explain. Wooden drinking-vessels were in common use at this period, and as Mandeville remarks (1400) 'Cedre may not, in Erthe ne in Watre, rote.'

90. *And I mine* (Johnson) Q. 'And mine'

91. *Is not that a good word?* The point of this is not clear.

96. *ode* (F.) Q. 'Odo' v. G.

97. S.D. Q. 'Dumaine reades his Sonnet.' This 'sonnet' is printed both in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599, and *England's Helicon*, 1600.

103. *can* = 'gan v. G.

105. *Wished* (F2) Q. 'wiſh'

107. *Air, would I* Johnson plausibly suggests 'Ah, would I'

109. *thorn* (Rowe) Q. 'throne'

114. *whom e'en Jove* (Rowe) Q. 'whom Ioue' The line clearly lacks a syllable.

122. *from my forehead...note* v. G. 'perjure.'

127. *o'erheard* (F.) Q. 'ore-hard' Cf. 5. 2. 95 (note).

137. *passion* Q. 'pashion' The spelling recurs at 5. 2. 118.

143. *Faith so infringed* (Walker) Q. 'Fayth infringed' Many other conjectures.

145. *leap, and laugh* Cf. 5. 2. 113–18.

152. *coaches; in your tears* (Hanmer) Q. 'couches, in your teares' Cf. l. 32, above.

158. *mote...mote* Q. 'Moth...Moth' Cf. *Ham.* 1. 1. 112. The name of Armado's page, Moth, has the same significance, we do not doubt. *mote;* Q. 'Moth,'

165. *Solomon* Q. 'Sallomon'

173. *to me...by you* (Capell) Q. 'by mee...to you'

177. *men like men* Many conjectures, e.g. 'men like you, men' (Dyce), 'men-like men, of strange inconstancy' (F2, Johnson, etc.), 'moon-like men of strange inconstancy' (Warburton). We suggest 'moon-like men, men of inconstancy' If Shakespeare spelt 'moon' with one *o* the mistake would be easy.

179. *Joan* Q. 'Ione' Q. (Devon) 'Loue' v. pp. 100–102. 'Joan' is clearly appropriate after 'groan' and was a favourite word with Berowne, cf. 3. 1. 204.

180–83. *In pruning me...a limb* Q. prints these lines as prose. The context does not suggest revision; possibly Shakespeare crowded the lines together at the foot of a page, so as not to overrun the speech. Cf. p. 123.

185. S.D. Q. 'Enter Iaquenetta and Clowne.'

191. *Person* v. note 4. 2. 85–7.

194. *Where hadst thou it?* Q. gives a second prefix 'King' to this, which points to revision, probably quite

slight. N.B. ll. 193–95 form a prose-patch in the midst of verse, and l. 195 is headed 'Coft.' in Q. whereas all his other speeches in the scene are headed 'Clow.'

S.D. Q. 'He reades the letter.'

195. *Dun Adramadio* We retain the Q. 'Dun', though it is probably just a Shakespearian spelling; cf. *Ado*, 3. 3. 105 (note).

203. *mess* v. G.

208. *sirs* v. G.

209. S.D. Q. gives no 'exeunt.'

211. *As true* etc. Berowne is rebutting Costard's charge. 213. *decree:* Q. 'decree.'

217. *quoth you* Capell omitted these words. Berowne's ecstasy perhaps accounts for the metrical irregularity of this line.

222. *peremptory* Q. 'peromptorie'

226–27. *moon...attending star* This reference to a somewhat recondite astronomical phenomenon suggests that Shakespeare was interesting himself in astronomy at this period. For the scientific explanation v. Sh. Eng. i. 454.

244. *wood divine* (Theobald) Q. 'word diuine' The emendation is accepted by all.

251. *the School of Night* Q. 'the Schoole of night' Many emendations proposed, e.g. scowl, stole, soul, soil, shade, scroll, shroud, suit. Mr Acheson (*Shakespeare and the Rival Poet*, 1903) contends that Shakespeare wrote 'Schoole of night' and was referring to an actual coterie, for which presumably Chapman composed his *Shadow of Night*, 1594, and upon which the 'academe' of Navarre is itself a satire; and we believe that this is the correct view (v. pp. xxix–xxxiv). It should be noted that the Q. prints 'The hue of dungions, and the Schoole of night' as if 'hue' and 'Schoole'

balanced each other; but the punctuation of this text is quite unreliable and we have omitted the comma.

252. *And beauty's crest...well* Navarre is sarcastic: your beauty's crest, the badge of hell, etc. is much like 'the sun that maketh all things shine.'

255. *painting and* (F4) Q. 'painting'

258–61. *fashion...Paints itself black* No doubt an allusion to an actual fashion of the time. Cf. *Rom.* 1. 1. 236–37, and *Meas.* pp. 101–103.

262. *black* (F.) Q. 'blake'

264. *crack* (F2) Q. 'crake'

279, 285. Q. begins both these speeches with 'O' cf. note 2. 1. 211.

292–314. *And where...learning there* v. pp. 105–108.

301. *prisons up* (Theobald) Q. 'poyſons vp' Theobald's emendation, accepted by Clark and Wright, though rejected by most other mod. edd., is supported by ll. 321–29, which we take to be the 1597 expansion of ll. 301–304; note especially 'keep the brain,' 'immured in the brain.'

302. *The nimble spirits in the arteries* v. G. 'arteries,' 'spirits.'

319. *fiery numbers* i.e. the passionate 'sonnets' and 'odes' just read aloud.

331, 333, 335, 340, 347, 350, 357, 360. Q. ends all these lines with a full stop.

331. *gaze an eagle blind* v. G. 'eagle-sighted.'

333. *head of theft* This has puzzled everyone. Sir Edward Maunde Thompson suggests (privately) that 'theft' should be 'th'eft.' 'Suspicious head' is very appropriate to the newt or eft, and the reading sorts well with 'the tender horns of cockled snails.'

334–35. *Love's feeling...snails* v. Introd. p. xxiv.

343–44. *Never durst poet...Love's sighs* Acheson quotes ll. 376–77 of Chapman's *Shadow of Night*, as a palpable parallel (cf. p. xxxi):

> No pen can anything eternal write
> That is not steeped in humour of the Night.

351. *aught* (Steevens) Q. 'ought'

355. *that loves all men* v. G. 'love.'

356. *authors* (Capell) Q. 'authour'

358. *Let us* (F2) Q. 'Lets vs' *loose our oaths* Cf. note l. 71, above.

364. *standards* (F.) Q. 'ſtandars'

366. *get the sun of them* v. G. 'sun.'

379. *betime* (Rowe) Q. 'be time' v. G. 'betime,' 'time.'

380. *Allons! Allons!* (Theobald) Q. 'Alone alone' —a common perversion of the time; cf. 5. 1. 147 (note) and Nashe: 'Alloune, alloune, let vs march' (McKerrow, iii. 110).

382. *forsworn* (F.) Q. 'forſorne'

383. S.D. Q. gives no 'exeunt.' F. supplies it.

5. 1.

S.D. Q. 'Enter the Pedant, the Curat, and Dull.' The speech-headings 'Ped.', 'Curat.' and 'Brag.' throughout the scene indicate that it was so thoroughly revised in 1597 as to require re-copying. v. p. 102.

1. *quod* (Rowe) Q. 'quid'

7. *entitled* Q. 'intituled'—a common 16th cent. spelling which all edd. have followed, taking it for an affected form. Cf. 'entituled' *Luc.* 57.

9. *hominem* (F3) Q. 'hominum' The phrase 'novi hominem' etc. occurs in Lyly's *Grammar* under 'quasi' (A. H. Cruickshank, *Noctes Shakespearianae*, p. 48).

13. *too spruce...too odd* (F.) Q. 'to ſpruce...to od'

15. *epithet* (F.) Q. 'Epithat'; cf. notes 5. 2. 171 and 1. 2. 14.

S.D. Q. 'Draw-out his table-booke.'

18. *fanatical phantasimes* v. G. 'fanatical,' 'phantasime' and cf. 4. 1. 98.

19. *rackers of orthography* Cf. *Ado*, 2. 3. 19–20 (note). Holofernes' theories on spelling are interesting in the light of our recently acquired knowledge of Shakespeare's practice. Cf. Sh. Hand, pp. 122–24.

20. *'dout' fine* Hertzberg conj. 'sine b' for 'fine,' which gives a better reading and, in a text where lost letters are so common, is very possible.

25. *insanie* (Theobald) Q. 'infamie' The words that follow seem to make the emendation certain.

ne Johnson conjectured 'nonne'

27–9. Q. reads '*Curat.* Laus deo, bene intelligo./ *Peda.* Bome boon for boon prefcian, a litle fcratcht.' Theobald reads '*Nath.* Laus Deo, bone intelligo./ *Hol.* Bone?—bone for bene. Priscian a little scratch'd.' Clark and Wright read '*Nath.* Laus Deo, bene intelligo./ *Hol.* Bon, bon, fort bon! Priscian a little scratched.' Our reading is a combination of the last two, and, we think, involves a minimum of alteration with a maximum of point. 'A little scratched' shows that Nathaniel's Latin is at fault, and makes Theobald's 'bone' in the first line certain, to our mind; the compositor having committed a simple *o*:*e* misprint. On the other hand, the difference between 'bome' and 'boon' in Q. is important and indicates two different words in the copy. Lastly 'for boon' for 'fort bon' is simply a phonetic spelling, which is found elsewhere; e.g. in Heywood (v. *Camb. Shak.* ii. 235).

29. S.D. Q. 'Enter Bragart, Boy.' N.B. Costard omitted.

31. *gaudeo* (F3) Q. 'gaudio'

32. *Chirrah* Q. 'Chirra' We suppose this to be Armado's pronunciation of 'Sirrah,' and that it is addressed to Moth or to Costard for some reason obvious to Shakespeare's original audience. The audience, moreover, was intended to take special note of the 'Chirrah' as is clear from the way in which Holofernes underlines it.

33. *Quare* (F2) Q. 'Quari' 38. *alms-basket* v. G.

39. *thy master* Q. 'thy M.'

46. *a, b, spelt backward* v. G. 'horn-book.'

47. *pueritia* (F2) Q. 'puericia'

51–2. *The last...if 'I.'* Theobald changed 'last' to 'third' and has been followed by edd. ever since. He asks 'Is not the *last* and the *fifth* the same vowel?' It is; and the vowel is 'u'! 'Whichever repeats them,' says Moth, '*you* are the silly sheep.' Shakespeare took care that the player should not miss the point, by writing 'you' with a 'Y,' which both Q. and F. retain.

55. *wave* (F.) Q. 'wane'

56. *venew* Q. 'vene we' v. p. 186 and G.

61. *Horns* Holofernes asks 'What is the figure?' (i.e. the metaphor, a rhetorical figure); Moth replies 'The horns of a dilemma' (a logical figure), leading up of course to 'cuckold's horn' (l. 66).

62. *disputes* Shakespearian 2nd pers. sing. Cf. *Temp.* 1. 2. 334, *Meas.* 3. 1. 20 (notes).

65. *circum circa* (Theobald) Q. 'vnũ cita' We follow Theobald, like other edd., but there are alternative possibilities, e.g. 'nimis cito' = all too quickly.

70–1. *thou halfpenny purse...discretion* v. Introd. p. xxii.

72. *wert* (F.) Q. 'wart' probably a misprint for 'weart,' cf. 5. 2. 623.

73. *ad dunghill* A. H. Cruickshank suggests that this may be a jesting schoolboy's perversion of 'ad unguem' from Lyly's *Grammar*; if so Holofernes would be familiar with the 'smell.'

77–8. *Arts-man, preambulate* (Clark and Wright) Q. 'Artſ-man preambulat' Shakespeare commonly omitted final mute *e*, v. Sh. Hand, pp. 133–34, v. G. 'arts-man,' 'preambulate.' *singled* Q. 'ſinguled'

79–80. *at the charge-house on the top of the mountain* Q. prints 'Charge-houſe' and 'Mountain' as if the words are emphatic, and the phrase is underlined in 'mons, the hill' and in Armado's repetition of 'mountain.' On the other hand, Armado's question is dramatically quite irrelevant. In a word, we believe that the allusion, which no one has been able to explain, is a topical one. Cf. pp. xviii–xix. For 'charge-house' v. G.

95. *remember thy courtesy* Cf. *Ham.* 5. 2. 108 'I beseech you, remember.'

97. *importunate* (F.) Q. 'importunt' Many edd. read 'important'

101. *mustachio* (F.) Q. 'muſtachie'

106. *secrecy* (F.) Q. 'ſecretie'

113–14. *the Nine Worthies.* The Nine Worthies of tradition were Hector of Troy, Alexander, Julius Caesar, Joshua, David, Judas Maccabaeus, Arthur, Charlemagne, and Sir Guy of Warwick or Godfrey of Bouillon. The list varies with different writers, but Hercules and Pompey are not found elsewhere, and we may suspect that Shakespeare had a special reason for including them.

114. *Sir Nathaniel* (Capell) Q. 'Sir Holofernes' v. pp. 110–11.

116. *rendred* Q. 'rended' *assistance* (Hanmer) Q. 'aſſiſtants' Hanmer's change is justified by Armado's

'to crave your assistance.' The letters *t* and *c* are confused in three other places in this play, v. ll. 47, 106, above, and 5. 2. 803 (notes).

122–25. *Joshua yourself, myself—, and this gallant ...Hercules.* An interesting textual crux. Note (i) the only names correctly assigned by Holofernes are Pompey and Hercules, for whose elevation to the rank of worthies Shakespeare appears to be personally responsible (v. note ll. 113–14); (ii) there is no Joshua in the 'pageant' and the curate plays Alexander; (iii) Judas Maccabaeus is taken by Holofernes not Armado; (iv) Holofernes quotes no worthy for himself. The best explanation seems to be that in revising Shakespeare had at this point not yet made up his mind about the distribution of any of the 'worthies' except Pompey and Hercules, that Joshua was Nathaniel's original rôle in 1593, that the original part of Holofernes was deleted as inappropriate, and that Shakespeare simply passed on, meaning to return after revising the next scene—which he forgot to do.

124. *pass* v. G. 135. *crushest* (F.) Q. 'crusheſt'

147. *Allons!* (Rowe) Q. 'Alone' Cf. 4. 3. 380 (note).

148–49. *I'll make...the hay* Q. prints this as prose. Probably rhyme doggerel hastily revised, v. 4. 2. 26–9 (note).

150. S.D. Q. 'Exeunt.'

5. 2.

S.D. Q. 'Enter the Ladyes.' This casual S.D. must surely belong to the 1597 revision. The whole scene was probably recast and expanded, at that date (v. pp. 113–14, 116, 125). It looks, however, as if it opened with old material abridged.

3–4. *Look you...diamonds* (Walker) Q. transposes the lines, printing them as prose. This arrangement is both clumsy and obscure, since it suggests that the Princess is herself 'walled about with diamonds,' an interpretation which Hart actually adopts. The 'lady walled about with diamonds' (v. G.), a common piece of jewelry at the period, is the Princess's 'fairing,' as is clear from Rosaline's 'along with that' in l. 5. It seems, also, that the Princess's speech was once longer, that ll. 1, 2, 4 stood as three consecutive lines in the original MS, that what followed was deleted, and that 'Look you, what I haue from the loving King' (incidentally an indifferent line of verse) was scribbled in the margin for insertion between ll. 2 and 4.

13. *ne'er* Q. 'neare' Cf. note 4. 1. 133.

15–17. *And so she died...ere she died* Q. prints this as prose. In the unrevised text, we suggest, the speech was of some length, detailing the full story; but this Shakespeare abridged in 1597, by cutting out a number of lines between ll. 14 and 15, and re-writing a passage between 'And so she died' and l. 18 in the margin. The awkward repetition of 'she died' in ll. 15 and 17 supports this hypothesis. For a possible historical origin of the story v. p. 129.

17. *might ha' been* Q. 'might a bin'

22. *You'll* (F.) Q. 'Yole'

26–7. *weigh* v. G.

28. *past cure...care* (Theobald) Q. 'paſt care...cure' Cf. *Son.* 147 'Past cure I am, now reason is past care.'

30. *Rosaline* (F.) Q. 'Raſaline'

40. *Much in the letters* etc. Cf. 4. 2. 159 (note) i.e. the writing is fair.

42. *text B* v. G.

43. *'Ware pencils, ho!* (Hanmer) Q. 'Ware penſalls,

How?' For 'how' = ho! v. Sh. Hand, p. 140, and for 'pencils' v. G. *Let me not die your debtor* i.e. 'I owe you one for that.'

44. *dominical* v. G. 45. *O's* v. G.

46–7. Q. prints:

Quee. A poxe of that ieſt, and I beſhrow all Shrowes.
But Katherine what was ſent to you
From faire Dumaine?

Note (i) the verse-lining is incorrect, which suggests marginal revision, and possibly abridgment; (ii) 'Katherine' (which Theobald omitted) seriously disturbs the metre. We therefore take 'Katherine' as a speech-heading, which in the cramped addition has crept into the dialogue. Our arrangement gives Katharine her reply to Rosaline, and the Princess a comment which puts both 'shrows' to silence.

53, 57. *Maria* Q. 'Marg.'—probably compositor's expansion of 'Mar.'

53. *pearls* (F.) Q. 'Pearle'

57. *these hands...part* 'Maria's words spring from having her "chain" in both hands, or twisted (perhaps) about them in a womanish wantonness' (Capell).

61. *in by th' week* v. G. 'week.'

65. *hests* (Knight) Q. 'deuice' F2 reads 'all to my behests' Knight's conjecture, since accepted by practically all edd., is undoubtedly correct. The Q. misprint probably arose from the 'correction' of some typographical accident at the end of the line. v. pp. 100–102.

66. *proud...proud* This has puzzled commentators, but v. G. for the second 'proud'

67. *planet-like* (Prof. G. C. Moore Smith: privately) Q. 'perttaunt like' Many suggestions, none satisfactory. 'Planit,' if misread 'ptaunt,' would become 'pertaunt' and might be set up as 'perttaunt' with

the idea that some combination of 'pert' and 'taunt' was intended. 'Planet-like' makes excellent sense; cf. 2 *Hen. VI*, 4. 4. 16 'hath this lovely face/Ruled, like a wandering planet, over me'; *M.N.D.* 1. 1. 194–95 'with what art/You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart'; *Rom.* 3. 1. 141 'I am fortune's fool.' For the sp. 'planit' cf. *Lear*, 1. 2. 136 'planitary.'

74. *wantonness* (F2) Q. 'wantons be' We must suppose that Shakespeare wrote 'wantones' (cf. Sh. Hand, p. 135), which the compositor took to be 'wantons' and that the 'be' was then added to make some kind of sense.

78. S.D. Q. 'Enter Boyet.'

80. *stabbed* (F.) Q. 'ſtable'—an easy misreading of 'stabbd' if the second *b* were written carelessly and the *d* too small. 89. *sycamore* (F.) Q. 'Siccamone'

93. *companions:* No colon in Q.

95. *overheard* (F.) Q. 'ouer hard' Cf. 4. 3. 127 (note).

96. *they* (F.) Q. 'thy'

120. *apparelled thus* Walker suggests that a line following this has been lost, both to supply a rhyme for l. 121 and to explain the abrupt 'apparelled thus.'

122. *parley, court* (Pope) Q. 'parlee, to court'

123. *love-suit* (Walker) Q. 'Loue-feat'—which is a very odd word not found elsewhere, while 'despite of suit' (l. 129) lends strong support to Walker's emendation. The misprint can be explained thus: 'ſuit' might be taken for 'fait' (by *a*:*u* confusion, v. T.I. p. xli), and 'fait' was a common 16th cent. spelling of 'feat.'

134. *too* (F.) Q. 'two'

139. *mockery-merriment* Most edd. follow F. 'mocking merriment' Cf. *Ric. II*, 4. 1. 260 'mockery-king.' The Princess's words are dramatically significant, cf. ll. 773–80, below.

145. *to't* Q. 'toot' 148. *her face* (F2) Q. 'his face'

152. *ne'er* (F2) Q. 'ere'

156. S.D. Q. 'Sound Trom.' F. 'Sound.'

157. S.D. Q. 'Enter Black-moores with muſicke, the Boy with a ſpeach, and the reſt of the Lordes diſguyſed.' It is noteworthy that there is no mention of the Russians in this S.D. and no mention of blackamoors in the dialogue. Possibly the S.D. dates from 1593. For the 'black-moores' cf. note 4. 3. 258–61. Charlton (*Mod. Lang. Rev.* xiii. 387–89) shows that special interest was being taken in Russian affairs about 1590–92, and Hart (Introd. pp. xxvii–xxviii) reminds us that a Russian masque was being given at Gray's Inn in Jan. 1594 (v. *Gesta Grayorum*, Mal. Soc. ed. pp. 43–7).

159. *Beauties no richer* etc. Q. gives the speech to 'Berow.' Theobald and most edd. since have assigned it to Boyet, seeing that it is Boyet 'that put Armado's page out of his part' (cf. l. 336, below). 'Boy.' or 'Bo.' in the MS might easily be misread 'Ber.' or 'Be.' (cf. note 4. 2. 135).

160–61. *A holy parcel...views* Q. prints as prose.

160. S.D. Q. 'The Ladyes turne their backes to him'—after l. 161.

163. *ever* (F.) Q. 'euen'

171. *epithet* Q. 'Epythat' Cf. 5. 1. 15 (note).

174. S.D. Q. gives no 'exit.'

175. Q. prints this in two half-lines; possibly the result of abridgment. Cf. *Meas.* 4. 6. 12 (note).

strangers (F.) Q. 'ſtranges'

176. *If they do speak our language* It was a common pretence with masquers that they could not speak English; cf. *Hen. VIII*, 1. 4. 65.

178. *princess* (F4) Q. 'Princes'—an important misprint, as showing that Shakespeare could spell 'princess' with one *s*. Cf. *Temp.* 1. 2. 175; *Ado*, 4. 1. 201 (notes).

202. *like savages* Cf. 4. 3. 218–21. Muscovites were of course savages to the Elizabethans.

203. *moon* because it shone with a borrowed light. *clouded* v. G. 'cloud.'

208. *requests* Shakespearian 2nd pers. sing. Cf. 5. 1. 62 (note). *moonshine in the water* v. G.

209. *change* v. G.

215. *Yet still...man.* This seems pointless and is followed by no rhyming line. Malone accordingly supposed that a line has been lost. v. next note.

216–17. *The music plays...vouchsafe it* Q. gives all this to 'Roſa.' and indents 'Our eares vouchsafe it' as if a speech-heading had once stood before these words. Theobald first redistributed the speeches as they appear in our text. We suggest (i) that the 'Roſa.' really belongs to Malone's 'missing line' (v. previous note), which in that case was a retort to the 'man in the moon' quip; (ii) that having set up 'Roſa.' the eye of the compositor carelessly travelled to the next line, which rightly belongs to the King, and thus the 'King' prefix got omitted; (iii) that the prefix 'Ro.' probably originally stood in the indented space before 'Our eares' etc., but was removed by the 'corrector' as superfluous, coming as it did immediately underneath 'Roſa.'

222. *More measure* etc. The King asks for a kiss. There were three motions before a dance: taking hands, curtsying and kissing; cf. *Temp.* 1. 2. 377–78. *this measure* (F.) Q. 'this meaſue'

224. *Price you* (Rowe) Q. 'Priſe you' Many edd. read 'Prize you' 226. *cannot* (F.) Q. 'cennot'

227. *Twice to your visor* etc. Cf. 2. 1. 121–22 'Now fair befall your mask' etc. There is some contemporary jest here, lost to us.

234–35. Q. divides 'Seuenth ſweete...cogg,/Ile...you.'

237. *Gall* v. G.

239–40. *Say you so...fair lady.* Q. prints this in one line. *Fair lord* We presume that this meant much what 'pretty gentleman' would mean to-day.

242, 244, 247, 248, 249, 253, 255. Q. gives these speeches to Maria. Rowe first assigned them to Katharine. Possibly the compositor having begun with 'Mar.' at l. 239 (which comes at the top of a Q. page) inadvertently continued; possibly the error was Shakespeare's.

242–46. *What, was your vizard...speechless vizard half* 'This deft passage-at-arms...is really witty. The vizard was...made of black velvet on a leather base, it covered the entire features and was kept in place by a tongue, or interior projection, grasped in the mouth' (Mr W. J. Lawrence, letter in the *Times Literary Supplement*, June 7, 1923).

247. *Veal* i.e. 'excellent!' The 'Dutchman' pronounces 'well' thus, but Katharine is quibbling on 'veil' (= mask) of which 'veal' was a common 16th c. spelling and also upon Longaville's name. Her last word was 'long' and she now adds 'veal', thus exhibiting her 'double tongue' and affording the 'speechless vizard' the other half he speaks of.

249. *I'll not be your half* Another quibble; half the word 'calf' is 'ca' which are the first two letters of Catharine, and 'half' means 'wife.' Cf. *Jul. Caes.* I. 1. 274.

250. *ox* v. G. 257. *invisible*, Q. 'inuiſible:'

258. *seen:* Q. 'ſeene,' 259. *sense:* Q. 'ſence'

261. *bullets* 'probably a prior word of the poet's, changed for "arrows," left with it in his copy, and so printed together' (Capell). This seems very likely.

264. S.D. Q. 'Exe.'

268. *Well-liking...fat* i.e. well-liking as cattle ('breed') and fat as 'tapers.'

269. *kingly-poor flout* The Princess reverses Rosaline's quip: their wit shows poverty not fatness; it is king-ly-poor not well-ly-king.

273. *O, they were* (F2) Q. 'They were' Q. prefixes 'Roſa.' to the line, which suggests that the 'o' has here become absorbed in the prefix. For the reverse process v. note 2. 1. 211.

279. *perhaps* (F.) Q. 'perhapt'

297. *vailing* (F.) Q. 'varling' v. G.

302. *here* Q. 'heare' v. Sh. Hand, p. 138.

309. *run o'er the land* (F3) Q. 'runs ore land'

S.D. Q. 'Exeunt.'/'Enter the King and the reſt.'

310–12. Q. reads 'wher's' for 'where is', thus reducing l. 310 to prose, and prints ll. 311–12 continuously as prose. The passage was, almost without doubt, written hastily in the margin at the time of revision, and was probably a piece of patchwork at a join in the text.

314. S.D. Q. 'Exit.'

317. *wares* Q. 'wares:' 318. *fairs:* Q. 'Faires,'

321. *pins the wenches* etc. v. G. 'pin.'

323. *too* (F.) Q. 'to'

336. *Armado's* Q. 'Armathoes' v. p. 132.

S.D. Q. 'Enter the Ladies.'

338. *this man* (Theobald) Q. 'this mad man' The 'mad', which is metrically awkward and dramatically pointless, can be readily explained as due to the compositor's eye catching the first syllable of 'madam' which in the MS would come just below the word 'man.'

341. *Conſtrue...ſpeeches* Q. 'Conſture...ſpaches' A Shakespearian spelling, followed by a misprint.

352. *unsullied* (F2) Q. 'vnſallied'—an *a*:*u* misprint, v. T.I. p. xli, and Sh. Hand, p. 118.

373. *my gentle sweet* (Malone) Q. 'gentle ſweete' F2 'fair gentle ſweet', which most edd. follow; but after

'me' 'my' is a much more likely word to have been omitted.

374. *wit* (F2) Q. 'wits' *foolish:* Q. 'foolifh'

375. *With* Q. 'Wtih'

380. *fool...full* a quibble; Rosaline repeats it at l. 384, 'the fool' being a pun upon 'thee full.'

389. *We were* (Q.) Most edd. follow F. 'We are'

407. *affectation* (Rowe) Q. 'affection' Rowe's reading makes a better rhyme with 'ostentation' and has been adopted by most edd. Malone objected that as 'affection' has already been used for 'affectation' at 5. 1. 4 it might be here; but the 'affection' at 5. 1. 4 is itself an affectation, and elsewhere Shakespeare always distinguished between the two words in the modern fashion.

419. '*Lord have mercy on us*' The warning inscription upon the door of a plague-stricken house, or pinned upon the winding-sheet of the dead body passing to burial. Hart notes 'As applied to the pestilence the benediction seems unknown earlier than the 1592–3 visitation'; Charlton (*Mod. Lang. Rev.* xiii. pp. 389–91) argues that the reference is too frolicsome to have been penned in 1593 when the plague was at its worst; but cf. the 'First Day' of the *Decameron.*

423. *the Lord's tokens* v. G. 'Lord's tokens.' A quibble, of course, upon the 'favours' or 'fairings' given by the lords to their ladies.

424–27. v. G. 'free,' 'state,' 'sue,' 'undo.'

428. *have to do with* v. G. 434. *well advised* v. G.

439–40. *Peace...forswear* Q. prints as prose.

440. *force* v. G.

459. *Neither of either* A current phrase of the time. Hart quotes *Yorkshire Tragedy*, sc. i. 'Neither of either, as the Puritan bawd says.'

462. *like* (F.) Q. 'lik' *a Christmas comedy* No one has attempted to explain this, but it would seem that the 'dashing' (by the spectators) was a recognised part of the fun at impromptu festival plays and masques; cf. the treatment of Quince's company in *M.N.D.*, of Holofernes' company in this play, and the story of the 'Night of Errors' at Gray's Inn, Dec. 28, 1594.

463. *zany* (F.) Q. 'ſaine'—probably a misprint for 'ſainie.'

465. *smiles his cheek in years*, i.e. laughs his face into wrinkles. Cf. *Merch.* 1. 1. 80 'With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come'; *Tw. Nt.* 3. 2. 79 'He does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map.'

474. *by th' square* Q. 'by'th ſquier' v. G. 'square.'

475. *laugh upon the apple of her eye* i.e. jest very intimately with her.

478. *allowed* (F.) Q. 'aloude' v. G.

482. *manage* (Theobald) Q. 'nuage' F. 'manager' v. G.

483. S.D. Q. 'Enter Clowne.'

484. *Welcome* etc. Q. begins this line with a fresh prefix 'Ber.' and prints 'partſt' for 'partest'. Note also that Costard's speech commences with a short line. All these things point to a join in the text. Cf. note ll. 310–12.

490–1. *You cannot beg...thrice, sir* Q. prints this as prose. v. G. 'beg.'

491. *three times thrice...Is not nine.* Cf. ll. 530–39, where Armado's paper reckons the five worthies as four, and 1. 2. 40, 53 (notes). It is obvious that the learned men could not reckon. Cf. p. xxxi note.

500. *they say* (F.) Q. 'thy ſay'

501. *Pompion* = pumpkin. v. G. Costard gets the name right at l. 504.

507. S.D. Q. 'Exit.'

513. *doth least* (F.) Q. 'doth beft' The compositor appears to have set up 'best' for 'lest' by attraction with the 'best' earlier in the line.

514–17. *Where zeal...their birth* Cf. *M.N.D.* 5. 1. 89–105, where Theseus develops exactly the same argument, at greater length. '"Contents" is the subject matter of the play, used with a singular verb (dies) and referred to by "it", the object of "presents", "that" being the player' (Charlton). Many edd. take 'contents' as meaning 'contentment'; but 'contentment dies' would be exactly the reverse of what the Princess evidently intends to say.

518. S.D. Q. 'Enter Bragart.'

528. *fortuna de la guerra* (Theobald) Q. 'Fortuna delaguar' v. G.

529. S.D. Q. 'Exit.' F. omits.

535–36. *And if these four...other five* Q. prints as prose. In view of 5. 1. 122–25 (v. note) it is significant that the list of the Worthies, here given for the first time, has apparently been substituted for a previous list in verse of the same character as these two lines. Similarly the catalogue at ll. 539–40 'The pedant, the braggart,' etc., is a prose-patch followed by verse in the same speech.

543. S.D. Q. 'Enter Pompey.' Capell reads 'Seats brought forth.' Staunton writes, 'We must suppose that, on his entrance, Costard prostrates himself before the Court; hence Boyet's joke.'

544. *You lie* etc. F2 gives this to Boyet, and all edd. have followed. We see no reason why Berowne should be robbed.

545. *With libbard's head on knee* Theobald quotes Cotgrave, '*Masquine* The representation of a Lyon's head, etc. upon the elbow or knee of some old-fashioned garments.' Berowne's delight at Boyet's jest shows that

it had some point now lost to us. Costard is again connected with heraldry at ll. 573–75. v. G. 'libbard.'

558. S.D. Q. 'Enter Curate for Alexander.'

562. *nose...stands too right* 'It should be remembered, to relish this joke, that the head of Alexander was obliquely placed upon his shoulders' (Steevens).

563. *Your nose smells...knight* This jest turns upon Alexander's reputation for possessing skin and breath of 'a marvellous good savour' (North's *Plutarch*). Boyet is, of course, the 'tender-smelling knight' whose nose detects the difference between Nathaniel and Alexander. *in this* (F.) Q. 'in his'

569. *conqueror* Q. 'Conqueronr'

573–75. *Your lion...Ajax.* 'The fourth (Worthy) was Alexander, the which did beare Geules, a Lion or, seiante in a chayer, holding a battle-axe argent' (Legh, *Accedens of Armourye*, 1563, repub. 1591). Costard is obviously parodying this description. v. G. 'Ajax.'

576. S.D. Q. 'Exit Curat.' after l. 582.

579. *dashed* Cf. note l. 462, above.

583. S.D. Q. 'Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.'

584–87. v. Introd. p. xxiii.

585. *Canis* (Rowe) Q. 'canus' The 'false Latin' is perhaps deliberate since the word rhymes with 'manus.' Cf. 4. 2. 98, 105, 126 (notes).

590. S.D. Q. 'Exit Boy.'

596. *A kissing traitor* Berowne quibbles upon 'clip' = kiss, in connexion with Iscariot. *proved* Q. 'proud' F. 'prou'd'

603–604. *hanged on an elder* An ancient tradition. Dyce quotes Mandeville, 'And faste by is zit the Tree of Eldre, that Judas henge him selfe upon.'

604. *elder* (F.) Q. 'Flder' Cf. note 1. 2. 102.

623. *wert* (F.) Q. 'weart' *a lion* We suppose that Holofernes wears a lion's skin as part of his accoutrement. Cf. the reference to 'the ass' l. 627.

627. *Jud-as* Q. 'Iudas' F. 'Iud-as'

629. *A light...stumble* We suggest that these words may refer to some Judas legend, familiar to Shakespeare's age through the miracle-plays; or possibly 'stumble' is merely a jesting hint at the hanging to follow.

S.D. Q. gives no 'exit.'

630. S.D. Q. 'Enter Braggart.'

633. *come home by me* i.e. come home to me. It is not clear why Dumaine makes this remark. And why does Berowne apparently address him as Achilles?

635. *Troyan* v. G. 637. *clean-timbered* v. G.

638. *Hector's* F. 'Hector'

642–43. *He's a god...faces* proverbial.

646. *gilt nutmeg* (F.) Q. 'gift Nutmegg' v. G.

659. *Hector's a greyhound.* Commentators discover that Hector was a common name for a hound, but this does not explain Dumaine's jest. Possibly it is one more reference to Armado's lankiness of figure. Cf. 'clean-timbered,' l. 637.

664. S.D. Q. 'Berowne ſteps forth.' Capell reads 'Biron steps to Costard and whispers him.' Mod. edd. omit the S.D. altogether, although Berowne's exit is not only natural but even necessary as a preliminary to Costard's sudden intervention at l. 670.

670. *The party is gone* Most edd. give this to Costard, but it is printed in italics by Q. just under Armado's speech which is also in italics, so that it is more likely to belong to the latter. If so the reference may be to Berowne who has stepped forth. Does Armado call Berowne 'Hannibal', as Berowne seems to call Dumaine 'Achilles'? N.B. Q. gives no entry for Costard.

687. *them on! stir* (Rowe) Q. 'them or ſtir'

690. *than will* v. p. 101.

692–93. *fight with a pole, like a northren man* Hart detects a reference here to border robbers of whose 'excessive staves' Harrison speaks in his *Description of England*, 1587.

698. *take you a button-hole lower* Moth offers to help Armado off with his doublet, but uses a phrase which means 'to take down a peg,' as we should say.

708. *go woolward for penance* Jests upon gentlemen who, having but one shirt, had 'to go woolward' while it was a-washing, were common at this period.

709. *True* etc. Q. heads this speech with the ambiguous 'Boy.' which may mean either Boyet or Moth. We agree with Capell and Malone that it is more suited to the latter.

712. S.D. Q. 'Enter a Meſſenger Mounſier Marcade.' The fact that this messenger is given a name, though he only speaks three lines, is significant. Even more significant is it that when the name is done into French, the lines that follow his entry, which are printed as prose in Q., are seen to be verse. We believe M. Mercadé to be a relic of the pre-Shakespearian play, v. pp. 128–30.

713–14. *Welcome...merriment* Q. prints as prose. We are probably at a join in the text here.

720–21. *I have seen the day...like a soldier* i.e. I have seen the danger from Costard and have avoided it with a little discretion, which is the better part of valour, as a soldier would say.

721. S.D. Q. 'Exeunt Worthys.'

733. *nimble tongue* (Theobald) Q. 'humble tongue' Probably the compositor took 'nimble' for 'umble', a common 16th cent. spelling, v. N.E.D. 'humble.'

736. *The extreme parts* Q. 'The extreame partes' Much annotated, and clearly corrupt. Before 'forms', 'his speed', 'his very loose' a singular noun is required. We suggest *pulse* (16th cent. spelling 'pouls') for 'parts', which is palaeographically easy and suits the context well. For 'at his very loose' v. G. 'loose.'

746. *wholesome* (F.) Q. 'holdſome'

748. *double* Capell suggests 'deaf', Dyce 'dull' etc. Of these 'dull' (spelling 'dulle') might be misread 'double' (spelling 'duble'), and is attractive. But perhaps the Princess is merely polite: the news has robbed her of both father and new-found friend.

750. *bodges* Q. 'badges'—which seems pointless. But 'bodges' (= phrases of clumsy workmanship) gives the sense needed, and incidentally introduces an appropriate note of apology for breaking in upon the King's speech. The word is found in Lyly, *Pappe with a Hatchett*, 'I know a foole that shall so inkhornize you with straunge phrases, that you shall blush at your own bodges' (Bond, iii. 402).

759. *strange* (Capell) Q. 'ſtraying' Clark and Wright note that the spelling 'straing' for 'strange' occurs at l. 303, *Lover's Complaint*, and also in Lyly's *Euphues* (v. Bond, i. 252). It was, we think, almost without doubt a Shakespearian spelling, v. Sh. Hand, pp. 127–28. The misprint 'straying' for 'straing' or 'strayng' would be most likely. Moreover to speak of the eye as 'full of straying shapes' is ludicrous; it is not the shape that strays but the eye itself. Cf. *M.N.D.* 5. 1. 12–17, which must surely have been written much about the same time.

764. *misbecomed* Q. 'miſbecombd'

774. *the ambassadors* (F.) Q. 'embaſſadours'

778. *this in our* (Hanmer) Q. 'this our'

785. *world-without-end* Cf. 'world-without-end hour' *Son.* 57.

787. *dear* v. G. *guiltiness;* Q. 'guiltines,'

797. *weeds* v. G.

798. *love,* Q. 'Loue:' 799. *love:* Q. 'Loue,'

801. *challenge me, challenge* (Hanmer) Q. 'challenge me, challenge me'

803. *instant* (F.) Q. 'inſtance' Cf. 5. 1. 116 (note) and Sh. Hand, p. 124.

808. *intitled* (F.) Q. 'intiled'

812. *hermit* (Prof. A. W. Pollard, v. *Library*, Oct. 1917, p. 370). Q. 'herrite' F. 'euer'—an obvious makeshift, v. pp. 190–91. We have had two *n*:*r* misprints already in this scene (v. notes 5. 2. 89, 163), and for an *m*:*r* misprint cf. *Ham.* 5. 1. 109, 'madde' for 'rude.'

813–18. *And what to me* etc. v. pp. 108–109.

814. *purgéd too, your sins are racked* (F.) Q. 'purged to, your ſinnes are rackt' Edd. explain 'racked', not satisfactorily, as 'extended to the top of their bent' (Malone) and quote *Merch.* 1. 1. 191 'my credit...shall be racked to the uttermost,' which is a very different context. We suggest that the compositor printed 'to' for 'till' (a common type of error) and that the line should read 'You must be purgéd till your sins are racked.' The word 'attaint' in the next line seems to make the connexion between 'rack' and torture certain. Rosaline has 'purgatory' in mind.

820. *A wife?* Q. prints this as part of Katharine's rejoinder. Clark and Wright first restored it to Dumaine.

834. *eye,* Q. 'eye:' 835. *there:* Q. 'there,'

841. *estates* (F.) Q. 'eſtetes' v. G.

842. *wit* Q. 'wi:' 853. *agony* v. G.

873. *an' a day* So Q.

874. S.D. Q. 'Enter Braggart.'

878–80. *I will kiss...year* Q. prints this as verse and the rest of the speech as prose. N.B. Armado does not, as a matter of fact, 'take leave,' but introduces the 'antic' he refers to at 5. 1. 142, the 'pageant' having failed altogether to 'fadge.' The inference is that we have here a verse-speech revised in prose and that both 'antic' and songs were added in 1597.

886. S.D. Q. 'Enter all.' That is all the players not already on the stage. Why are they brought on? Clearly, we think, to perform the 'antic,' which probably consisted of a dance as well as the two songs.

887. *This side is Hiems* etc. Q. prints a new speech-heading 'Brag.' here. Armado is stage-manager of the 'antic' and his words show that it involved a large number of persons, who needed careful handling on the stage, a point which the F. emphasises even more strongly (v. pp. 186–87). Possibly the words were added after the need for them was discovered in rehearsal. If so, this would account for the double prefix. But Q. prints even a third prefix, 'B.' before 'Ver begin.' We explain this on the hypothesis that the songs were written on a separate sheet of paper, perhaps for the benefit of the musicians, and was headed with the cue '*B.* Ver begin.'

888. *maintained* i.e. defended. The two birds hold a dialogue or dispute in the mediaeval fashion.

890–907. Q. heads this 'The Song.' After the solemn announcement of 'the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled' these songs burst upon us with exquisitely ludicrous effect. The punctuation is beautifully expressive, and is undoubtedly Shakespeare's. [Cf. pp. 32–8 Richmond Noble, *Shakespeare's Use of Song*, Oxford, 1923, a book which unfortunately came to our hands too late to make use of in this volume.]

891–92. Q. transposes these lines; we suppose that the compositor's eye caught the wrong 'And' first. Theobald first rectified the error.

908. Q. heads the Owl's song 'Winter.'

909. *blows his nail* v. G. 'nail.'

910. *Tom* Q. 'Thom.' Cf. p. xxiii.

912. *foul* (F.) Q. 'full' probably a misprint for 'foull'

926–27. *The words of Mercury* etc. Q. prints this sentence without speech-heading and in larger type than the rest of the text. We follow suit, since the compositor would hardly have troubled to take out a fresh case of type unless he had a strong leading in his 'copy.' No one has explained the sentence hitherto; and we make no attempt, beyond suggesting that words, written in a large hand at the end of Shakespeare's manuscript, may conceivably have been a comment on the play by someone to whom he had lent it for perusal. F. gives the words to Armado and adds 'You that way; we this way,' v. pp. 97, 186–87.

At the end of his edition of *Love's Labour's Lost* Theobald wrote: 'I have now done with this Play, which in the main may be call'd a very bad one: and I have found it so very troublesome in the corruptions, that, I think, I may conclude with the old religious editors, *Deo gratias!*' Without in any way subscribing to his strictures upon Shakespeare's art, we cordially echo his prayer of thanksgiving.

A NOTE ON THE FOLIO TEXT

It is certain that the compositors in 1623 used a copy of the Quarto in setting up the text of *Love's Labour's Lost*. The two texts contain some 59 common misprints, and one of these can be proved to have originated in the printing-house of William White. The looseness of type which we found to be the distinguishing feature of the Quarto (v. pp. 100–102) has affected the word 'venewe' at 5. 1. 56, so that it appears as 'vene we.' When therefore the same error crops up in the Folio, it becomes obvious that the compositors of that text had a copy of the Quarto before them as they worked, and that they read the split 'venewe' as two separate words.

Though the Folio text was printed from a copy of the Quarto, it contains a large number of variants, which may be thus classified: (i) two deliberate additions, viz. of the word 'Song' to the stage-direction at the head of 3. 1., and of the words 'You that way; we this way,' which are placed in the mouth of Armado at the very end of the play; (ii) a quantity of changes in the speech-headings, most of which are clearly deliberate and not misprints; (iii) some 250 dialogue-variants, many of them incorrect or trivial in character, many obvious press-corrections, but also some definite and intelligent improvements. Changes belonging to (i) and (ii) are clearly beyond the scope of a compositor, and must be due to alteration by some agent outside the printing-house. In other words, they must be either literary or theatrical in purpose. Nor, we think, is it difficult to decide which of these two categories they belong to, since while apparently far too casual for a literary editor they can be readily explained as the haphazard jottings of someone reading through the text in preparation for theatrical performance, e.g. in order to make out fresh players' parts and a 'plot.' In any event, the two additions are, we think, particularly suggestive of theatrical influence. The 'Song' at the head of 3. 1. is patently a sign-post insertion by prompter or stage-manager—songs being important events in the world of the tiring-house, since they demanded special arrangements. The addition at the end of Act 5, on

the other hand, is virtually a fresh stage-direction, inserted we presume in order to secure an effective and orderly exit for the whole cast, which was then on the stage (cf. note 5. 2. 887). Assuming, then, that the deliberate alterations in the Folio were made for performance and not for publication, we have next to ask whether they are likely to have been made at Shakespeare's instigation or with his approval. A consideration of the changes in speech-headings will provide us with an answer to this question.

The following is a complete list of the speech-headings in which F. differs from Q., the F. readings being given first: 1. 1. 289 *Clo.*<*Col.*, 290, 294 *Kin.*<*Fer.*; 1. 2. 1 *Arma.*<*Armado*, but for the rest of the scene *Brag.* or *Br.*<*Arma.*, *Arm.*, or *Ar.*; 2. 1. 21 *Prin.* (prefixed), 80 *Ma.*<*Lord.*, 89 om. *Bo.*, 114, 115, 117, 119, 120, 122, 124 *Rosa.*<*Kath.*, 126, 155, 160, 164 *Kin.*<*Ferd.*, 176 *Kin.*<*Na.*, 177, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189 *Boy.*<*Ber.* [N.B. *Ber.* at 191], 179, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190 *La. Ro.*<*Ros.*, 217 *La. Ma.*<*Lady Ka.*, 249 *Bro.*<*Bo.*, 252 *Lad. Ro.*<*Lad.*, 253 *Lad. Ma.*<*Lad.* 2., 254 *Lad.* 2.<*Lad.* 3., 255 *Lad.* 1.<*Lad.*, 256 *Lad.* 2. <*Lad.*; 3. 1. 60 *Brad.*<*Brag.*; 4. 2. 144 *Per.*<*Ped.*; 5. 2. 53, 57 *Mar.*<*Marg.*, 887 om. *Brag.*, 889 om. *B.*

With the exception of corrections like *Clo.*<*Col.*, *Mar.*<*Marg.*, om. *Bo.*, *Brag.*, and *B.*, the slips *Bro.*<*Bo.*, *Brad.*<*Brag.*, and the miscorrection *Per.*<*Ped.*, the foregoing alterations were clearly made in the playhouse, and made, we think, by someone whose interest was rather in the players' parts than in the prompt-book. His attention, it will be noticed, was almost wholly confined to 2. 1., the scene which contains the Rosaline-Katharine tangle that has puzzled all the editors and would naturally puzzle one engaged in making out players' parts. We have already discussed the origin of this confusion (v. pp. 117–25); and it is not difficult to see from the Folio how the prompter, as we may call him, set to work in an attempt to render actable a scene which could not be acted if he followed the Quarto text before him. Knowing that Rosaline was the name of Berowne's lady, he first of all felt it necessary to change *Kath.* to *Rosa.* in ll. 113–25, in order to render the dialogue intelligible. He then read on, altering *Ferd.* or *Na.* into *Kin.* as he proceeded by way of securing uni-

formity with the title of the 'part,' until he came to l. 177, where he was perplexed to discover a second dialogue between Berowne and Rosaline, which after Berowne's rebuff at l. 125 seemed both superfluous and absurd. But *Bo.* might easily be misread by a printer as *Be.*; the conversation would suit Boyet and Rosaline well enough; and indeed Dumaine's question to Boyet immediately after and the latter's reply appeared to make it certain that Boyet and Rosaline had been speaking. Accordingly the prompter changed *Ber.* to *Boy.* (somewhat carelessly since he left the last '*Ber.*' standing), and inserted *La.* before *Rof.* by way of confirming his faith in that lady's identity. Finally, looking on to see whether the confusion had affected the rest of the scene, he casually made one or two alterations, none of them serious and all, be it noted, affecting the ladies upon whom his attention was mainly concentrated. This finished the scene; but the last fifteen lines of 2. 1. in the Quarto come at the top of a page, so that in reading these he would have sig. C3v and C4r, containing the first sixty-three lines of 3. 1. open before him, in which Armado's speeches are all headed *Brag.* Possibly it was this fact which induced him to turn back to 1. 2. and alter the *Arm.* prefixes throughout that scene. Anyhow, he certainly did alter them, and even glanced for a moment into 1. 1. where two of the *Fer.* prefixes towards the end of the scene and on the same page in the Quarto as the beginning of 1. 2., happened to catch his eye. Two other prefixes that attracted his notice were (i) the irregular *Queene* at the beginning of 2. 1., against which apparently he scrawled the more correct *Prin.*, but so carelessly that the F. compositor took it for a second speaker and attached it to l. 21, near which it probably stood in the margin, and (ii) the 'Lord.' heading at l. 80 which he altered to 'Ma.' in order to save a speaking part. This, however, marks the limit of his interference. He takes no notice of the *Arm.* prefixes on sig. C4 v and D1 r, and remarkably enough he ignores completely the Holofernes-Nathaniel confusion in 4. 2., for the single change *Per.* < *Ped.* may be set down to the compositor. It was the Rosaline-Katharine business in 2. 1. that first set him off redistributing the speeches in the Quarto, and the other changes only occur because they happen to be in the neighbourhood of that scene.

If the foregoing be anything like a true explanation of the speech-heading variants in the Folio, it follows that Shakespeare can have had no part whatever in these changes. For had he been consulted, a solution of the confusion in 2. 1. must have been found very different from the clumsy, though actable, version that the Folio gives us. We may take it as certain, therefore, that he was not consulted, and the probability is that the changes were made for some performance when he was not present to explain his own text.

Since Shakespeare can in no way be held responsible for the changes in stage-directions and speech-headings, it is in the highest degree unlikely that he had anything to do with the 254 dialogue-variants, striking as some of these may be. We are, therefore, relieved of the necessity of printing a list of them; and, for the rest, most are very much of the same type as the dialogue-variants in *Much Ado* (F.) which we gave in full. That this is so will appear from the following analysis, showing the various heads under which they fall:

(i) *incorrect or trivial changes*: (*a*) spellings 24, (*b*) word-substitutions 64, (*c*) inversions 5, (*d*) additions 4, (*e*) omissions 17, (*f*) miscorrections of misprints 8, (*g*) literals 15. *Total* 137.

(ii) *changes for the better*: (*a*) missing letters supplied 31, (*b*) turned or transposed letters corrected 9, (*c*) wrong letters corrected 23, (*d*) addition or omission of small words 6, (*e*) spelling-changes 34, (*f*) miscellaneous corrections 14. *Total* 117.

Thus, though the Folio corrects the Quarto in 117 instances, it leaves 59 corruptions untouched and adds no less than 137 fresh corruptions on its own account. In other words, Jaggard's compositors were responsible for introducing one new error into every 20·3 lines of *Love's Labour's Lost* (F.), as they had been for one new error in every 21·5 lines of *Much Ado* (F.). For it is, of course, obvious that the vast bulk of the 254 changes either for better or worse must have originated in the printing-house. And it will be noted that of the 117 improvements a large proportion are corrections of missing, transposed or wrong letters. Jaggard's men, indeed, would very quickly have discovered the principal typographical maladies of the Quarto. Thus corrections like pompe <pome (1. 1. 31), Importunes <Importuous (2. 1. 32), vnpeopled <vnpeeled (2. 1. 88), plaine

<pline (3. 1. 72), ounce<ouce (3. 1. 134), importunate <importunt (5. 1. 97), vailing<varling (5. 2. 297), gilt <gift (5. 2. 646), are none of them necessarily beyond the scope of a compositor with an intelligent appreciation of his predecessor's shortcomings in 1598. The possibility must also be entertained that the copy of the Quarto used in 1623 was a more perfect specimen than any that has come down to us (cf. p. 102); and if so some of the F. corrections, as they seem, such as 'vnpeopled' or 'gilt', may be derived from the Quarto itself.

Nevertheless, when all is said, there are certain Folio readings which can only be explained on the hypothesis that the dialogue of the Quarto had been deliberately altered in places by someone before it reached the hands of Jaggard's compositors. No compositor, for instance, would have changed 'Clymbe ore the houſe to vnlocke the little gate' (Q.) into 'That were to clymbe ore the houſe to vnlocke the gate' (F.), which occurs at 1. 1. 109. Other variants which seem to us to demand the interposition of some agency external to the printing-house are: 2. 1. 44 parts <peerelſſe, 5. 2. 80 ſtab'd<ſtable, 316 Ioue<God, 463 Zanie<ſaine, 482 manager<nuage, 513 leaſt<beſt, 812 euer<herrite. Now if we examine these eight readings we find that while some are definite improvements, others are clumsy attempts to correct Quarto misprints or something which the corrector takes to be misprints. For example, 'herrite' is of course nonsense, but the Folio 'euer' is clearly a makeshift and cannot possibly be credited with Shakespearian authority. In short, some of the Folio variants must be assigned to the playhouse scribe who is responsible for the changes in speech-headings and stage-directions already referred to. His pen, we may observe, is as ever casual and haphazard in its operation. The Quarto of 1598 contains 21 instances of the word 'God'; King James considered the use of this word on the stage as irreverent; but in the Folio text 'God' is only once altered to 'Ioue' in deference to the statute against profanity, though we may suspect that the other twenty instances were changed in the players' parts. For, incidentally, this single alteration indicates that the performance for which the Quarto was re-read by the prompter took place after the death of Elizabeth.

Three possible explanations, therefore, may be given for any particular dialogue-variant in the Folio text which seems to furnish a better reading than the Quarto: (i) that the Folio compositors, appreciating the true character of the Quarto's defects, themselves made the correction, (ii) that they used a better copy of the Quarto than has survived, (iii) that the alteration was made by the prompter or some theatrical scribe entrusted with the task of making out the players' parts for a performance with which Shakespeare had nothing to do. We submit that these three explanations are sufficient to meet all the needs of the situation.

THE STAGE-HISTORY OF *LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST*

In Act IV, Scene iii of *Love's Labour's Lost* Berowne makes a great speech about women's eyes, which includes (in both drafts) the lines:

> From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
> They sparkle still the right Promethean fire—
> They are the books, the arts, the academes,
> That show, contain, and nourish all the world.

In *St Peter's Complaint*, stanzas LVI and LVII, Robert Southwell wrote:

> O sacred eyes! the springs of liuing light,
> The earthly heauens where angels ioy to dwell....
> Sweet volumes, stoard with learning fit for saints,
> Where bliss'full quires imparadize their minds;
> Wherein eternall studie neuer faints
> Still finding all, yet seeking all it finds:
> How endlesse is your labyrinth of blisse,
> Where to be lost the sweetest finding is.

The parallel between Southwell's thought and Shakespeare's in the lines quoted and in Berowne's whole speech has been made the ground of a suggestion that Southwell had seen *Love's Labour's Lost*. If so, a version of the play must have been acted in or before the middle of 1592 when Southwell was imprisoned, never to be released.

The scanty stage-history of the play begins five years later, and then not free of question. The title-page of the first quarto, 1598, says: 'As it was presented before her Highnes this last Christmas.' If the quarto was published in the first three months of what we should call 1599 (and there is no entry in the Stationers' Register to guide us), then 'this last Christmas' would mean the Christmas of 1598. The Christmas of 1597 is the

more likely date, because the play is mentioned in two books published in 1598: Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, and Robert Tofte's *Alba. The Months Minde of a Melancholy Louer*[1].

In 1604, after the accession of King James I, Sir Walter Cope, chamberlain of the exchequer, writes to Lord Cranborne, secretary of state:

> Sir, I have sent and bene all thys morning huntyng for players Juglers and Such kinde of Creaturs, but fynde them harde to finde, wherfore Leavinge notes for them to seeke me, burbage ys come, and Sayes ther ys no new playe that the quene hath not seene, but they have Revysed an olde one, Cawled Loves Labore lost, which for wytt and mirthe he says will please her excedingly. And Thys ys apointed to be playd to Morowe night at my Lord of Sowthamptons, unless yow send a wrytt to Remove the Corpus Cum Causa to your howse in strande. Burbage ys my messenger Ready attendyng your pleasure. Yours most humbly,
>
> WALTER COPE.

In 1631, the title-page of the second edition of the quarto has: 'As it was Acted by his Maiesties Seruants at the Blacke-Friers and the Globe.'

Then the play disappears from the stage for two centuries. A very bad adaptation, called *The Students*, was printed in 1762, but there is no record of its being acted; and the theatre knew no more of *Love's Labour's Lost* until September 30, 1839, when it was staged by Charles James Mathews and Madame Vestris at the beginning of their management of Covent Garden Theatre. Madame Vestris played Rosaline; Mrs Nisbett, the Princess of France; Anderson, Berowne; Cooper, the King. There was some little rearrangement of scenes and some adroit compression, especially in the parts of Don Adriano (played by Harley), Costard (Keeley), Moth (Miss Lee) and Jaquenetta (Mrs Humby). The mounting was much admired; but the first night was

[1] v. *Introduction*, pp. xi–xii.

the occasion of a riot, because the new management had closed the shilling gallery, and the play had only nine performances.

Samuel Phelps staged the comedy at Sadler's Wells on September 30, 1857, playing Don Adriano himself and giving Berowne to Henry Marston, the Princess to Mrs Charles Young, and Rosaline to Miss Fitzpatrick. His prompt-book, lent by his old friend William Creswick, seems to have been used at Stratford-upon-Avon, when *Love's Labour's Lost* was first staged at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in 1885, in celebration of Shakespeare's birthday on April 23, and on the two following days. The company included Miss Annie Alleyn as Rosaline, Miss Soulby as the Princess, G. W. Rouse as the King, and Felix Pitt as Berowne. In 1907 the comedy was again chosen for the 'birthday play' at Stratford-upon-Avon, and acted by the Benson company, with F. R. Benson as Berowne, Mrs Benson as Rosaline, and George R. Weir as Costard. It is in the repertory of the Royal Victoria Hall, where it was played in the spring of 1918; and it was staged by Augustin Daly in New York, in 1874, with a cast that included Ada Dyas, Fanny Davenport and Davidge, and again in 1891, with the younger John Drew as the King, George Clark as Berowne, and Ada Rehan as the Princess.

HAROLD CHILD.

GLOSSARY

Note. Where a pun or quibble is intended, the meanings are distinguished as (*a*) and (*b*)

ABATE, omit, except; 5. 2. 541

ACADEME, a philosophical school or association of students (a not unusual Elizabethan form of 'academy'); 1. 1. 13; 4. 3. 299, 349

AD UNGUEM, at the fingers' ends (lit. 'to the nail'); 5. 1. 74–7

AFFECT (sb.), passion, desire; 1. 1. 151

AFFECTED, (*a*) in love, (*b*) attacked by disease (v. N.E.D. 'affected' III. 1); 2. 1. 230

AFFECTION, affectation; 5. 1. 4

AGATE. Figures were cut in agates for seals (cf. *Ado*, 3. 1. 65); 2. 1. 234

AGONY, the agony of death, the death-throes; 5. 2. 853

AJAX, (i) 'kills sheep' in reference to the slaughter of a flock of sheep by Ajax in his madness; 4. 3. 7. (ii) a quibble upon 'a jakes,' a stock jest of the age; 5. 2. 575

ALLOWED, permitted the privileges of a fool (cf. *Tw. Nt.* 1. 2. 59; 1. 5. 101); 5. 2. 478

ALLUSION, jest, allegory, riddle (v. *exchange*); 4. 2. 42

ALMS-BASKET, a basket in which broken meats from the table of the wealthy were collected for distribution among the poor. Thus 'to live on the alms-basket'=to live upon public charity (N.E.D.); 5. 1. 38

ANTIC, a grotesque pageant, or masque; 5. 1. 109, 142

APITHETON, Armado's form of 'epithet'; 1. 2. 14

APOSTROPHUS, the sign (') indicating the omission of one or more letters (v. note); 4. 2. 126

ARGUMENT, (i) proof; 1. 2. 163. (ii) theme; 5. 2. 743

ARGUS. Argus of the hundred eyes was set by Juno as guard over Io to prevent Jupiter making love to her; 3. 1. 198

ARMIPOTENT, mighty in arms (a conventional epithet of Mars; cf. Chaucer, *Knight's Tale*, 1124); 5. 2. 644, 651

ART, learning, science, magic, the skill or power which learning etc. bestows; 1. 1. 14; 4. 2. 117; 4. 3. 321, 349

ARTERIES, 'the nimble spirits in the arteries,' a reference to the old medical notion that the arteries were the channel not only of blood but also of the vital 'spirits' (q.v.); 4. 3. 302

ARTS-MAN, man of learning or science; 5. 1. 77

ATE, the goddess of mischief and bloodshed; 'more Ates'=more instigation; 5. 2. 686

ATTACH, to seize by the hand; 4. 3. 372

BANDY, to strike the ball to and fro at tennis (cf. 'set of wit'); 5. 2. 29

BARBARISM, ignorance; 1. 1. 112

BARGAIN (sell a), to make a fool of (cf. the modern slang 'sell'); 3. 1. 100, 102

Bark on tree (as sure as). The union of bark and tree was commonly taken as the symbol of the married state (v. N.E.D. 'bark' 6); 5. 2. 285

Bate, to blunt, with a quibble upon 'bait'=to satisfy the hunger of (cf. 'cormorant devouring Time'); 1. 1. 6

Beadle, parish constable, who was authorised to whip petty offenders (cf. *John*, 2. 1. 188 'Her injury the beadle to her sin'); 3. 1. 174

Beg. 'You cannot beg us'=You cannot prove us idiots. 'To beg a person' was to petition the court of wards for the custody of a minor, an heiress, or an idiot, as feudal superior (N.E.D.); 5. 2. 490

Beshrow, i.e. beshrew=may my curse light upon; 5. 2. 46

Betime, betide; 4. 3. 379

Bias, natural tendency or leaning (orig. a geometrical term, referring to the diagonal or hypotenuse, and perhaps chosen by Shakespeare here on that account); 4. 2. 116

Birdbolt, a blunt wooden-headed heavy arrow, used for shooting small birds from a short distance (cf. *Ado*, 1. 1. 39); 4. 3. 22

Blood (in), in full vigour (a hunting phrase); 4. 2. 4

Bloods, gallant fellows (cf. *John*, 2. 1. 278); 5. 2. 707

Blows his nail, v. *nail*; 5. 2. 909

Board, (*a*) to board a ship, (*b*) to accost; 2. 1. 216

Bodges, clumsy phrases (v. note); 5. 2. 750

Bodkin, a long jewelled pin, with an engraved or modelled top, for ladies' hair. Hart quotes Florio, *New World of Words* (1611), 'a bodkin, a head-needle...also a nice, coy, or selfe-conceited fellow'; 5. 2. 609

Bombast, cotton-wool for padding or stuffing; 5. 2. 777

Brawl, 'the most ancient type of figure-dancing' (*Sh. Eng.* ii. 446), known in French as the 'branle'; 3. 1. 9

Break up, (*a*) to open a letter (i.e. break the wax), (*b*) to cut up or dismember (a fowl or a deer); 4. 1. 56

Breathed, in training, with a good wind; 5. 2. 653

Brooch, an ornament often worn in the hat. Halliwell quotes Taylor, *Wit and Mirth*, 1630, 'In Queen Elizabeth's dayes there was a fellow that wore a brooch in his hat like a tooth-drawer, with a Rose and Crown and two letters'; 5. 2. 616–18

Brow (strike at the), strike at the brow-antler, i.e. take good aim. The brow-antler was the lowest part of the stag's horn (v. Turbervile, *Noble Arte of Venerie*, 1576, p. 238), and therefore the right mark for the archer; 4. 1. 116

Buck. 'A Bucke is called the first yeare a Fawne, the second a Pricket, the third a Sorell, the fourth a Sore, the fifth a Bucke of the first head, and the sixth a Bucke' (Turbervile, *Noble Arte of Venerie*, 1576, p. 238); 4. 2. 10

Butt-shaft, an unbarbed arrow used in shooting at the butts; 1. 2. 168

Can, a Northern and archaic form of ''gan' much affected by

Spenser and his followers; 4. 3. 103

CANARY (vb.), to move the feet as in the canary, a lively Spanish dance; 3. 1. 12

CANZONET, short song (cf. Thos. Morley, *Canzonets or Little Short Songs to three voyces*, 1593); 4. 2. 127

CAPABLE, (*a*) intelligent, (*b*) of marriageable age; 4. 2. 82

CAPON, (*a*) cock, (*b*) billet-doux; 4. 1. 56

CAREER, race or charge in the lists; 5. 2. 482

CARRY, 'it carries it' = it beats everything; 3. 1. 139

CARVE, to speak affectedly—probably a comic variant of 'mince.' Apparently not found outside Shakespeare (cf. *M.W.W.* 1. 3. 44); 4. 1. 55; 5. 2. 323

CASE, (*a*) condition, (*b*) mask (cf. 5. 2. 387); 5. 2. 273

CAUDLE, a warm drink of thin gruel and wine, sweetened and spiced, for sick persons, especially women in child-bed; 4. 3. 171

CAUSE (the first and second), v. note; 1. 2. 170

CHANGE, 'a round in dancing' (N.E.D. conjecture). Navarre clearly means something of the sort, but the quibble appears primarily a musical one: 'measure' = time, 'change' = modulation (cf. l. 211 'play music then'); 5. 2. 209

CHAPMEN, merchants; 2. 1. 16

CHARGE, i.e. load with arguments, as the cannon is with shot (cf. *mounted*); 5. 2. 88

CHARGE-HOUSE. N.E.D., which quotes no other instance, explains as 'a house for the charge of youth, a boarding-school' which is merely deduced from the context. The word might mean 'parsonage' or 'religious house' (v. N.E.D. 'charge' sb. 14); 5. 1. 79

CHUCK, a familiar term of endearment, applied to dear friends and close relatives; 5. 1. 107; 5. 2. 661

CITTERN-HEAD, referring to the grotesquely carved head of the cittern, a common wire-stringed musical instrument of the period; 5. 2. 608

CLAW (vb.), (*a*) scratch, (*b*) flatter; 4. 2. 68

CLEAN-TIMBERED, i.e. well-built (Navarre refers sarcastically to Armado's loose, raw-boned figure); 5. 2. 637

CLEAVE, (*a*) to split or hit (the pin in the centre of the target), (*b*) to grasp; 4. 1. 135.

CLOSE-STOOL, commode; 5. 2. 574

CLOUD, mask, veil. This is Hart's explanation, and there can be little doubt that he is right (v. N.E.D. 'cloud' vb. 3 and cf. 5. 2. 297); 5. 2. 204–206

CLOUT, the mark in archery; 4. 1. 133

COCKLE, darnel, tares; 4. 3. 380

COCKLED, with a shell or cockle; 4. 3. 335

COG, to cheat (at dice-play); 5. 2. 235

COLLUSION, 'a trick or ambiguity, in words or reasoning' (N.E.D. 3); 4. 2. 43

COLT, (*a*) a young horse, (*b*) a lascivious person (cf. *hackney*); 3. 1. 30

COMMON SENSE, 'ordinary or untutored perception' (N.E.D.); 1. 1. 57, 64

COMPETITOR, partner; 2. 1. 82

Complement, affectation of courtesy, formal civility ('compliment' is a French word not Englished before the end of the 17th cent.); 1. 1. 168, 268; 3. 1. 21; 4. 2. 149

Complete, accomplished, consummate; 1. 1. 136; 1. 2. 44; 3. 1. 11

Complexion, (*a*) temperament. According to the old medical theory the 'complexion' or composition of man's body was made up of four humours or fluids: blood, phlegm, choler, and melancholy. (*b*) the colour of the skin; 1. 2. 78–83; 4. 3. 230, 264

Conceit, (i) an ingenious or witty notion; 2. 1. 72; 5. 2. 260. (ii) understanding, wit; 4. 2. 92; 5. 2. 399

Conceited, ingenious; v. title-page, p. 1

Condign, well-merited (archaic in a 'good' sense, but so used by Spenser); 1. 2. 25

Congruent, fitting, agreeable (an affected word, not found elsewhere in Shakespeare); 1. 2. 13; 5. 1. 89

Consonant, nonentity (a consonant not being able to stand by itself like a vowel); 5. 1. 50

Continent Canon, variously explained as (*a*) the law enjoining continence, (*b*) the law contained in the edict; Armado probably means both; 1. 1. 254

Copper, i.e. false coin; 4. 3. 383

Cormorant, gluttonous; 1. 1. 4

Corner-cap, 'a cap with four (or three) corners, worn by divines and members of the universities in 16–17th c.' (N.E.D.). No one has yet noticed that it was also worn by judges (and still is, when passing sentence of death) but the whole context shows that Berowne has this use in mind (v. Renton, *Encyc. Laws of Eng.* 'black cap'). It must also be noted that the ecclesiastical corner-cap was being hotly attacked by the Puritans at this period. Stubbes (*Anatomy of Abuses*, 1583, pt. II, ed. Furnivall, p. 115) writes: 'The cornered cappe, say these misterious fellows [the Papists] doth signifie, and represent the whole monarchy of the world, East, West, North and South, the gouernment whereof standeth vpon them, as the cappe doth vppon their heades.' Here is Berowne's 'corner-cap of society.' To the Elizabethans the corner-cap symbolised authority (cf. *Tyburn*); 4. 3. 51

Corporal, champion; 'corporal of the field' = 'a superior officer of the army in the 16th and 17th c., who acted as an assistant or a kind of aide-de-camp to the sergeant-major (= the modern 'adjutant')' (N.E.D.). It is to be noted that there were *four* of these officers in each regiment; 3. 1. 186; 4. 3. 83

Costard, lit. a large kind of apple, but commonly applied (orig. humorously) to the head; 3. 1. 69

Couplement, couple. A Spenserian word (cf. *F.Q.* VI. v. 24 'And forth together rode, a comely couplement'); 5. 2. 529

Crab, crab-apple; 5. 2. 921

Crack, boast; 4. 3. 264

Critic, fault-finder, jeerer; 3. 1. 175; 4. 3. 167

Crosses, coins (with crosses stamped upon them)—a common jest of the period; 1. 2. 33

Cuckoo-buds, unexplained; the marsh marigold, the buttercup and the cowslip have all been suggested; 5. 2. 892

Curious-knotted, i.e. quaintly-designed or laid out. A knot = a laid-out flower-bed (v. *Sh. Eng.* i. 371, 377); 1. 1. 243

Curst, shrewish; 4. 1. 36

Damask, the colour of the damask rose, i.e. a blush-colour (cf. *A.Y.L.* 3. 5. 120–23 'a pretty redness...just the difference betweene the constant red and mingled damask'); 5. 2. 296

Dancing horse, Banks' performing horse, Morocco (v. note); 1. 2. 53

Dazzling (intrans.), becoming dim or dazzled (cf. *V. A.* 1064, 3 *Hen. VI*, 2. 1. 25); 1. 1. 82

Dear, grievous, dire; 5. 2. 787, 860

Dearest, best; 2. 1. 1

Death's face, a skull. 'Death's-head rings with the motto, memento mori, were very popular' (Hart); 5. 2. 610

Debate, contention. A Spenserian word (*F.Q.* II. viii. 54 'the whole debate'); 1. 1. 173

Deny, refuse; 5. 2. 228, 703, 807, 809

Deuce-ace, a low throw at dice, a two and a one. In the game of 'hazard,' which is here referred to, if the player threw two aces (= ames-ace, v. *All's Well*, 2. 3. 85) or a deuce-ace, he lost the game (v. *Sh. Eng.* ii. 470); 1. 2. 46

Dey-woman, dairy-woman; 1. 2. 126

Dick, fellow. A term of contempt; 5. 2. 464

Dictynna, a recondite name for the moon. Steevens suggests that Shakespeare may have found this unusual title for Diana in the second book of Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*: 'Dictynna garded with her traine and proud of killing deere'; 4. 2. 36

Disposed, in a jocund mood, inclined to mirth (cf. *Tw. Nt.* 2. 3. 88); 2. 1. 248; 5. 2. 466

Dominical, the red letter (? with a gold background), denoting the Sundays (dies dominica) in the old almanacs. Rosaline is of course glancing at Katharine's amber (4. 3. 84) hair, which might be called either 'golden' or 'red'; 5. 2. 44

Dry, dull, stupid (cf. *Tw. Nt.* 1. 3. 81; 1. 5. 44); 5. 2. 373

Dry-beaten, severely beaten (cf. *Errors*, G. 'dry'); 5. 2. 263

Duello, the art of duelling, its code and practice. N.E.D. quotes no earlier use of the word than this, and Shakespeare's references to the new-fangled duelling with the rapier are uniformly contemptuous (v. *cause*, *passado*, and *M.W.W.* G. 'fencing'); 1. 2. 172

Eagle-sighted, i.e. able to gaze upon the sun (cf. 4. 3. 330–31); 4. 3. 222

Estates, classes, ranks; 'on all estates' = on all sorts of persons without discrimination; 5. 2. 841

Exchange, 'th'allusion holds in the exchange' = either (i) 'the jest lies in the change of the moon' (Brae), 'exchange' being

a pedantic word for 'change,' or (ii) 'the riddle is as good when I use the name of Adam as when you use the name of Cain' (Warburton); 4. 2. 42

EXCREMENT, any outgrowth of the body, e.g. hair, nails; 5. 1. 101

EXTEMPORAL, extempore; 1. 2. 175; 4. 2. 50

FACILE PRECOR etc., a blunder for *Fauste precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra ruminat*, 'I pray thee, Faustus, while all our cattle ruminate in the cool shade.' The opening words of the first eclogue of Mantuan (q.v.). The quotation is not inappropriate to the silvan surroundings; 4. 2. 98–99

FADGE, serve, fit, be suitable; 5. 1. 142

FAIRING, lit. a present bought at a fair; hence, a complimentary gift of any kind; 5. 2. 2

FALCHION, sword; 5. 2. 613

FAMILIAR, i.e. familiar spirit; 1. 2. 165

FANATICAL, frantic, extravagant; 5. 1. 18

FARBOROUGH, mispronunciation of 'Tharborough,' i.e. third-borough, a petty constable; 1. 1. 184

FAST AND LOOSE, an old cheating game (associated with gypsies); 1. 2. 150; 3. 1. 102

FAT, slow-witted, dull; 5. 2. 268

FESTINATELY, quickly (a pedantic word); 3. 1. 6

FIERCE, ardent, eager; 5. 2. 849

FILED, polished; 5. 1. 10

FIRE-NEW, brand-new; 1. 1. 178

FIREWORK, pyrotechnic display (very popular at this period); 5. 1. 109

FLAP-DRAGON, usually explained, not very satisfactorily, as a burning raisin or plum in the Christmas game of 'snapdragon.' The term in contemporary allusion has clear reference to (i) drinking, (ii) swaggering. Costard is hitting at the braggart; 5. 1. 42

FLASK, 'carved-bone face on a flask,' alluding to the carved ornament on a soldier's powder-horn; 5. 2. 614

FLATTER UP, pamper, coddle; 5. 2. 810

FLATTERY, charm, palliation (cf. N.E.D. 'flatter' vb. 3, 6); 4. 3. 282

FLEERED, grinned; 5. 2. 109

FLOURISH, varnish, embellishment; 2. 1. 14; 4. 3. 234

FOOL, 'used as a term of endearment or pity' (N.E.D.); 2. 1. 182; 4. 3. 78

FORCE, to attach importance to (cf. *Lucr.* 1021 'I force not argument a straw'); 5. 2. 440

FORM, (*a*) order, orderly performance, (*b*) excellence, proficiency (v. N.E.D. 'form' 6); 5. 2. 516

FORTUNA DE LA GUERRA, the fortune of war; 5. 2. 528

FREE, (*a*) untainted by disease, (*b*) unattached to a lover; 5. 2. 424

FRENCH CROWN, (*a*) the 'écu,' a French gold coin, (*b*) the baldness produced by the 'French disease,' i.e. syphilis; 3. 1. 140

GALL, (*a*) a raw or sore place, (*b*) bile, bitterness of spirit; 'thou grievest my gall' = you touch me on the raw; 5. 2. 237

GALLOWS, i.e. gallows-bird, one who deserves hanging; 5. 2. 12

GELDED, mutilated, depreciated in value (of landed property); 2. 1. 146

GENTILITY, politeness, good manners; 1. 1. 128

GERMAN CLOCK, 'one of elaborate construction, often containing automatic figures of persons or animals' (N.E.D.). Such clocks were very liable to get out of order; 3. 1. 189

GIG, a whipping-top; 4. 3. 164; 5. 1. 63, 65

GILT, 'a gilt nutmeg,' i.e. 'endored,' or glazed with the yoke of an egg (cf. the proverbial 'gilded pill'). Gilt nutmegs, for spicing ale or wine, were a common lover's gift at this time (Hart); 5. 2. 646

GLOZES, pretences, disguises, 'high-falutin talk' (Onions); 4. 3. 367

GNAT, i.e. an insignificant creature that flutters about a light; 4. 3. 163

GOD-DIG-YOU-DEN, i.e. God give you good even; 4. 1. 42

GOLDEN LETTER (v. *dominical*); 5. 2. 44

GREASILY, indecently, smuttily; 4. 1. 136

GREEN GOOSE, a young goose (lit. a goose hatched in the autumn, green-fed in spring and sold in May). It seems clear from the contexts that Berowne means what would now be vulgarly called 'a flapper' (lit. = a young duck); 1. 1. 97; 4. 3. 73

GROUND, basis, fundamental principle, the elements or rudiments of a study; 4. 3. 296, 299

GUARDS, ornamental borders or trimmings; 4. 3. 56

HACKNEY, (*a*) a horse kept for hire, (*b*) prostitute; 3. 1. 31

HALF-CHEEK, profile; 5. 2. 615

HALFPENNY PURSE, a minute purse, halfpennies being tiny silver coins at this period (cf. *M.W.W.* 3. 5. 133); 5. 1. 70

HANDS (of all), in any case, whatever happens; 4. 3. 215

HAUNTED, frequented; 1. 1. 162

HAVE TO DO WITH, 'to have dealings or business with; to have connexion or intercourse (of any kind) with' (N.E.D. 'do' 33. 9); 5. 2. 428

HAY, 'a country dance having a winding or serpentine movement, or being of the nature of a reel' (N.E.D.); 5. 1. 149

HEED, that which one heeds or attends to (a very rare meaning of the word); 1. 1. 82

HIGHT, is called (deliberately archaic); 1. 1. 170

HIND, (*a*) stag, (*b*) peasant; 1. 2. 115

HIT IT, cf. *Wily Beguiled* (pub. 1606), Mal. Soc. Reprint, ll. 2451–57 'Thou art my Ciperlillie:/And I thy Trangdidowne dilly,/And sing hey ding a ding ding:/And do the tother thing,/And when tis done not misse,/To giue my wench a kisse:/And then dance canst thou not hit it?' and *The Wit of a Woman* (pub. 1604), Mal. Soc. Reprint, ll. 174–9 'You are Sir Nimbleheeles, and you shall bee a dauncing-maister to teach the wenches to daunce: so when you haue your mistresse, hange your selfe, if you can not teach her a right hit it, both in time and place to iumpe euen with the instrument.' We owe the second quotation to Prof. Moore Smith; 4. 1. 120, 123–25

HOBBY-HORSE, (*a*) a figure in the morris-dance, 'formed by a man inside a frame fitted with the head and tail of a horse, and with trappings reaching to the ground and hiding the feet of the actor, who pranced and curvetted about' (*Sh. Eng.* ii. 438). 'The hobby-horse is forgot,' which recurs in *Ham.* 3. 2. 146 and constantly elsewhere in Eliz. literature, is generally supposed to be a quotation from some ballad satirizing the Puritan opposition to morris-dancing; but this is pure supposition, and it is not clear whether 'forgot' meant 'omitted' or 'out-of-fashion'; (*b*) a prostitute; 3. 1. 28–30

HONORIFICABILITUDINITATIBUS, a jest of the medieval schools, supposed to be the longest word known. The nominative is a real word, and means 'the state of being loaded with honours'; 5. 1. 41

HORN-BOOK, a spelling primer, 'framed in wood and covered with a thin plate of transparent horn'; on this piece of paper the consonants were generally given first, next the vowels, each surmounted by a horizontal stroke or horn, and, after these, simple combinations of vowels and consonants, such as *ab, eb, ib, ba, be, bi*, etc., followed by the Lord's Prayer and so on (v. *Sh. Eng.* i. 228, illustration); 5. 1. 45

HOUSE-KEEPING, hospitality; 2. 1. 103

HUMOROUS, moody, fanciful; 3. 1. 174

IMP, lit. sapling, scion (without any necessary connexion with evil); hence, youngster; 1. 2. 5; 5. 2. 584

INCONY, delicious, rare, fine, pretty, 'a cant word of uncertain origin' (N.E.D.); 3. 1. 134; 4. 1. 141

INHERIT, possess, own; 1. 1. 73; 4. 1. 20

INHERITOR, owner; 2. 1. 5

INKLE, a kind of linen tape; 3. 1. 138

INTELLECT (v. note); 4. 2. 139

INTERIM, something done during an interval, respite; 1. 1. 171

INWARD, secret, privy; 5. 1. 94

JERKS OF INVENTION, sallies of wit. 'A very proper figure for a schoolmaster's use, since "jerking" was equivalent to whipping' (Hart); 4. 2. 132

JEW, unexplained. It recurs in *M.N.D.* 3. 1. 97 'Most brisky Juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,' but is not found elsewhere. The *M.N.D.* parallel suggests that it is simply a playful diminutive of 'Juvenal' (q.v.); 3. 1. 134

JIG (sb.), a rapid lively dance-tune; 4. 3. 165

JIG (vb.), to sing or play as a jig; 3. 1. 11

JOAN, a generic name for a country wench; 3. 1. 204; 4. 3. 179; 5. 2. 916, 925

JUVENAL. If Moth be a caricature upon Nashe (v. pp. xix–xxiii), this epithet was intended to recall Greene's phrase 'young Iuuenall, that byting Satyrist' (*Groatsworth of Wit*, 1592). But 'juvenal' came to be used by the Elizabethans as equivalent to 'juvenile' (cf. *M.N.D.* 3. 1. 97,

2 *Hen. IV*, 1. 2. 22, Meres' *Wit's Treasurie*, 1598, 'gallant young Iuuenall,' etc.); 1. 2. 8; 3. 1. 65

KEEL, 'to cool a hot or boiling liquid, by stirring, skimming, or pouring in something cold, in order to prevent it from boiling over' (N.E.D.); 5. 2. 916, 925

KEEP, hold captive, control; 4. 3. 321

LADY-SMOCK, generally interpreted 'cuckoo-flower,' which however is pale lilac, not 'silver-white'; we suggest 'stitchwort,' the whitest of all spring flowers; 5. 2. 891

LADY WALLED ABOUT WITH DIAMONDS, a piece of jewellery much affected at this time, in the form either of a brooch or a pendant; the figure might be a nude (presumably allegorical) or a portrait of some living person (cf. *Sh. Eng.* ii. 114–15); 5. 2. 4

LAND, possibly = 'laund,' i.e. a glade; 5. 2. 309

LARGE, loose, liberal, copious; 5. 2. 838

LEADEN SWORD, imitation sword (a stage property); 5. 2. 481

L'ENVOY, the short stanza at the conclusion of a poem, often taking the form of a direct address to the reader; 3. 1. 70–103

LIABLE, apt; 5. 1. 89

LIBBARD, properly, a leopard; but 'libbard' and 'lion' were synonymous terms in respect of the English royal coat of arms (v. N.E.D. 'leopard' 2*b*); 5. 2. 545

LIBERAL, too free, (almost) indecorous; 5. 2. 729

LIE, lodge, sojourn; 1. 1. 148

LIGHT, loose; 1. 2. 119; 2. 1. 197; 5. 2. 15, 20

LIKELIEST, likest; 4. 2. 89

LIVER, formerly considered the seat of the passions; 4. 3. 72

'LONG OF, along of, owing to; 2. 1. 117

LOOSE (sb.), 'at his very loose' = at the very last moment (an archery term); 5. 2. 738

LOOSE (adj.), random, not serious, with a quibble upon 'loose-fitting'; 5. 2. 762

LORD'S TOKENS (the), marks or spots which appeared on the patient at the last stage of the plague; 5. 2. 423

LOVE, appraise, set a value upon (v. N.E.D. vb.[2] 2). Berowne means that through love alone men have value; 4. 3. 355

LOW-SPIRITED, base; 1. 1. 244

MAGNIFICENT, vainglorious, boastful; the obvious meaning at 3. 1. 177, and the secondary, if not the primary, meaning at 1. 1. 191

MAIL, wallet, budget; 3. 1. 72

MAINTAIN, defend; 5. 2. 888

MALMSEY, a strong sweet wine; 5. 2. 233

MANAGE, 'a short gallop at full speed' in a riding-school (N.E.D.); 5. 2. 482

MANAGER, wielder, controller; 1. 2. 174

MANNER (taken with the), more properly, 'taken with the mainour,' i.e. in the act; 1. 1. 202

MANTUAN, i.e. Battista Spagnuoli of Mantua (d. 1516), whose *Eclogues* became a school textbook all over Europe (v. note); 4. 2. 99

MARGENT, margin of a page, the commentary or illuminated border in such a margin; 2. 1. 244 (where Boyet means the eyes, which are the 'illumination' of the face); 5. 2. 8

MARK, target, butt, anything at which aim is taken; 4. 1. 129

MARKET (ended the), an allusion to the proverb 'three women and a goose make a market'; 3. 1. 109

MEAN, the tenor part; 5. 2. 328

MEASURABLE, meet, competent; 5. 1. 89

MEASURE, a stately dance; 5. 2. 185

MEHERCLE! by Hercules! 4. 2. 81

MESS, lit. a party of four seated at one table and feeding from the same dish; 4. 3. 203; 5. 2. 361

METE AT, aim at; 4. 1. 131

METHEGLIN, a variety of mead, spiced with herbs; 5. 2. 233

MINIME, by no means; 3. 1. 59

MISTAKEN, MISTOOK, miscarried, taken to the wrong person; 4. 1. 57, 105

MONARCHO, a crazy Italian who haunted Elizabeth's court sometime before 1580, at which date Churchyard published a poem entitled *The Phantasticall Monarkes Epitaphe*. From this, and from other contemporary references, it appears that the man was a harmless madman, suffering from megalomania; his 'climyng mynde,' says Churchyard, 'aspierd beyonde the starrs'; 4. 1. 98

MOONSHINE IN THE WATER, appearance without reality, foolishness, just moonshine; 5. 2. 208

MORTIFIED, dead to the pleasures of the world (a theological expression); 1. 1. 28

MOUNTED, set up in position (like a gun); 5. 2. 82

MOUSE, a playful term of endearment; 5. 2. 19

MUTTON AND PORRIDGE, i.e. mutton-broth (with perhaps a side-glance at 'mutton'=a loose woman); 1. 1. 292–93

NAIL (blow one's), to wait patiently while one has nothing to do (Hart), not 'warm one's hands,' as it has been generally interpreted; 5. 2. 909

NATIVE, by nature; 1. 2. 103

NICE, modest, shy, fastidious, refined; 3. 1. 22; 5. 2. 219, 222, 232, 325

NICKNAME (vb.), to call by an incorrect or improper name (cf. *Ham.* 3. 1. 151 'you nickname God's creatures'); 5. 2. 349

NIT, lit. the egg of a louse; hence, a very small insect or fly; 4. 1. 147

NO POINT, a phrase from the French=not at all (with a quibble upon 'the point of a knife or sword'); 2. 1. 188; 5. 2. 277

NOVI HOMINEM TANQUAM TE, I know the man as well as you. A phrase from Lyly's *Grammar*; 5. 1. 9

NOVUM, a dice-game properly called 'novem quinque' from its two principal throws, nine and five. Berowne is referring to the presentation of nine worthies by five players; 5. 2. 541

O, a small circle or spot (Rosaline means 'pockmark'). Cf. *M.N.D.* 3. 2. 188 (star), *Hen. V*, 1st

chor. 13 (the Globe theatre), *Ant.* 5. 2. 81 (the earth), and Cotgrave, 1611 (a spangle on a dress); 5. 2. 45

Obscenely. Costard, like Bottom (*M.N.D.* 1. 2. 111) appears to think that the word is connected with 'seen' and means 'openly, clearly, so as to be seen'; 4. 1. 142

Ode, ditty—applied to lyrical verse in general at this period; 4. 3. 96

O Lord, sir, a common exclamation = surely, certainly (cf. *All's Well*, 2. 2.); 1. 2. 6; 5. 2. 485

Opinion, self-conceit; 5. 1. 5

Ostentation, (i) show. Armado, as usual, strains the sense a little and makes it = spectacle; 5. 1. 108; (ii) vanity, pretension; 5. 2. 409

Out o'th' way, beside the point, gone astray; 4. 3. 74

Outswear. Schmidt explains as 'forswear' (cf. *swear out*), but possibly the meaning is some technical one, now lost, e.g. one connected with exorcism; 1. 2. 63

O'erparted, having too difficult a part, or too many parts to play; 5. 2. 581

Owe, own; 1. 2. 103; 2. 1. 6

Ox, 'to make an ox of one' = to make one a fool (cf. *M.W.W.* 5. 5. 116); 5. 2. 250

Painful, painstaking; 2. 1. 23

Painted cloth, cloth or canvas, used as hangings for the wall or for partitions in a room, and painted in oil. 'The Worthies' was a favourite subject for such paintings at this period (cf. 'scraped out'); 5. 2. 573

Paritor, 'an apparitor or paritor is the officer of the biship's court who carries out citations: as citations are most frequently issued for fornication, the paritor is put under Cupid's government' (Johnson); 3. 1. 185

Parti-coated, in motley; 5. 2. 762

Pass, to accomplish, execute, enact (cf. N.E.D. 'pass' 45 and *Shrew*, 4. 4. 57 'We'll pass the business privately and well'); 5. 1. 124

Passado, from the Spanish 'passada' = a forward thrust with the sword, one foot being advanced at the same time (*Sh. Eng.* ii. 398); 1. 2. 171

Passion (vb.), to be affected with passion or deep feeling (cf. Spenser, *F.Q.* II. ix. 41); 1. 1. 255

Patch, fool. 'So were there a patch set on learning' = so a fool would be set on to learn; 4. 2. 31

Pathetical, moving (not solely to pity, as in the mod. use); 1. 2. 95; 4. 1. 147

Peal. Furness explains as a peal of 'bells whose empty reverberations follow in due sequence'; more probably Moth means a salvo of ordnance (v. N.E.D. sb.[1] 5), Holofernes and Armado being big guns; 5. 1. 43

Pell-mell, lit. 'confusedly, without keeping ranks,' and so 'headlong, recklessly'; 4. 3. 365

Pencil, (*a*) a paint-brush for a lady's toilet, (*b*) a knight's pennon in battle-array (v. N.E.D. 'pencel' *b*); 5. 2. 43

Pennyworth, bargain; 3. 1. 101

Pepin (King), first of the Carlovingian kings, died 768 A.D.; a representative therefore of hoary antiquity; 4. 1. 119

Peregrinate, foreign-fashioned. This 'singular and choice epithet' may be intended to suggest the astrological term 'peregrine' used of a planet out of its appropriate position in the zodiac; 5. 1. 14

Peremptory, arrogant, overbearing, dictatorial; 4. 3. 222; 5. 1. 10

Perfect, Costard's blunder for 'perform'; 5. 2. 500

Perjure, perjurer. Perjurers at this period were punished by being publicly exhibited with a paper on head or breast, setting forth their guilt (cf. 'from my forehead wipe a perjured note,' 4. 3. 122); 4. 3. 45

Phantasime, fantastic being (not found elsewhere, cf. *Monarcho*); 4. 1. 98; 5. 1. 18

Pia mater, brain (lit. a membrane enclosing the brain); 4. 2. 74

Pick, with a quibble upon 'pick' = throw, cast; 5. 2. 542

Picked, fastidious; 5. 1. 13

Pin (sb.), 'a peg, nail or stud fixed in the centre of a target' (N.E.D. cf. *Rom.* 2. 4. 15); 4. 1. 135

Pin (vb.), 'pins the wenches on his sleeve'; Hart quotes Greene, *Mourning Garment* (Grosart's ed. ix. 173), 'What is it for mee to pinne a fayre meacocke and a witty milksop on my sleeve!' and suggests that the idea comes from the wearing of favours on the sleeve; 5. 2. 321

Plantain. The application of a plantain-leaf as the popular remedy for bruises and wounds is constantly referred to in Elizabethan literature; 3. 1. 72

Planted, set up, furnished. The word was specially connected at this time with the establishment, or 'plantation,' of new colonies; 1. 1. 164

Plea, that which is claimed (a rare use, but cf. *M. of V.* 3. 2. 285; 4. 1. 198, 203); 2. 1. 7

Pleasant, merry, facetious; v. title-page, p. 1; 4. 1. 128

Please-man (a coined word), 'officious parasite' (Charlton); 5. 2. 463

Point (vb.), direct; 2. 1. 243

Point-devise, extremely precise, perfectly correct; 5. 1. 18

Pomewater, a large juicy kind of apple, popular in the 16th cent. but now forgotten; 4. 2. 4

Pompion, a pumpkin (often 'applied in contempt to a big man' N.E.D. 3, cf. 'his great limb or joint,' 5. 1. 124); 5. 2. 501

Preambulate, go on before; 5. 1. 77

Preposterous, highly improper, quite out of place (Armado writes affectedly); 1. 1. 239

Prick (sb.), the spot in the centre of a target, the bull's eye (for the quibble, cf. *Rom.* 2. 4. 119); 2. 1. 187

Pricket, v. *buck*; 4. 2. 12, 21, 49, 52, 56

Print (in), precisely; 3. 1. 170

Proud, sensually excited (cf. *Lucr.* 712, *Two Gent.* G. 'proud,' *Errors*, G. 'pride'); 5. 2. 66

Prune, dress up, trim; 4. 3. 180

Pursent, i.e. present, represent; 5. 2. 488

Push-pin, 'a child's game in which

each player pushes or fillips his pin with the object of crossing that of another player' (N.E.D.); 4. 3. 166

PUT OFF, baffle, repulse; 4. 1. 109

PUT ON, Schmidt explains 'lay on, as a blow'; 4. 1. 112

QUALM, a sudden feeling of faintness, or of sickness (with a quibble upon 'calm,' cf. 2 *Hen. IV*, 2. 4. 40); 5. 2. 279

QUICK RECREATION, 'lively sport, spritely diversion' (Johnson); 1. 1. 161

QUILLET, subtlety, evasive shift, verbal nicety; 4. 3. 284

QUOTE, (i) to refer to by citing the page or chapter of a book; 2. 1. 244; (ii) to regard or set down as being so and so (cf. *All's Well*, 5. 3. 205 'He's quoted for a most perfidious slave'); 4. 3. 84; 5. 2. 782

RACKED, tortured, examined under torture (v. note); 5. 2. 814

RAUGHT, reached; 4. 2. 41

RED DOMINICAL, v. *dominical*; 5. 2. 44

REPREHEND, blunder for 'apprehend' by confusion with 'represent'; 1. 1. 183

RUBBING. 'The Rub is any obstacle or impediment which diverts the bowl from its course. It is a feature that lends itself to punning and metaphorical application' (*Sh. Eng.* ii. 464; cf. *Troil.* 3. 2. 50 'So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress'); 4. 1. 138

SALVE, (*a*) ointment, (*b*) the salutation; 3. 1. 71, 77, 78, 80

SATIS QUOD SUFFICIT, i.e. enough is as good as a feast; 5. 1. 1

SAUCY, insolent, presumptuous; 1. 1. 85

SAW, discourse; 5. 2. 918

SENSIBLE, (i) sensitive; 4. 3. 334; (ii) effective, striking; 5. 2. 259

SEVERAL. 'Several is an enclosed field of a private proprietor; so Katharine says, her lips are private property. Of a lord that was newly married one observed that he grew fat; Yes, said Sir Walter Raleigh, any beast will grow fat, if you take him from the common and graze him in the several' (Johnson; cf. *Sh. Eng.* i. 382–83, 348); 2. 1. 221

SHAPE, (*a*) form of any kind, (*b*) figure, person; 2. 1. 59, 60

SHAPELESS GEAR, 'uncouth dress' (Hart); 5. 2. 303

SHOP, the organ of generation (v. N.E.D. sb. 3*c*); 4. 3. 57

SHOWS. N.E.D. (sb.[1] 3) quotes Babington, 1592, 'About the beginning of May, when all things flourished and yeelded show'; 1. 1. 106

SHREWD, mischievous, malicious; 5. 2. 12

SHROW, variant of 'shrew'; 5. 2. 46

SIMPLICITY, folly, silliness; 4. 2. 22; 4. 3. 52; 5. 2. 52

SIRS. The plural could be used of either sex, cf. *Ant.* 4. 15. 85, where Cleopatra addresses Charmian and Iras as 'good sirs'; 4. 3. 208

SMALL, the part of the leg below the calf; 5. 2. 640

SMOCK, women's undergarment, shift, chemise; 5. 2. 479

SNEAPING, nipping; 1. 1. 100

SNUFF (take in), take offence at; 5. 2. 22

SOLA! hallo! (cf. *M. of V.* 5. 1. 39); 4. 1. 148

SONNET, used loosely of any short poem of an amatory character (cf. *ode*); 1. 2. 176; 4. 3. 15, 97, 131

SORE, SOREL, v. *buck*; 4. 2. 57, etc.

SORTED, associated with; 1. 1. 253

SPECIALTY, 'a special contract, obligation, or bond, expressed in an instrument under seal' (N.E.D.); 2. 1. 162

SPIRITS, 'the nimble spirits in the arteries' (cf. *arteries*). 'It was formerly supposed that certain subtle highly-refined substances or fluids (distinguished as natural, animal, and vital) permeated the blood and chief organs of the body' (N.E.D.); 4. 3. 302

SPUR, with a quibble on 'speer' which was commonly spelt 'spur' at this time (v. N.E.D.), and meant, of course, to ask questions. The form was current in S. English, cf. J. Rainoldes, *Overthrow of Stage-Playes*, 1593, 'You were disposed to spurre him idle questions'; 2. 1. 117

SQUARE, i.e. the carpenter's set-square; 'by the square' = with extreme accuracy, exactly; 5. 2. 474

STAFF, stave, verse or stanza; 4. 2. 110

STAND, a sheltered position or covert for shooting at game (cf. *M.W.W.* 5. 5. 226; *Sh. Eng.* ii. 386); 4. 1. 10

STANZE, old form of 'stanza'; 4. 2. 110

STAPLE, the fibre of wool from which the yarn is spun; 5. 1. 17

STATE, (*a*) health, (*b*) property, estate; 5. 2. 425

STATUTE-CAPS, prentice-caps. Hart discovered the statute referred to in regulations 'for the Apparel of London Apprentices,' enacted in 1582 by the Lord Mayor and Council, and decreeing 'that from henceforth no Apprentice should presume... to wear any hat within the City and liberty thereof but a woollen cap, without any silk in or about the same'; 5. 2. 281

STEEP-UP, precipitous, perpendicular (v. note); 4. 1. 2

STOPS, obstructions, hindrances; 1. 1. 70

STRAIN, tendency; 5. 2. 756

STRANGE. We presume Nathaniel means 'original' or 'startling'; 5. 1. 6

STUDY, meditate, ponder; 5. 2. 833

SUDDENLY, immediately; 2. 1. 110

SUE, 'how can this be true...being those that sue,' i.e. 'how can those be liable to forfeiture that begin the process? The jest lies in the ambiguity of "sue," which signifies "to prosecute by law," or "to offer a petition"' (Johnson); 5. 2. 427

SUGGEST, prompt, tempt; 5. 2. 766

SUGGESTION, temptation; 1. 1. 158

SUN, 'get the sun of' = to get on the sunward side of an enemy so that the sun shines in his eyes (N.E.D.). There is also a 'gloze' on 'getting sons' (cf. *Tit.* 2. 3. 21); 4. 3. 366

SUP (trans. vb.), provide supper for; 5. 2. 690

SUPERSCRIPT, superscription, address; 4. 2. 137

SWEAR OUT, forswear, abjure (cf. *outswear*); 2. 1. 103

TABLE-BOOK, note-book (cf. *Ham.* 1. 5. 107 'my tables'); 5. 1. 15

TABLES, backgammon; 5. 2. 326

TAFFETA, thin silken stuff of lustrous appearance, from which masks and vizards were made; 5. 2. 159, 406

TALENT, a common 16th cent. form of 'talon'; 4. 2. 69

TEXT B. The 'text hand' was one of the more elaborate and formal of the various Elizabethan scripts. The 'black' Rosaline is apparently likened to a text B because this letter would require more ink for its formation than any other in the alphabet; 5. 2. 42

THIN-BELLY DOUBLET, 'a doublet with an unpadded belly or lower part' (Onions), as opposed to the 'great-belly doublet' (cf. *Hen. V*, 4. 7. 52). Doubtless Moth is also stressing the leanness of Armado's frame (v. *clean-timbered*, and note 5. 2. 659); 3. 1. 18

THRASONICAL, boastful (Thraso is the braggart in Terence); 5. 1. 12

THREE-PILED, i.e. with a very thick pile, like the richest kind of velvet; 5. 2. 407

THUMP, Moth's imitation of the noise of a cannon; 3. 1. 64

TIMBERED, v. *clean-timbered*; 5. 2. 637

TIME, opportunity, occasion (cf. *Temp.* 2. 1. 299 'conspiracy his time doth take'); 4. 3. 378

TOIL, snare, net; 4. 3. 3

TOOTHDRAWER, v. *brooch*; 5. 2. 617

TOUCH, hit or stroke in fencing; 5. 1. 56

TOY (sb.), trifle; 4. 3. 167, 197

TRENCHER-KNIGHT, one who serves ladies at table (cf. 'carpet-knight' and l. 477 below); 5. 2. 464

TREY, throw of three in dice-play; 5. 2. 232

TROYAN, boon companion, dissolute fellow (cf. 1 *Hen. IV*, 2. 1. 77); 5. 2. 635, 673

TUMBLER'S HOOP, a hoop garnished with ribbons, with which the tumbler did his tricks and which he wore across his body like a corporal's scarf; 3. 1. 187

TYBURN, 'the shape of Love's Tyburn' (v. *corner-cap*). Cf. Lyly, *Pappe with a Hatchett*, 1589 (Bond, iii. 401), 'Theres one with a lame wit, which will not weare a foure cornerd cap, then let him put on Tiburne, that hath but three corners.' It is difficult to believe that Lyly's words did not suggest Shakespeare's; 4. 3. 52

UNDO, untie, release; 5. 2. 425

UPSHOOT, a term of archery = 'the best shot up to any point in the contest' (*Sh. Eng.* ii. 383); 4. 1. 135

USURPING, false; 4. 3. 255

UTTER, (*a*) speak, (*b*) offer for sale; 2. 1. 16

VAILING, lowering, letting fall (naut. term, cf. 'vailing her high-top,' *M. of V.* 1. 1. 28); 5. 2. 297

VARA, dial. = very; 5. 2. 487

VENETIA, VENETIA, CHI NON TI VEDE, NON TI PRETIA, a tag of Italian phrase found in Florio's *First Fruites*, 1578, and other Elizabethan books: 'Venice, Venice, who seeth thee not, praiseth thee not,' v. note; 4. 2. 102–103

VENEW, a thrust or stroke in fencing; 5. 1. 56

VENTRICLE. 'The ventricle of memory—*ventriculus* or *cellula*

memorativa—in medieval nomenclature was the third ventricle of the brain, the first and second being the seat of imagination and reason' (*Sh. Eng.* i. 421); 4. 2. 73

VIA, 'an adverb of encouraging much used by commanders, as also by riders to their horses' (Florio); 5. 1. 144

VIR SAPIT QUI PAUCA LOQUITUR, a phrase from Lyly's *Grammar*, 'the Relative agreeth with his Antecedent in Gender, Number and Person, as *Vir sapit* etc. That man is wise that speaketh few things or words'; 4. 2. 83

VISOR, VIZARD, mask (cf. note 5. 2. 242–46); 5. 2. 227, etc.

VOLABLE, quick-witted; 3. 1. 65

WAKE, village feast (lit. an all-night vigil previous to the annual feast of the dedication of the village church); 5. 2. 318

WARD, guard; 3. 1. 131

WASSAIL, revelry, carouse; 5. 2. 318

WAX, increase (with a quibble upon 'sealing-wax'); 5. 2. 10

WEEDS, dress, clothes; 5. 2. 797

WEEK, 'in by th' week' = trapped, caught. The origin and literal meaning of the phrase are unknown; 5. 2. 61

WEEPING-RIPE, ready to weep; 5. 2. 274

WEIGH, (*a*) to be of the same weight as, (*b*) to value at a certain rate; 5. 2. 26, 27

WELKIN, heaven; 1. 1. 217

WELL ADVISED, in one's right mind (cf. *Errors*, 3. 2. 213); 5. 2. 434

WELL-LIKING, in good condition, plump; 5. 2. 268

WHALES BONE (white as), a proverbial phrase, often found in early English poetry; 5. 2. 332

WHITELY, pale; 3. 1. 195

WIDE O' THE BOW HAND, i.e. wide of the mark (lit. wide on the left of bow-hand side of the target. The exclamation might be called out from the butts to the archers by the 'direction-giver,' v. *Two Gent.* G.); 4. 1. 132

WIMPLED, muffled, blindfolded; 3. 1. 178

WIT-OLD, (*a*) feeble-witted, (*b*) quibble upon 'wittol' = a contented cuckold; 5. 1. 59

WOODCOCK, a type of stupidity; hence, a fool; 4. 3. 80

WOOLWARD, with woollen clothing next the skin, v. note; 5. 2. 708

WORKING, operation, effect; 1. 2. 9

WORM, used as an expression of pity, especially for those in love (cf. *Temp.* 3. 1. 31 'Poor worm, thou art infected'); 4. 3. 151

WORT, sweet unfermented beer; 5. 2. 233

WORTHY, excellence (cf. *Two Gent.* 2. 4. 164 'her whose worth makes other worthies nothing'); 4. 3. 232

YCLIPÉD, called (deliberately archaic); 1. 1. 237; 5. 2. 594

YEA AND NAY (by), a Puritan expletive, which Berowne uses jocularly; 1. 1. 54

ZANY, a stage-buffoon who imitated the tricks of the principal clown or fool; 5. 2. 463

CAMBRIDGE: PRINTED BY W. LEWIS AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS